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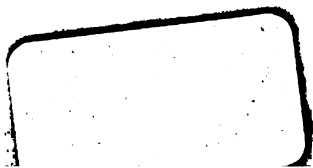
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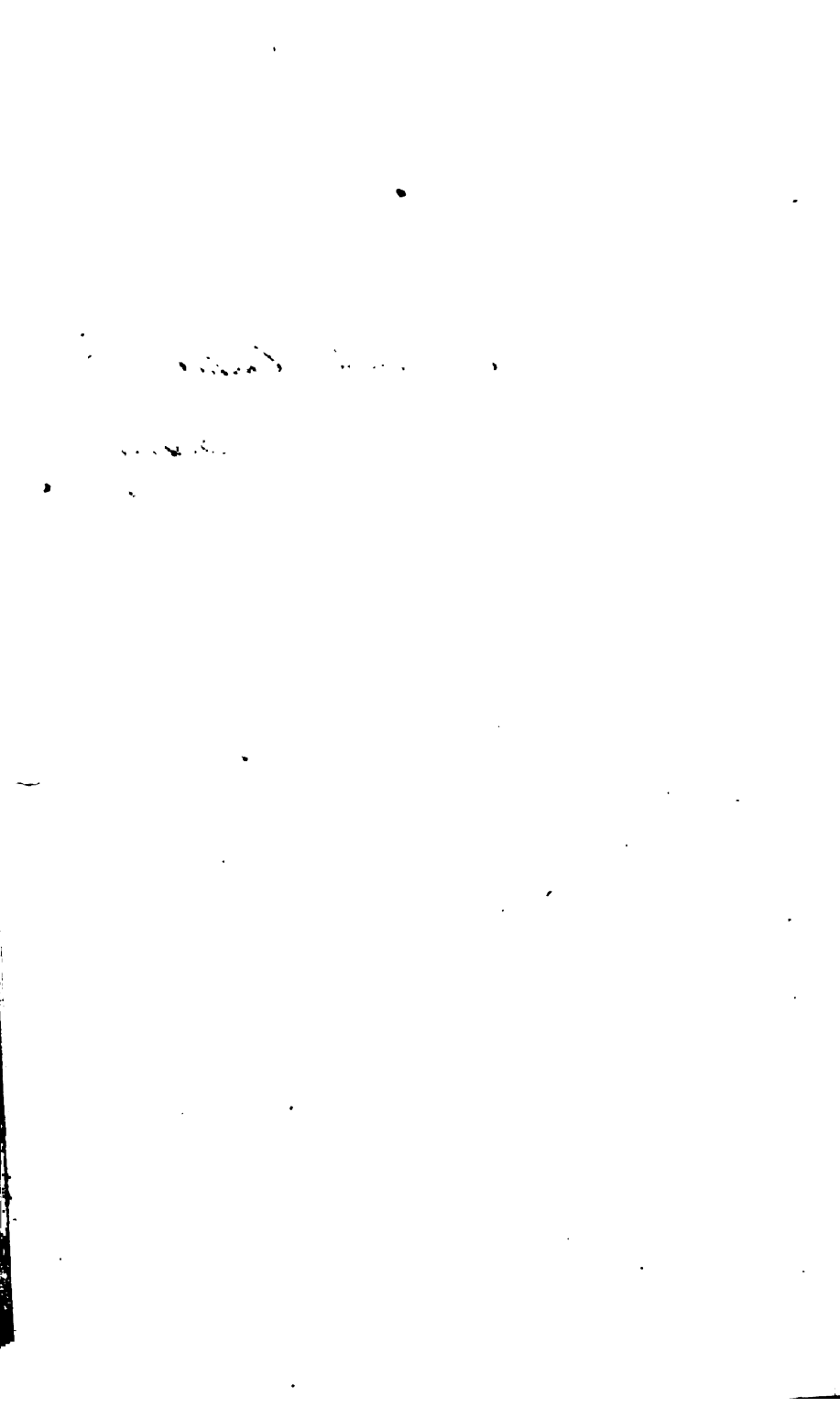


Cynthia Marshall

Boston

1828









MRS. HANNAH ADAMS.

and of Boston, Mass. Boston.

THE  
**LADIES' MAGAZINE.**

CONDUCTED BY

**MRS. SARAH J. HALE.**

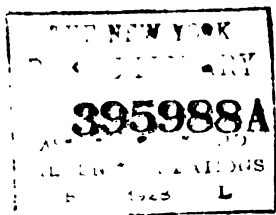
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**for 1828.**

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**BOSTON:**  
**PUBLISHED BY PUTNAM & HUNT,**  
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1828.



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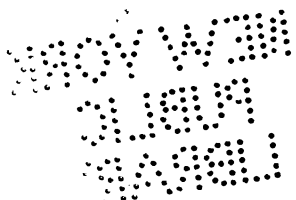
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**JOHN W. DAVIS,**

*Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*



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# LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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VOL. I.

JANUARY.

No. I.

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## INTRODUCTION.

To prove the advantages of a general diffusion of literature, among all classes and both sexes, happily for me, no arguments are necessary. Throughout our country the truth of the proposition is felt, its utility acknowledged; and the result of the experiment of universal instruction is considered as involving within its practicability and influence the perfection of our social happiness, and the perpetuity of our dearest privileges. It is this public enthusiasm in the cause of education which encourages the numerous aspirants for fame, or profit, to send forth their periodicals in every form that fancy can devise to attract, and under every name ingenuity can discover to allure. These publications, depending, as they necessarily must, on the patronage of individuals for support, cannot always succeed, even when meriting success; they doubtless sometimes fail in consequence of the indolence or inability of those who conduct them. But if the motives, which prompted the undertaking, be pure and praise-worthy, a failure should not be considered as disgraceful.

In this age of innovation, perhaps no experiment will have an influence more important on the character and happiness of our society, than the granting to females the advantages of a systematic and thorough education. The honor of this triumph, in favor of intellect over long established prejudices, belongs to the men of America. They appear willing to risk the hazard of proving, experimentally, whether that degree of literature, which only can

qualify woman to become a rational companion, an instructive as well as agreeable friend, be compatible with the cheerful discharge of her domestic duties, and that delicacy of feeling, and love of retirement, which nature so obviously imposes on the sex. To make the plan as completely successful as its most sanguine advocates can desire, it is only necessary that the ladies should be fully sensible of the importance of the privileges now accorded them; not that they may usurp the station, or encroach on the prerogative of the man; but that each individual may lend her aid to perfect the moral and intellectual character of those within her sphere. It is that mothers may be competent to the task of instructing their children, training them from infancy to the contemplation and love of all that is great and good, and the practice of piety and virtue. Then the sons of the republic will become polished pillars in the temple of our national glory, and the daughters bright gems to adorn it.

Every effort, therefore, to accelerate the progress of mental improvement, is certainly deserving of attention from a people who acknowledge no honorary distinctions, save those acquired by superior personal merit, or talent, or virtue. And while offering the *Ladies' Magazine* to public notice, and soliciting patronage, the editor flatters herself she shall, at least, receive the good wishes of the community in her behalf.

This Magazine, although ostensibly designed for the ladies, is not intended to be exclusively devoted to female literature. The gentlemen are respectfully invited to examine its contents. If they find nothing which promises advantage to their own minds, yet they will not surely withhold their support, if convinced of the utility of the plan, and that it is calculated to please and instruct those nearest and dearest to them.

Will not the husband, while compelled by the duties of his vocation to leave the partner of his fortunes in a solitary home, rejoice that he has it in his power to afford her the means of agreeably beguiling the interval of his absence? He may rest assured, that nothing found on the pages of this publication, shall cause her to be less assiduous in preparing for his reception, or less sincere in welcoming his return.

The father, wishing to bestow on his children a memento of his affection, which shall be a source of improvement to

the objects of his fond solicitude—will not he give his name as a patron of this work? where nothing shall be found to weaken parental authority, or foster that fervor of the imagination, which, when undisciplined by reading and reflection, often hurries youth, of either sex, into those follies and extravagancies that disturb family concord, and destroy domestic felicity.

The brother, about to “set out on his stormy career,” will not he gladly embrace the opportunity to offer the Magazine to those dear and tender relatives, whose hearts are anxious for his prosperity? He may, though far separated from the household band, feel confident, that the ties of kindred affection will be sacredly cherished, by the examples exhibited in this work.

The lover, aye, the favored lover—on him we confidently depend for support. He will no longer, when bidding adieu to the “lady of his love,” request her to gaze on that inconstant thing, the moon, so often obscured by clouds, and then remember her vows. He will present her his subscription for the Ladies’ Magazine; and the sweet smile with which the gift is received, will recur, like a dream of light, to his memory, while reflecting that the soft eyes of his charmer are, for *his sake*, often employed on its pure pages, while her fancy, and taste, and mind, are improving by its scenes, characters, and sentiments.

The Editor does not ask this patronage, nor offer these pledges, depending on her own resources to merit the one, or redeem the other. But she is confident, those friends, who have so generously interested themselves in her favor, will continue their assistance; and their names, were she at liberty to reveal them, would at once satisfy the public, that the work will be deserving the rank it has assumed; that of a miscellany, which, although devoted to general literature, is more expressly designed to mark the progress of female improvement, and cherish the effusions of female intellect.

The present number will better exhibit the plan intended to be followed in the choice and arrangement of the matter, than a labored paragraph on the subject. However, it may not be amiss to observe, that the work will be national—be American;—and well written communications, whether poems, letters, sketches, tales, or essays, descriptive of American scenery, character, and manners, will be most welcome to its pages.

Perhaps it may be thought quite unnecessary to add, that competition, even were it *possible*, with any established literary journal, is neither wished nor intended. The conductors of those publications which have already acquired a reputation, and are enjoying the reward of their labors, will not surely, frown on this attempt because it is unprecedented, or endeavor to perplex the task of one already trembling for the issue of an enterprise in which she has reluctantly engaged. She would now hardly dare proceed, did not hope sometimes whisper—

---

“Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt.”

---

### THE FATAL PROMISE.

“Yes, we must part—’tis heaven’s decree—  
But keep my true love token,  
The ring of gold I gave to thee;  
My vow shall ne’er be broken;—  
I pledged thee then this faithful heart,  
And said, though fate should sever,  
And friends deny, and hope depart,  
My heart was thine for ever.

Nay, plead not, love,—it must be so;  
My mother, should I wed thee,  
She doom’d me to a life of wo!  
And ’tis for that I’ve fled thee—  
My mother—O! I see her now,  
Her cold cheek’s clayey whiteness;  
Death’s dew upon her marble brow,  
In her eye his glassy brightness!

And then the dying smile that wreathed  
Her rigid, sunken features,  
When I the fatal promise breathed!—  
—O, God! why must thy creatures  
Be tortured thus?—but plead not, love,  
The promise hath been given,  
My mother bore my faith above,  
For she was ripe for heaven.

And fondly did she cherish me,  
 And I was reared so kindly,  
 Indulged in all—save love for thee—  
 I will not err so blindly,  
 As deem her cruelly inclined,  
 That thus apart she tore us—  
 O, no—to her prophetic mind,  
 A storm of grief was o'er us.

Then fare thee well—I bow me down,  
 And trust the grace of heaven,  
 Perchance beneath this angry frown,  
 A sunbeam may be given;  
 I will not bid thee constant prove,  
 But when life's ties are broken,  
 We'll meet, my love, we'll meet above!—  
 Farewell—but keep my token."

A deep and narrow grave they've made,  
 Where droops yon pensive willow,  
 There she who oft had wept and prayed,  
 Sleeps on death's dreamless pillow;  
 And there, reclined that grave beside,  
 The youth displayed her token—  
 "I come, my love,"—he faintly sighed—  
 The ties of life are broken!

CORNELIA.

---

## SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

### NO. I.

#### WALTER WILSON.

TRAVELLERS, who have made the tour of Europe, always dwell with peculiar delight on the sunny skies of Italy; and a host of domestic writers, never, perhaps, in the whole course of their existence, beyond that seeming boundary where their eyes first beheld the horizon apparently closing around them, join their voices in the chorus of the sunny skies of Italy!

Let them lard their poems and stories with threadbare descriptions of the "rosy twilight," and "silvery moonbeams," and "gorgeous sunrise"—I confess, these copied delineations have little interest for me.—America, "my own, my native land"—O! the rudest mountain, and wildest wood of thy varied landscape, is far dearer to my heart,



and more inspiring to my imagination, than the sublime antiquities and unrivalled natural charms of that clime, where "all, save the spirit of man, is divine." It is the free expression of that spirit, which, when irradiated by liberty, and instructed by knowledge, is all but divine, that gives to Americans their peculiar characteristics. To exhibit some of those traits, originated by our free institutions, in their manifold and minute effects on the minds, manners, and habits of the citizens of our republic, is the design of these sketches. How well the design is fulfilled, time, and the decision of the public taste, must decide.

Walter Wilson was the only child of a man who had once been an eminent merchant in Boston, but losses and misfortunes suddenly reduced him to bankruptcy, and he died, broken-hearted, before Walter had attained his seventh year. Mrs. Wilson with her little boy, then retired to the house of her father, a good industrious farmer, residing in the county of Franklin, where she might have dwelt in quietness, had not the elevation from which she had fallen, and which, in truth, she had not borne very meekly, continually mortified her pride. Her impatient repinings were not heard with much sympathy by her own family, and she was driven as much by necessity as inclination, to pour forth her sorrows to her young son. However, it must be confessed, she dwelt quite as pathetically on the loss of her fine house and fine furniture, fine horses and fine carriages, as on the loss of that husband to whom she was indebted for all her finery. She was a weak woman—too highly elated in prosperity, too easily depressed by adversity—not considering that *both* are situations of *trial*; that there is but *one* path which leads to eternal life, and so we gain it, the consideration is trivial, whether it be beneath the gairish sunbeams of the one, or groping our tearful way through the dark shadows of the other. But lessons of true humility, or useful exertion, were never taught by the precepts, or examples, of Mrs. Wilson; and Walter, till her death, which occurred when he was about fifteen, had done little, save repine at the cruelty of fortune, or form wild schemes of future success and grandeur, which neither his temperament, nor habits, seemed in the least calculated to realize. He was proud, passionate, and visionary, and though not idle, a very *reluctant* boy, whenever manual labor was included in his tasks. These were the dark shades of his character—now for the sunny side, and

that I like to portray far the best. His feelings were just like his countenance, open, ingenuous, noble—his heart quick, as the flash of his dark eye, in the cause of the oppressed; and tender as the smile that played on his lip, while gazing on the faces of those he loved. And he possessed that surest pledge of virtue in the *dependent*, a grateful mind; joined with a sense of honor so scrupulous, that he would have died rather than betrayed a trust reposed in him, or violated a promise voluntarily given. It was on the right direction of these qualities, that his grandfather, a cautious, shrewd old citizen, who had fought in the battles of the revolution, and assisted in the formation of more than one constitution designed for the government of freemen, built his hopes of the future success of the destitute orphan. But how to manage him judiciously was the question. He had never been subjected to much restraint, and his spirit would spurn at the contumely and wrongs the poor are often exposed to receive from the rich. He was naturally romantic, and had not been inured to steady exertion, and would probably be discouraged if a life of labor was proposed as the only means by which greatness might be achieved. His grandfather had a friend, an old-fashioned farmer like himself, and moreover rich and without sons, who offered to take the boy. It was an excellent place, if plenty of food, and plenty of work, good instructions, and pious examples, are considered of primary importance. The grandfather thought them so—Walter was not so easily satisfied; but finally, gratitude to his relative, who had so long supported him, made him yield to his wishes, and consent to dwell with Mr. Ezekiel Clark, for the space of three years. If in that time his objections to the occupation of agriculture should not be removed, his grandfather promised to aid him to prepare himself for something more consonant to his wishes. It is impossible, in this limited sketch, to analyze the motive which induced the old gentleman thus to dispose of Walter, whom he loved as tenderly as he ever did one of his own sons. No doubt the reader, if a young lady, thinks his destination very vulgar—wonders why he was not sent to college, or at least, placed behind some counter; and, all interest in the hero at an end, prepares to turn to some more amusing article. If she does, she will lose the description of as fair a girl as herself, besides one or two love scenes.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening of the last day of November, 1803, that the family of Mr. Ezekiel Clark was summoned to the sitting room to attend family duties. This was two hours earlier than the usual season for the evening devotions, but all knew the reason of the call, and assembled without delay. There, in an old-fashioned arm-chair, before a fire that seemed calculated for the meridian of Lapland, sat Mr. Ezekiel Clark; at his right hand stood a three legged table, on which lay the "big ha' Bible," well worn, and beside it, a small, neat edition of the holy scriptures, apparently new. Mr. Clark was advanced in years, sixty or upwards, a tall, spare, yet vigorous looking man, and in his youth, probably handsome; but now his face was marked with the deep lines of care and sorrow, while his thick, overhanging eyebrows, gave an austere cast to his countenance, which was much increased by his habitual gravity. With her chair nestled close to his side, and hand reclining on his knee; sat his daughter, his only one, and a fairer girl could not be found in all the country.

I dislike full length descriptions of beauty. Who does not know that a handsome woman must have a fair complexion, bright eyes, ruby lips, and all the *et cetera* of loveliness, requisite to take captive the affections of lordly man? These choice gifts had been showered upon the fair Fanny—(that was her name; had she ever attended a boarding school, it would probably have been *novelized* into Frances; but the advantages of a fashionable education she never had enjoyed, and so I shall call her as her father always called her—*Fanny*;)—with a prodigality that marked her for a favorite of nature; yet I cannot be positive of the color of her hair, whether it was black, brown, or chesnut.

The qualities of her mind and temper demand more particular scrutiny. She was the youngest of eight children that a beloved wife had borne to Mr. Clark. The others all died young; and as these human blossoms, one by one, were withered, the heart of the mother sunk beneath her grief. She died of a lingering consumption, and the little Fanny, then but five years old, only remained to console her father. It might naturally be supposed she would be much indulged—but it was not so. Mr. Clark was a genuine descendant of the pilgrims, pious even to enthusiasm, and pursuing what he deemed the path of duty, with a resolution that savored of sternness. Strict in family duties, and family government, even to rigidity, he would have

thought it an infringement of the decalogue to have indulged, with his child, in that playful hilarity which good people now deem so innocent and laudable. But Fanny loved her father with a reverence so deep, so grateful, that all his commands were pleasant. She even watched to anticipate his wishes, and although, had she followed the impulses of her own happy and buoyant heart, she would have sung and danced from morning till night; yet whenever she caught her father's voice, hers sunk to soft murmurs; and when she heard his step, her own was demure as a quaker's. Yet it was not that he did not love her sweet tones; they thrilled every fibre of his heart, and often charmed him "even to tears"—but he did not dare indulge his tender and delighted feelings, he so feared he should idolize her; he so trembled lest he should lose her. He was like the miser who can only count his gold in secret, lest some one beholding his treasure, should rob him of the precious deposit. He always prayed for her, but he never caressed her; even when she drew her chair so close to his, and looked up in his face with such confiding fondness, he did not smile upon her. But she knew he loved her, and to retain and merit his affection, was her study and pride. O, she was a sweet girl! as gay as a swallow, and yet gentle as a dove—persevering, and yet flexible; just the disposition for a woman, a wife; a spirit that can accommodate itself to the wishes and humors of those on whom it is dependent for happiness, and yet retain sufficient firmness to act with decision when circumstances shall require its exertion.

I have dwelt so long on the character of Fanny, (how could it be avoided?) that I must be brief in the notice of the personage seated next her. And yet to delineate half her peculiarities, would fill half a volume, and her sayings and doings would form a folio. She was no other than Miss Judith Clark, better known in the family and neighborhood by the name of aunt Judy, the sister of Mr. Ezekiel Clark; and ever since the decease of his wife, had been his house-keeper. She was a working, talking, bustling body, and one who never omitted an opportunity of giving good advice to any person, let them be ever so mean, or miserable, who would listen to her harangues. If she did not always give assistance to those who needed it, it was because she did not see it to be her duty. She was the reverse of her brother in many things, and perhaps the difference cannot be better explained than by saying, that while *she* was

boasting of her knowledge of the law, *he* was silently obeying its injunctions. Yet she was an excellent housekeeper, and proud of her housekeeping; in short, one of your notables; a character not so common now as twenty years since. She was seated, very erect, in a low chair, her knitting work on her lap, but covered with her pocket-handkerchief, which would wholly have concealed it, had not one unmannerly needle thrust itself through a small hole she had that very evening, to her great consternation, burnt while smoking. Her visage was thin and sharp, and her features, and the lines of her countenance, denoted no predominant passion, save extreme carefulness; yet her spectacles were now raised upon her forehead, and her hands reverently folded upon her lap, as if she had cast aside all worldly thoughts, while preparing to attend the reading of the Holy word. Let us not doubt the sincerity of her worship—she certainly made a sacrifice of inclination to duty; the posture she had assumed, was to her active habits, a penance; for never, during waking hours, were her hands seen folded, except at the morning and evening devotions. But even then, she was not wholly freed from anxiety. Her attention was often diverted from her religious meditations, by the pranks of a roguish looking urchin, who sat in the corner, on her left. A little curly headed Jonathan, who had been bequeathed, by his dying mother, to the care of aunt Judy, and whom she loved, *three* excepted, the best of any human being. But he loved play, even better than he did aunt Judy; and was now, from his low stool, slyly pulling and teasing two venerable cats, that lay sleeping on a rug, placed purposely for them, near the fire.

One other figure completed the group around the hearth. Nearly opposite aunt Judy, and beyond the table, on the right hand of Mr. Clark, sat a young man, apparently sunk in profound thought. The air of his countenance was lofty, almost to haughtiness—and yet, there was something in the expression of his very handsome features, that attracted, almost fascinated, every beholder. It was the expression of generous feeling, that promised sympathy; of open sincerity, that invited confidence; and few, who regard the face as an index of the mind, would have hesitated to trust him as a friend, and fewer still would have wished to have provoked him to become an enemy. That youth was Walter Wilson. It was the day of his emancipation—he was twenty-one; and the family were thus early assembled, that they

might all unite once more in worshipping the Most High, before Walter departed to a school, in a distant town, which he had engaged to instruct during the winter.

Mr. Clark read a chapter composedly, but in a much lower tone than usual—perhaps that was the reason why neither Walter nor Fanny heard one word of the matter. Aunt Judy could not attend strictly to the reading, as she was obliged to keep one eye constantly fixed on the rogue in the corner, while sundry shakes of her head denoted her displeasure at his conduct. Then followed the prayer, in which Mr. Clark deviated so far from his usual form, as to petition, earnestly, that the path of duty might be made plain to the one about to go out from them—that he might be kept from temptation, and preserved from evil; and that they might all meet again, if not in this vale of tears, yet in the heaven of joy above. Aunt Judy, as a response, uttered a sigh so deep, it nearly resembled a groan—Walter stood with his lips firmly compressed, and every nerve wrought up to endure, if possible, without betraying his feelings; he did not relax for aunt Judy's groan. But when he heard a soft, low sigh, that he knew was breathed by Fanny, his knees trembled so violently, he was compelled to lean against the mantel-piece for support. When Mr. Clark had ended his prayer, he took up from the table the small Bible, and advancing one step towards Walter, said—"It is now my duty, Walter, to say you are free. You have been a faithful and a good boy; not that I can say you have always done your duty; but we all have our short-comings, and you have behaved much better than I expected when I took you. I hope and pray you will continue to do well, and as a guide to your path, I give you the word of God. Study it, Walter, and you will, I trust, become wise unto salvation. And if, in this world, you meet with any trials in which I can assist you, call upon me as your friend, your father."

His voice sunk as he pronounced the last word, but not one word was so distinctly heard by Walter; and as he returned the fervent pressure of the old man's hand, the tears swelled in his eyes. Aunt Judy sobbed audibly, and would doubtless have cried outright, had she not felt it her duty, while her brother was speaking, to reprimand little Jonathan, which she did in a whisper, by telling him that "if he did not let them 'ere cats alone, and behave himself, she would, as soon as ever Walter was gone, whip him till she took his skin off." For the credit of her humanity, how-

ever, I will record, that she had not the least intention of executing her threat.

A man now entered the room to say he waited for Walter. "We must bid you good bye, Walter," said aunt Judy, offering him one hand, while with the other she wiped her eyes—"but where is Fanny? Fanny!" she continued in a loud tone—"Where can the girl be gone to, I wonder?"

"Bid Fanny farewell for me," said Walter, in a low voice, and then again pressing the hand of Mr. Clark, he rushed from the house.

"You may put my trunk in the sleigh, and drive on," said Walter, to the man who was to accompany him—"I shall walk."

"Walk! what, all the way to your grandfather's?" inquired the man—"Why it is a good five miles, and a plaguy rough road."

"No matter," replied Walter, in an accent so impatient, it sounded angry—"I say I shall walk."

"And walk you will, I guess, for all of my stopping for you," muttered the fellow, as he drove off at full speed.

Walter slowly followed the jingling vehicle, till he had reached an abrupt angle in the road, which, entered upon, soon shut out the view of Mr. Clark's dwelling. Here the youth paused, tarried, and stood long, with folded arms, gazing on the home he had left. The cold of winter had already commenced; the ground was covered with snow, that sparkled beneath the bright moonlight; it was shining as the world appeared to Walter, and cold as his hopes on entering it. The tall elms, that so gracefully, during summer, threw their green foliage over the long, low, old-fashioned building, now towered, revealed in all their gigantic proportions, their long bare arms, stretched abroad, as if to defend the dwelling they had so lately ornamented. All around was hushed, and while Walter stood there so still and lonely, the only living thing unsheltered, he felt pressing on his heart that sense of utter desolateness, which persons of sensibility, who, for the first time, find themselves alone in the world, are doomed to suffer. There are few sensations more painful.

How his hopes, and plans, and wishes, had altered, since he first went to reside with Mr. Clark! Fanny was then just twelve. He promised to stay three years; they looked like an eternity to him, he was so anxious to mingle among men, and hew himself a path to fame, and do—he knew not what—but "wonders, no doubt." The three years expir-

ed. Fanny was fifteen. She loved Walter, with all the innocency and truth of sisterly affection. Every leisure hour they planned some amusement together. During the long winter evenings, when she had knit her *thirty times round*, they read the same books together. Fanny, with tears in her eyes, begged him to stay; could he go? O, no! not then—in a few months perhaps. Thus two years passed—they passed quickly to Walter. One year only remained of his minority; and during that, he never once expressed a wish to go. And Jacob could not labor more faithfully, while serving for his beloved Rachael, than Walter wrought on the farm of Mr. Clark. Yet the intercourse between Walter and Fanny, had assumed a character so distant and reserved, that a stranger might have thought them wholly indifferent to each other. This reserve was the effect of her delicacy, and his sense of honor and fidelity to his master. It was then Walter felt the full bitterness of his poverty and dependence.

He loved Fanny, even to idolatry; and yet he never breathed a syllable, which a brother might not have spoken to a sister. Yet still he feared he had not been sufficiently guarded, else why had not Mr. Clark expressed a wish to have him reside longer with him, when he so much needed help? "He suspects I love Fanny," murmured the youth to himself. A convulsive movement for a moment agitated his features. Then clenching his hand firmly, he exclaimed—"And I will yet be worthy of her love!" And plunging down the steep road, he pursued his way with a speed that seemed calculated to overtake his companion.

In truth, Walter was not the only person who wondered why he was suffered to depart. Aunt Judy owned her astonishment; but as *economy* was as much her hobby as it ever was Adam Smith's, the only difference being that his was *political*, hers, *personal*—she resolved all her doubts by reflecting, that probably, her brother knew of some person he could hire, who would work cheaper than Walter.

The next morning saw a very sober looking group assembled around the breakfast table of Mr. Ezekiel Clark. "I took a bad cold yesterday, and could not sleep much last night," said Mr. Clark.

"I had terrible bad dreams, and my sleep did not do me one bit of good," said aunt Judy.

Fanny said not a word; but, judging by her swollen eye and pale cheek, she had rested no better than the others.



A fortnight passed, and no news from Walter—another fortnight, and a letter came to Mr. Clark.

“Pray, how does Walter like his school? how many scholars does he have? when is he coming home?” eagerly demanded aunt Judy; huddling question upon question, with true feminine volubility.

“He says nothing at all about his school,” replied her brother, gravely, and glancing his eye on his daughter.

“You needn’t look to Fanny,” said aunt Judy, pettishly, provoked that her questions were all vain,—“as if she wanted to hear any thing about Walter. She hasn’t mentioned his name since he went away, and I don’t believe she cares whether he is dead or alive.”

Fanny was employed making a coat of crimson flannel, which aunt Judy had taken particular pains to color for little Jonathan. During the time her father was reading the letter, she had busily continued her work; but aunt Judy afterwards declared, she never, “in all the days of her life, see such a looking button-hole as one that Fanny made on that crimson suit.” Her face was pale as marble when her father first looked upon her; at aunt Judy’s remark, it was colored to her forehead—even her neck and hands were as crimson as Jonathan’s coat.

A smile of tenderness, mingled with a shade of sorrow, passed over the usually fixed, and almost stern features of Mr. Clark. He collected his writing materials, and sat down to answer Walter’s letter; but what he wrote, aunt Judy, with all her fidgeting, could not discover.

The months passed on; but if we credit aunt Judy, they passed heavily. She always declared it was the most *mol-ocholy* winter she ever experienced. “And Fanny,” she said, “was so downspirited and moping, she *raly* feared the girl was going into a consumption.”

At such remarks, Fanny would try to smile; but if her father heard them, the look of pity and endearment he always threw upon her, would bring tears to her eyes.

It was towards the last of March, and on the evening of a stormy, blustering day, such as frequently occur at the vernal equinox, that Mr. Clark sat down to read his usual portion of scripture. He had laid his hand on the sacred volume, and given the preparatory hem, when the outer door unclosed, and a light step was heard traversing the long, narrow entry. The sitting room door was flung open.

“Walter!”—exclaimed Mr. Clark, in the deep bass tones of his guttural voice, seizing one of the youth’s hands.

“Walter!”—screamed aunt Judy, a full octave above the highest treble notes she ever before used—as she caught the other.

“Walter!” murmured Fanny, in a voice sweeter to his ear than the breathing of an Æolian harp, as disengaging himself from the grasp of her father and aunt, he pressed both her hands in his, and while she sunk into the chair from which she had partly risen, just touched his lips to her forehead.

The action was unnoticed by aunt Judy, who had stooped to pick up her spectacles, which had fallen in her hurry to welcome Walter; and which she would not have had broken, for a kiss from the handsomest young man in the universe. If Mr. Clark saw the slight caress, the smile that beamed on his features, while he pointed Walter to a seat in his usual place, did not argue displeasure.

“What is the matter with Fanny now?” said aunt Judy. “I shouldn’t think Walter’s coming home was any occasion for tears.”

“We will proceed in the duties of the evening,” said her brother, solemnly, as he just glanced on his daughter.

“You may have Fanny,” said Mr. Clark to Walter the next day—“but, as I told you in my letter, you must not marry till next November. Manage for yourself one year. Go, hire yourself out, and be steady and industrious; you will gain much useful knowledge, and next fall come home here, and you shall be as my own son. Fanny, too, has need of learning many things, before she will be fitted to manage a family.”

“Yes, indeed,” responded aunt Judy. “Fanny never has cared whether she knew how to bake, or brew, or any such necessary matters, if she could only skip and sing. But I hope now she will be more steady, and mind how I season my pies; the wedding cake I shan’t let her try to make, for it would be a bad sign, besides a very great waste, if the wedding cake should be spoiled.”

“These wild, idle boys sometimes succeed well,” said a neighbor to the grandfather of Walter Wilson. “There is your grandson, he has married the richest and prettiest girl in the country. Who would have guessed it?”

“It has happened just as I intended,” replied the sagacious old man, significantly shaking his head, “when I per-

sued the child to live with Mr. Clark. Walter was one of your romantic, hasty, wayward boys; but he had a good heart notwithstanding. One of those tempers, so difficult to manage, and so well worth the attempt of managing. I placed him in the right way, and he is now so trained and bound, that habit and inclination will keep him right. His own ardor and ambition will soon carry him forward, and 'tis the blessing of our happy institutions, that merit and talents, in whatever station, if rightly exerted, will command respect, and ensure success. "I prophesy," continued the old man, raising himself up with a lofty air, "I prophesy, that if Walter Wilson lives twenty years, he will be a distinguished man!"

There is now a large, elegant brick mansion beneath the shade of those old elms, that once threw their arms over a long, low, irregular building; the grounds, and every thing around, bespeak the owner a gentleman of industry, wealth, and taste; and the address of that gentleman is, the Hon. Walter Wilson.

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#### THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

'Tis done ! sweet pilgrim of an hour !  
 Affection's fairest, dearest flower;  
 Thou beauteous germe of life and youth,  
 Emblem of purity and truth :  
 Bright heir of an immortal birth,  
 Lent for an hour to bloom on earth—  
 'Tis done ! the fated shaft is sped;  
 Affection droops, and Hope is fled!

Vain is that hope, which thought to trace  
 The expanding charms of childhood's grace;  
 Vain is the cherish'd hope, which strove,  
 To shield thee with a parent's love,  
 Fondly to watch thy cherub form,  
 To guard thee from the darkling storm,  
 And fold thee in affection's arms,  
 Safe from adversity's alarms ;  
 To bid the "genial current" flow,  
 Fervent with youth's ingenuous glow;—  
 It might not be; the chasten'd sense  
 Of hope, for thy pre-eminence,

Is buried in the ruthless grave  
Of all, to life a charm that gave!

But oh! thy little span of life  
Reck'd not of mad ambition's strife;  
Thou hast not known, my angel child,  
Of mad'ning thoughts, and passions wild;  
The secret, silent agony;  
The brain of fire; the tearless eye;  
The heartfelt pang; the bosom's throe,  
When hopeless love instils its wo;  
Scorn's sneering smile; the world's neglect,  
And fortune's frowns, thou hast not reck'd.  
Avaits it, that thou hast not known  
Of storied page, and wisdom's zone;  
Nor snatched the ethereal fire, which burns  
Fraught with the lore of classic urns?  
Thou hast escaped the hectic joy  
Of those, whom midnight toils employ,  
When its lone vigil Genius keeps,  
And all, but heaven-born Fancy, sleeps.

But oft, at twilight's solemn hour,  
Rapt by devotion's soothing power,  
Alone, to thy dear grave I'll stray,  
A mother's holiest gift to pay.  
And o'er the turf where rests thy head,  
Perennial flowers their sweets shall shed.  
Far from the world, its noise and care,  
I'll seek a cherished refuge there,  
And meekly own the dread behest,  
Which gives my babe an angel's rest.

J. P. L.

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### DUELLING.

A writer in the *New York Morning Courier*, commenting on the late fatal rencontre between Messrs. Graham and Barton, remarks, that women, pious and intelligent women, approve of the fashionable mode of settling disputes by the pistol. And moreover, he insinuates, that it is the influence of the ladies, on the opinion of society, which renders it so impossible for a gentleman, who would be esteemed honorable, to refuse a challenge without incurring the imputation of cowardice, and consequently, losing the favor of

the fair. This is a serious, indeed, a horrible charge, against the feelings and principles of pious ladies; but can we believe it correct?

That women are fond of fame, and admire courage in men, is not denied; but they do not fix the standard by which that bravery shall be tested. Neither do the ladies lack penetration to discern, that he who fights only because he is impelled by the *fear* of incurring the ridicule of the world, no more deserves the epithet of *brave*, than does the soldier, who is goaded on by the sword of his officer to the combat. Much is said of the inutility of the laws to check duelling, but till their effect has been energetically and impartially applied, we have no reason to doubt their efficiency. There are many crimes, now considered infamous, and punished by our statutes, which, were they treated by the magistrates and laws in the same cautious, delicate, and lenient manner that duelling is, would soon become more fashionable, and quite as honorable. Take, for instance, theft. Among the Spartans, successful theft was applauded—let it be so here, and those, whom we now stigmatise as thieves, and brand with indelible infamy, would be called *adroit* gentlemen, who had ingeniously discovered an easy and genteel method of enriching themselves from the stores of the plodding and mechanical. The courts of justice are exclusively under the control of the men, and it is presumed no gentleman, however low he may bow to the opinion of the ladies when expressed in society, will concede that women have any share in the enacting of the laws, or any influence on their execution. Men are legislators and jurists;—let them frame laws against duelling, and enforce them with as much rigor as against theft. Let them send the honorable murderer and his abettors to the gallows, or the States' prison—the pity of the ladies would unquestionably follow the criminal; for they cannot choose but pity misery—yet certainly their *smiles* would never be lavished on a *convict*. But so long as the laws screen, instead of punishing the offender, duelling will be termed *honorable*, because men of responsibility and high station will practice it. And while such is the case, can we wonder that ladies, although they condemn the barbarous practice, yet can we wonder they should sensitively feel the dread of that disgrace, which they are so often told, attaches to the man who will not vindicate his character by accepting a challenge! Their acquiescence, therefore, is that of necessity;

the men only have the power of abrogating the code of honor; how sincerely the women would rejoice to see its bloody requirements annulled, no person can doubt, who knows the sensibility of the female heart, and how often it must sicken at the idea, that some beloved one, may be involved in a trivial, yet fatal quarrel.

Our pilgrim ancestors invented a punishment for duelling, which very effectually prevented the single combat from ever becoming popular in New England. Those bold and politic men knew well the influence of public opinion; and by the manner in which they discountenanced vice, effectually secured that opinion on the side of morality. They seized the first persons who attempted to perpetrate a duel, and tying the *honorable* offenders against the peace of the colony together, kept them twenty-four hours without meat or drink.

If slight offences of the same honorable kind were now punished in the same manner, or by a souse in cold water, the effect would, doubtless, be very salutary, both on the temper and pride of the young duellists; and soon render the custom, in the estimation of society, what it really is, contemptible and ridiculous. And though the ladies should still approve of duelling, and the gentlemen still be solicitous to please them, yet few knights of the nineteenth century would be found sufficiently obsequious to hazard the being tied neck and heels, and losing their dinner into the bargain, merely to gain the favor of the fair.

We are now speaking of quarrels which originate from trifles, light as air; and which might easily be adjusted, did not those who have involved themselves, feel bound, while the laws are so impotent, to obey the fashion of society. This fashion is becoming more prevalent, and is it not partly in consequence of the manner in which "affairs of honor" are treated by some of the distinguished writers in our public journals? The duellists are there called "unfortunate:"—the one who falls is represented as a martyr to public opinion; his loss is lamented, and he is eulogized much more flatteringly than he probably would have been, had he "died in his bed, like a good christian, with all his friends about him."

A respectful tribute to the dead, when it can be consistently rendered, is a pious duty which surviving friends should never neglect; but public sympathy ought not to be awakened in behalf of one who has acted so weak and

wicked a part, as the late Mr. Graham. His conduct, throughout, was stamped with a criminal absurdity which has few parallels. He provoked the challenge. He felt he was wrong, yet would not retract. He disapproved duelling, and yet, in defiance of every manly, and consistent, and christian principle, he armed himself, went forth, and sought to kill the man he had injured! There can scarcely be imagined a more pernicious example than he has thus exhibited. It will have a deep and deadly effect, and serve to rivet the chains of *false* honor on many a mind that is wishing to be released from their cruel thralldom. Cruel it is, as the antagonist of Mr. Graham, though he has gained the victory, will find. Mr. Barton has the guilt of blood upon his head. Let those, who are appointed to the sacred duty of guarding the laws from infringement, kindly pronounce him guilty only of a "misdemeanor," and let society receive the *honorable* man again to its circles—he has that in his own bosom which will never suffer him to rest. There will be moments when his crime and its consequences will come with such appalling distinctness on his mind and conscience, that, were he master of the whole world, he would freely give it, to be able to recall the rash act he has committed; yes, when he would willingly go down to the dust, and sleep in the coldness and corruption of the grave, might he but redeem thence the friend he has slain.

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### LIFE'S LONELY HOUR.

The days of thy youth—have they passed away,  
 With their visions of glorious light?  
 The hopes of thy youth—did their promise decay  
 Like flowers in the cold wind's blight?  
 Weep not the lost vision—the faded flower—  
 There's a bitterer cup for life's lonely hour.

Dost thou worship a name?—and have glory and fame,  
 Like shadows, thy grasping fled?  
 Or sigh for the trappings that wealth may claim,  
 While penury's vale thou must tread;  
 Mourn not the vain strife for gold, glory, or power—  
 They would bring no joy to life's lonely hour.

When man's strength is bowed, and his eye is dim,  
 And his heart bears the frost of the grave,  
 Go, whisper the wreck of the world to him,  
 And bid him *one* relic to save !  
 He would ask not gold, glory, or pleasure or power—  
 But the *love* that would soothe life's lonely hour.

And tho' shadows are falling, one by one,  
 Yet man's heart should ne'er yield to care,  
 Till, in age, he draws nigh to his own hearth stone,  
 And finds none to love him there,  
 No dear voice to greet him in hall, or bower,—  
 O ! then he may weep—'tis life's lonely hour !

Yes, then he may weep—but he may not despair—  
 For Mercy is hovering near,  
 And kindly she listens the broken prayer,  
 And treasures the coprite tear,  
 And points, through Death's gloom, to her glorious Bower,  
 Where the life we shall live hath no lonely hour.

CORNELIA.

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## FEMALE EDUCATION.

*Notice of an Address on Female Education, delivered in Portsmouth, N. H. October 26, 1827. By the Rev. CHARLES BURROUGHS, A. M. Rector of St. John's Church. Childs & March. 8vo. pp. 44.*

It is not contemplated to assume the highly dignified and responsible station of reviewers, according to the ordinary technical use of the appellation; but, it is nevertheless presumed, that no apology will be deemed necessary, if a passing notice is occasionally given of works particularly interesting and important to the class of persons for whose benefit the Ladies' Magazine is intended. It must be well known to our readers, that public sentiment, for some considerable time, has been directed to the subject named at the head of this article. Had any one, ten years ago, calculated on the improvements that have since been made in female education, he would have been thought an extravagant visionary. Our legislatures have not yet indeed been disposed to establish colleges, and endow professorships, for the instruction of girls; but much, very much, has been accomplished through the instrumentality of individual en-



terprise and public spirit. Private seminaries have been established, in which are taught the various branches of literature and science. In several of these institutions it requires, after an attention to the common parts of education, four, five, and six years, to go through the course of studies prescribed. Nor is it simply on paper, that this liberal provision is made for the tuition of females. In some of the first private schools in Boston, girls are known to continue that length of time; and, it is believed, they are obtaining an education equal to that obtained by young men, in many of our respectable colleges.

It is true these seminaries are of recent origin; they are mostly, as already intimated, the result of individual effort; and they cannot, of course, be supposed to have that system and permanency of character which are desirable. The labor and the expense of tuition, moreover, in these schools, when in their most successful operation, are probably double, at least, what they would be, in public institutions. Teaching well is an art which cannot ordinarily be acquired without persevering labor and long experience. Our most successful instructors spend no small portion of their whole life in arriving at eminence. Systems of education, to be as good as they might be, should be transmitted from age to age, continually receiving corrections and improvements from the combined wisdom and experience of all engaged in conducting them. But this cannot be in private schools. Here, as soon, and sometimes even before, the teachers become masters of their profession, they are obliged from increasing years, to retire; and their skill—the secret of their art, dies with them. Others then take their places, and go through the same routine of experiment and toil, and at last submit to the same fate; and thus little is done in perfecting the means of female instruction, while facilities for the education of the other sex are continually multiplying, and are continually approximating a state of perfection.

Such, however, seems to be the general persuasion, as to the importance of giving women a thorough and systematic course of intellectual and moral discipline, that it is confidently believed, the evils, of which we complain, will not long be suffered to exist. It has become a topic of frequent conversation, and of the most deep felt interest in the various classes of society. We had supposed for some time, that this was the fact to a considerable extent; but were by

no means sensible to how great an extent, till the recent suspension of the public High School for Girls, in Boston. Then a sudden and powerful sensation appeared to pervade the whole city; and a determination was manifested by no small portion of the inhabitants, that the school should not be abandoned. The school was surely an ornament to our metropolis, and might have been reckoned among our most valuable institutions. It placed within the reach of the various classes of society, advantages for mental improvement, which had before been confined to the daughters of the rich. It is not our intention to censure the committee under whose guardian care the school was placed; and we would simply express a hope, that it will still be found practicable to remove all obstacles to its re-establishment upon an enlarged and permanent foundation. Let our cities and populous towns establish seminaries of this description within their own limits, and our legislators will then soon be induced to establish them throughout the country.

The address before us was delivered at the close of the examination of the Portsmouth Lyceum; and was requested for publication, in behalf of the Trustees of that institution, by a committee, consisting of the Rev. Dr. Parker, General Upham, and W. H. Y. Hackett, Esq.

It is presumed that the Rev. Mr. Burroughs is known to many of our readers as a highly respectable clergyman of the Episcopal church. The address is well calculated to sustain his reputation as an accomplished scholar, and as a gentleman of the most liberal feelings upon a subject intimately connected with our dearest enjoyments. We rejoice that the cause of female education has so able an advocate. To give our readers some idea of its character, we shall make a few extracts. The first is an allusion to some of the most popular female authors in Great Britain.

“The works of many female writers are among our richest blessings. They have decidedly promoted public felicity, and maintained with enchanting eloquence the cause of virtue. Gratefully would we utter the praises of such names as Chapone, Aikin, Barbauld, Hamilton, More, Edgeworth, and Hemans. These, with many others, have become fixed stars in the region of literature, and will continue to irradiate and rejoice mankind, till time shall be no more.”

It is thought Mr. Burroughs, with equal justice, might have introduced, in the same connexion, the names of se-

veral American ladies. The literary attainments and labors of the individual whose likeness accompanies this number of the Magazine, would be creditable to any country. In Boston, also, are other female writers, whose productions are receiving the meed of well merited praise; and the same may be said of at least one in Hartford—one in Philadelphia—and one in Charleston. Nor should the author of *Redwood*, because mentioned last, be supposed the less worthy of commendation.

The next extract to be made, is on the moral influence of woman. It is as follows.

“The importance of female education, as connected with the general happiness of the community, will be readily admitted, if we advert to that powerful moral influence, which women hold over their children at the periods of infancy and childhood, and which is continued with their female children almost to the age of maturity. The mental and moral impressions, that a child receives during the first years of life, are chiefly derived from the mother; and these are generally conceded to form the very elements of character, and to generate those moral tendencies, which color the whole of existence. Seldom are early impressions effaced. Most of the distinguished men on record received the seeds of their greatness from maternal culture. It was under the care, and, as it were, in the bosom of his mother, says Tacitus, that the tender mind of Agricola was trained to science and every liberal accomplishment. Lord Bacon made grateful acknowledgments to his mother for his love of philosophy and great renown. We learn, too, that maternal ability, vigilance and decision chiselled the bold outlines of glory in the life of the political saviour of our country. Who among us can deny his obligations for maternal care in imparting holy influences? Who feels not over his soul the recollections of a mother’s early fondness, and finds not his character moulded by her constant and faithful assiduities? Who can be sufficiently grateful, when that fondness, and those assiduities have been enlightened by wisdom and hallowed by piety? Now if a mother have no education, or, what is as bad, one that was merely superficial and showy; if she lack understanding and has never attended to the culture of her heart, her children will inherit the deficiencies of her character, and will prove either incumbrances or positive evils to the community. Whereas a well informed and religious woman will inspire in her children generous sentiments and feelings. From her intellectual and moral exertion, from a resistless proneness to imitation, and from the moral contagion of maternal rectitude and dignity, her children will be abundantly blessed with all the best materials for the formation of character. It is by providing high schools of in-

struction for females, that you are to make them the best and most successful teachers in the land, to render them ministering angels to countless beings, and to multiply the joys of learning and virtue. Here then are we taught that the advancement of female education is one of the most efficacious means for promoting the public good. This will clothe society with new beauty and new blessings. On the exertions of the intelligent and pious of the present age rests the immense responsibility of the future character of our country. It has become the imperious duty of every people, of every government, to make abundant provision for female education.

The moral power of woman extends not merely over children, but affects immediately and directly the tastes, habits and pursuits of all her friends and companions. Her character is felt throughout the intricate machinery of society, and gives complexion to the age. As her condition is elevated or depressed, as she is learned or unlearned, licentious or pure, so rises or falls the character of the institutions, of the morals and of the manners of the community. Strengthen her mind, adorn it with intellectual furniture, give to her voice the music of enlightened and eloquent discourse, clothe her manners with dignity, grace her soul with the enchanting robes of faith and piety; and then man will approach her with profound respect; he will not enter her abode, till he can be assimilated to her attributes; he will elevate his mind to her principles, give purity and elegance to his manners and language, that he may be a welcome visitant at her home, and taste there the refined joys of knowledge and piety. Let her mind be weak, her conversation trifling, her love of flattery strong, her sensibility affected, and her manners artificial, then will her society be sought only by the foolish and vain, and she will be admired only for personal beauty; she will lower the tone of discourse and of thought; she will encourage frivolity and folly in man, and weaken the strong holds of wisdom and virtue. Knowledge alone can stop such evils. It is on the ground of female education, where the moral lever must be placed, to move the world to a more elevated orbit of intellectual and moral glory."

Mr. Burroughs is of the opinion, that sufficient attention is not directed to the physical education of women; or to that course of instruction and treatment which relates to the vigor and improvement of their bodily powers. In the correctness of this opinion we fully acquiesce, and transcribe his remarks without abridgement.

"The influence of the body on the mind is universally admitted. When the former is healthful and active, the latter becomes susceptible of so much the higher and more successful efforts; whereas a feeble temperament generally tends to the production

of mental imbecility, materially lessens our usefulness, and throws a hue of sadness over all the scenes of life. Now our constitution, our bodily powers, are very much at the mercy of those, who control our physical education. A neglect in this particular is followed by irremediable misery. It is from such neglect that we so often witness the constitutional infirmities of learned men, and so often are called to mourn over the premature extinction of brilliant genius. Such neglect has been too commonly practised in relation to female children. Many have become victims to it throughout their lives, have suffered from perpetual irritability, pulmonary weakness, morbid sensibility, fickleness of purpose, inconsistency of conduct, and all the distracting agonies of nervous debility. There is doubtless a constitutional difference in the sexes, and women are not to be trained to the severe athletic exercises of men; but surely the former ought to have the benefit of all such becoming exercise, as shall give them healthful bodies and firm nerves. 'How often,' says Miss Priscilla Wakefield, 'has an anxiety for the delicacy of the complexion, or the apprehension of her being a romp, restrained a girl from the indulgence of enjoying with any one, exercise in a sufficient degree to secure her from that feeble, sickly, languid state, which frequently renders her not only capricious, but helpless, throughout the whole of her life.' 'Let it never be forgotten,' she adds, 'that true delicacy consists in a purity of sentiment, and is as much superior to its substitute, external manners, as a real gem is to an artificial one.' Let the utmost attention now be paid to the physical education of females, not simply to their diet, temperance, and cleanliness, but to the practice of bodily exercise. Let them have such physical recreation, as shall be consistent with their delicacy of sex, and as shall serve to procure for them vigorous constitutions and sound minds. Strengthen their physical powers, and you may then give energy to their intellects, brilliant tints of beauty to their persons, animation to their spirits, and grace to their manners."

The topics on which the author comments are numerous; and the frequent and pertinent allusions to history, in illustration of his subject, makes his address instructive as well as interesting. The last extract, which we have room to introduce, is on the faults of female education.

"Another common fault in the education of females is employing too much of their time merely in the acquisition of accomplishments. How many spend all their most important early years in unwearied attention to music, painting and dancing, under every variety of fashionable teachers, and neglect those studies, which are most essential to their usefulness and happiness. Accomplishments are generally of a temporary character, and seldom

last beyond the period of youth, when, amidst the fascinations of innocence, vivacity and beauty, they are least needed. It often happens that females, remarkable for their musical skill and attainments, leave their musical instruments almost entirely untouched, after they have once become occupied by the cares of domestic life. There can be no objection to accomplishments; they are delightful; they are all in a degree necessary; they serve for agreeable recreation, and to give a grace to character; but they are not education; they do not constitute the indispensable aliment of an immortal being; and custom has already wasted too large a portion of the time of the young in their attainment. They, who are distinguished only for ornamental acquisitions, are seldom much respected when living, and leave few regrets behind them at death; whereas an improved understanding and solid worth will always command reverence; and the decay of genius and virtue will awaken deep, permanent and unmingled sorrow. She vainly seeks estimation, who neglects intrinsic excellence for external splendor; who is

‘ Bred only—and completed to the taste,  
Of fretful appetence—to sing—to dance,  
To dress and trol the tongue and roll the eye,  
Yet empty of all good wherein consists  
Woman’s domestic honor and chief grace.’ ”

It might be further remarked, in reference to the faults of education, that there is a supposed want of fitness or adaptation, even in the most approved systems of instruction, for the purposes of real life. Is it not a fact, that our young men who were to receive any thing beyond a common school education, have been obliged, at college, to go through the same course of studies, whether they were to be clergymen, lawyers, physicians, merchants, or farmers? This was certainly very preposterous; and the absurdity of it is now becoming so well understood, that seminaries in different parts of the country are going into operation where young men can be especially prepared for the several pursuits in which they are to engage. Of this description are the Gardiner Lyceum, the Academy of Mr. Carter, at Lancaster, the Round Hill School at Northampton, and a similar institution, contemplated by the Messrs. Dwrights, at New Haven. Now it is asked, if a similar evil does not still exist in regard to female education? In some of our first seminaries for girls, are they not seemingly educated, so far as the nature of their studies is considered, rather for the learned professions, or to be professors in college, than to be good wives and good mothers?—We have more to say on this particular, at some future time.

**THE HARP OF THE MANIAC MAIDEN.**

By a golden harp—in thoughtful mood,  
In the moonbeam's light,—like an angel stood,  
A youthful maid—her loosened hair,  
Waved in rich curls to the evening air.

Lonely and mute—in sadness bent  
Her lovely form o'er the instrument;  
A passing zephyr kissed the strings,  
Which seemed to recall her wanderings.

She raised her head—but her sunken eye,  
Had lost its light's mild purity;  
A quick, strange glance, unwonted threw,  
A troubled ray, from her orb of blue.

Her head upraised from its resting place,  
The moon beamed full on her youthful face;  
A calm pale hue o'er her features spread,  
With the settled look of the silent dead.

She gazed on the moon with a look that told  
'Twould soon in death be dim and cold;  
With seraph lightness, then turned to touch  
The harp she was wont to love so much.

With graceful air she sweetly swept  
The chords which in sorrow long had slept,  
While from her quivering lips there came  
With murmuring sound, a pensive strain,—

Mingled at first—then soft, though clear,  
It stole to the ravished, wondering ear;  
It thrilled the soul—'twas a sad—sad token,  
Of reason fled—and a young heart broken.

Then as if scenes of former days  
Flashed o'er her soul with thrilling rays,  
With hurried hand she swept the strings—  
'Twas maddening grief's wild echoings.

'Twas a frenzied strain—a frenzied burst  
Of a passion—deep in her bosom nursed;  
'Twas the last from that maiden—broken-hearted,  
With her harp's wild echo—her spirit departed.

Those azure eyes in youth so bright,  
 Are closed in death's dark, moonless night;  
 That faithful heart in the grave is cold,  
 That form consumed by its wasting mould.

But at midnight oft when nature's still,  
 Is heard that harp's sweet, pensive thrill;  
 As if her spirit still hover'd near,  
 To awaken those tones in life so dear.

HENRY.

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### THE TOKEN.

WE confess we look at this little work with great pleasure, and as little of that vanity with which we are accused of contemplating our own productions. The publishers very modestly decline any comparison with the English souvenirs, except in the literary part of the book; and though we think great praise is due to the engravings, we will notice only some of the beautiful little tales that it contains.

We were highly interested in "*The Lone Indian*;" there is a wildness, a loneliness, a touching pathos, a sort of farewell brightness about it, that suits well with this most affecting subject. The scene is all before us; we hear the axe of the white man felling the ancient trees, that have been held sacred by the Indians. We see their hunting grounds changing into square measured fields, marked out by grey stone walls. We imagine that we perceive the wild flowers that bloomed in the shade, drooping in the scorching sunshine, and hanging their heads, as if in sympathy with the conquered masters of the soil. We hear the complaining brooks and the moanings of the wind through the stiffened limbs of a blasted tree, and it seems like the voice of Pow-ontonamo—we groan in spirit with him at the grave of Soonseetah and her boy, and we want to fly from the unfeeling rapaciousness of the white man, into the depths and pathless solitudes of the forest, with the broken-hearted Indian. So entirely does the writer of this little tale enter into its spirit, that you are carried away captive by it, and cannot criticise it.



The simple story of "*Ellen*," has, we think, great merit. The opening is very beautiful. How familiar the author seems to be with the shady green lane where Ellen is first discovered by the young lieutenant. The description of the picturesque cottage is so graphic, and the cobbler so natural, we feel as if these things were all true, and the writer knew it, and as the children say, as if Ellen and Harris, and the cobbler, were all real live people. Ellen is supported through such difficult scenes with such sinless uprightness—such natural dignity and grace, that she seems untouched by the contamination around her. We should have been pleased had the operation of the religious principle upon her husband's mind, been more definitely traced, more minutely described. We would have had the writer enter the depths of the heart, when the Spirit of God is there; and describe the new creation that then opens upon us, and which is almost as wonderful and glorious as that which appeared when first the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy. There is great force and command of language in this story, the dialogue is well sustained, and we are persuaded it is written by no common hand.

"*Some passages in the Life of an Old Maid.*"—This little sketch is given with great force. There is a clearness, a directness of power in it, that makes it seem like reality. The incidental remarks show an original and observing mind in the writer. We feel deeply for the sufferings of Cecelia, and we admire the dignity and strength with which she rises above them. But how is it that while she calls reason and philosophy to her aid, and when she finds that these fail, says she should have had recourse to excitement and activity; that there is not one word said of the support to be derived from religion? Why does not the writer send the bleeding and broken hearted to the source of all consolation? We do not doubt that the writer was aware, that this is in truth the only haven of peace to the heart that has made shipwreck of all its dearest earthly hopes; and therefore, when Cecelia is described as being quite happy afterwards, and nothing said of the Author of the soul, we feel as if it were indeed a fiction that we have been reading—we doubt if she were happy. We would not wish such a story turned into a sermon, but we maintain that the absence of the religious principle in it, takes away from the truth and probability of the whole. We have not time to

notice all that is entitled to attention and praise, in this beautiful volume. The poetry in especial we are sorry to pass over, for we see much to praise, and nothing to condemn, except the frequent imitation of Mrs. Hemans. We entirely disapprove of imitations; they are the bane of all real excellence. As a little *jeu d'esprit*, we must notice the sketch of "*Poor Job*." We thank the writer for giving us a hearty laugh. It is full of conceit, but the writer seems aware of it, and to be so intentionally. We should call it upon the whole, very good nonsense. We conclude our remarks with recommending the *Token* to the notice and patronage of all those who are interested in the progress of our literature, and who will do well, we think, to lend a smile of encouragement to these efforts to adorn and grace its paths with the beautiful creations of art, and the wild flowers of fancy.

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#### NATURE'S ROYALTY.

"Shew me a king, whose high decree  
 By all his realm is blest,  
 Whose heaven-deputed sway, shall be  
 Deep in his subjects' breast."  
 And lo, a lofty throne was nigh,  
 A gorgeous purple robe,  
 A crowned brow and eagle eye  
 That aimed to rule the globe.

Peers at his bidding came and went,  
 Proud hosts to battle trod,  
 Even high-soul'd Genius lowly bent,  
 And hailed him as a God.  
 Wealth spread her treasures to his sight,  
 Fame bade her clarion roll,  
 But yet his sceptre seem'd to blight  
 The freedom of the soul.

And deep within his bosom lay  
 The poison'd thorn of care,  
 Nor ermined pomp, nor regal sway  
 Forbade its rankling there.

No fearless truth his ear addressed,  
 Though crowds extolled his ways,  
 A hollow-hearted thing at best  
 Was all their courtly praise.

I saw Suspicion cloud his day,  
 And Fear his firmness move,  
 And felt there was no perfect sway  
 Save what is built on love.  
 "Show me a king."—They brought a child  
 Clad in his robe of white,  
 His golden curls waved loose and wild,  
 His full blue eye was bright.

A haughty warrior strode that way,  
 Whose crest had never bowed  
 Beneath his brother of the clay  
 In battle or in crowd :—  
 Yet down before that babe he bent,  
 A captive to his charms,  
 And meek as with a slave's intent  
 Received him in his arms.

Beauty was near, and love's warm sigh  
 Burst forth from manhood's breast,  
 While pride was kindling in that eye  
 Which saw its power contest :—  
 "Sing me a song," the urchin cried,  
 And from her lips did part,  
 A strain to kneeling man denied,  
 Rich music of the heart.

A sage seater, for learning famed,  
 Frown'd with abstracted air,  
 "Tell me a tale," the boy exclaimed,  
 And boldly climbed his chair :—  
 While he—(how wond'rous was the change!)  
 Poured forth in language free,  
 Enforced with gestures strong and strange,  
 A tale of Araby.

"I sought a king."—And Nature cried  
 His royalty reverse,  
 Who conquers beauty, power and pride,  
 Thus with a smile or tear.  
 The crowned despot's eye may wake,  
 His bosom grieve alone,  
 But infant Innocence doth make  
 The human heart its throne.

## MEMOIR OF MADAME GUIZOT.

The following memoir is translated for the *Ladies' Magazine*, from the French of Charles de Rémusat—the original was published in the *Revue Encyclopédique* for September, 1827—a work that illustrates the spirit of the age and reflects the highest honor on the literary and scientific men of France. No one can be familiar with it, without admiring the boldness with which they espouse the cause of universal freedom, and the zeal and ability with which they devote their talents to every subject that relates to the progress and happiness of man.

We have thought we should subserve the purpose of the *Magazine* by introducing the subject of this memoir—Madame Guizot—to our readers. There was enough of romantic incident in her life to fix attention—her talents and productions entitle her to public notice and gratitude, and her virtues must secure her a welcome among our countrywomen as a kindred and sister spirit.

The works of Madame Guizot are well known—the public possess them—they remain, but she is no more. It is herself whom I would now present. I would paint her character, recount her life—I would do both—I almost despair of doing justice to either.

It is often said that an author paints himself in his writings, and it is certainly true that we cannot read a distinguished work without a feeling of sympathy or dislike for the writer—without forming some idea of his character and person. But how far are we still from knowing him! It is in vain that we form conjectures—that we seek his soul in his productions—that we repeat the story of his life; the delicate shades of qualities and defects are still unknown to us,—the turn of mind—the manner of feeling and the individual traits that distinguish him from his fellows. The most open character has mysteries which intimacy alone can penetrate—the most simple life contains secrets which are never revealed. What then is a book—a portrait—a recital? A vague testimony offered to curiosity which it cannot satisfy. We must then believe ourselves almost ignorant of those whom we have not seen. We only know those well with whom we have passed some portion of our lives, and—to speak my whole mind—we only know those

well whom we love. When they are no more, the feeling of their merit—the knowledge of their nature remains, the unalienable inheritance of friendship. It is right that there should be at least this consolation for us. Without these remembrances, grief would not exist—but without these remembrances grief would be insupportable.

When we speak of a friend to indifferent persons, and would make him known to them, what pains are necessary—how many things to be repeated—what endless explanations to be made, and all finally to end in these words, ‘Oh that you knew him as I knew him!’

It is then in vain to attempt to show Madame Guizot as she appeared to us. We can scarcely add any thing to the conception which the sagacious and attentive readers of her works must already have formed of her. We can only add our testimony to their conjectures—we can only declare that she realized all that her talents promised, and finally we must conclude with ‘Oh that you had known her!’

Her writings bear the impress of her soul—but it is but the impress. Though her mind reveals her, it but half reveals her. We can never say enough to enable others wholly to comprehend her—to render the public estimation of her equal to our own. Let her life then speak for her—we will limit ourselves to recounting it.

Elizabeth Charlotte Pauline de Meulan was born the 2d of November, 1773. Her father held an important place in the financial department; and her mother Icanne de St. Chamans was enabled by her husband’s fortune to surround herself with the delights of the most intellectual and select society. The house of Madame de Meulan was one of those in which those elevated tastes prevailed that marked the good society of the close of the last century. New ideas were there treated with confidence and moderation. Hers was one of the families which adhered to the party of Monsieur Neckar.

Mademoiselle de Meulan was carefully educated. She had a quick apprehension, and acquired with facility—but her studies neither awakened her curiosity nor interest. She appeared then rather intelligent than talented, for nothing had as yet given an impulse to her faculties. Her feeble health, and the tendency of her mind to abstraction, kept her indifferent and isolated. She comprehended every thing, but she did not reflect. She was yet ignorant of herself Her infancy was long protracted.

Meanwhile the revolution was preparing. In its explosion it overwhelmed many private families. Monsieur de Meulan's fortune was destroyed—he died soon after—(1790.) His daughter saw great public miseries following her private misfortunes, and the greatest of all miseries—crimes. It was at this period that her moral life really began—she was introduced to it by grief and indignation. She felt deeply her own misfortunes—those of her friends—of all that she loved and honored—she felt more deeply still the injustice and cruelty which sullied the most generous enterprise a nation ever attempted. At no period of her life could she suppress the cry of conscience and of pity. That facile resignation which is often only the despondency of weakness—that tolerance of wrong which shelters under fine names the compliances of fear, were all unknown to her. Still such was the impression that our past troubles left on her mind, that thirty years after, she could not speak of them with coolness; and it was necessary for her to use all the power of her reason to judge that epoch with the impartiality due to history. She even distrusted her own recollections, and (what is very rare at the present day,) did not make her personal experience the rule of her judgment.

Under the influence of continued emotions, she developed rapidly. The condition of her family was difficult, painful, and sometimes perilous. The young Pauline exercised over them the power of a strong mind and tender spirit. Great events taught her to will and to think, and she discovered (thus to speak) her nature, and her mission. She loved to tell that, whilst in the country, in 1794, in a little village near Paris, whither the laws of the revolution had exiled her family, she was, while drawing one morning, all at once conscious of the number of ideas, and of the intellectual energy that had developed within her—and for the first time (as she said) she felt that she might possess some talent.

This moment fixed her destiny—she was henceforth devoted to moral activity. Formed by misfortune and retirement, she sought in herself strength and happiness. Reflection became her resource against sorrow and ennui. Resolved to contend without weakness against all difficulties—opinions as well as events—she made it an immutable law to herself to yield only to reason. She recognised the right of reason alone to rule her lively imagination—her sensitive heart—her proud character.

This was making her declaration of independence in all which did not touch her duty. It was the spirit of resistance which determined all the opinions of that period. It was the tyranny of the revolution she detested—her prayers were for those who opposed it, not as seditious, but as oppressive. A stranger to political theories, her sympathies were with whoever claimed liberty.

Order was re-established—society resumed a more tranquil course. Those who had suffered from the revolution, felt, for the first time, the extent of their losses. When the civil commotions were at their height, danger effaced every thing—all was forgotten but grief and terror. In a more tranquil condition, each one could measure his reverses, and estimate his resources. Mademoiselle Meulan saw with anxiety her mother, her sister, all her family, yielding to ennui, and submitting to the privations consequent on their reverse of fortune. Something told her she might serve them. Till then she had only written for herself, to preserve some reflection, or note down some event. She now conceived the idea of writing for the public. Thus it was her devotion to her family, which put us in possession of her talents. The advice of Mons. Suard and Devaines, old and enlightened friends of her family, directed her first efforts—their approbation emboldened her, and consulting less her taste than her necessities, she published a gay and piquant romance, *Les Contradictions*, which, though it had success, is now little known. Her second romance, *la Chapelle d'Ayton*, was to have been simply a translation from the English; but in the progress of the work, struck with the mediocrity of the plan of the original, and the interest of the incidents, she reformed the work, instead of copying it, and on a foundation, nearly new, she laid many fine remarks and touching traits. This romance is one of the most interesting we know, though exempt from the false exaltation which impairs works of this nature. It seems to be only necessary for the author to relate her story in order to move us. But at the same time, she displayed elsewhere another kind of talent. She wrote for the Journals, particularly *le Publiciste*, a remarkable and independent paper, edited by Mons. Suard; and we may say that Mademoiselle de Meulan was the cause of its literary success. Her articles on the theatres, books, and manners, were eagerly sought by the public, and made the subject of conversation in society. Some of them have been collected, under the title

of *Literary and Moral Essays* (*Essais de littérature et de morale.*) We do not doubt that a more extensive collection would now be acceptable. It would be a monument of the characters of the time, and a piquant and true book.

In all that Mademoiselle de Meulan then wrote, there was as much talent, as in her subsequent productions; but they were defective in that precision and firmness which has since marked her opinions. At that period there was a reaction, perhaps inevitable, felt in philosophy and literature, as well as in politics. Minds returned with eagerness to prejudices of every kind—novelty was proscribed, and independence suspected. Mademoiselle de Meulan could not fail to be on the side of the freedom of the mind. She defended the eighteenth century without adhering to it in every thing, and maintained the cause of philosophy with some reserves, and sometimes distinguishing herself from her party. Her mind was not decided—the influence of her education, and her love of independence, inclined her to philosophical ideas; but it was easier for her to defend than to submit to them, and she could neither resolve to adopt nor to renounce them;—thence the peculiar character of her writings. She always sought the truth, and only attained it in its details. She vainly attempted to elevate herself to the true sources of her own ideas; and she was not willing to follow all the consequences of those she adopted. I am not certain that her own unaided strength would have been sufficient to have withdrawn her from the uncertainty for which she was not made—succor came to her from without—this is perhaps the only time she did not find it within herself. She soon encountered the only master she ever had.

In the month of March, 1807, some domestic anxieties—the death of her brother-in-law, M. Dillon, and the failure of her own health, compelled her, for some time, to give up labor. Her labors were a necessary resource for herself, and a part of her family; and she became anxious at a state of things, which, if prolonged, must be aggravated, when one day she received a letter from a person, who, without naming himself, offered to write for her in *le Publiciste*, as long as she should wish. Although touched with this proposal, made with earnestness and simplicity, she at first refused it; but new entreaties obtained her consent, and soon after, she received through an unknown medium, some articles, which, happily, might very well be classed with hers.



Meanwhile the author remained unknown to her. She formed a thousand conjectures. M. Suard made many inquiries, but they did not even arrive at a suspicion. In fine, after a fortnight, she addressed her mysterious correspondent, and conjured him to make himself known. He obeyed—revealed himself, and the rest may be divined.

Monsieur Guizot was not yet twenty. He was then preparing himself by serious studies for the works which have since procured his renown. His connexion with Mademoiselle de Meulan, though its origin, as has been seen, was a little romantic, had the effect to bring together two minds formed mutually to expand and enlighten one another. But to mutual intelligence, a sympathy of feeling and taste was soon added. Sincere friendship and intimate confidence were not long in producing an exclusive mutual preference and passionate tenderness. Their marriage took place in 1812. Never was there a more sacred and tender union—the perfection of both seemed to be its object—the most animated—the purest happiness its reward. It has lasted more than fifteen years—a rare and touching example of the force and charm of bonds formed by reason, virtue, and love.

Madame Guizot found in her husband the model of a bold and wise character, capable of conciliating scruples of conscience with freedom of thought. Her own reason formed itself in this school. Her ideas gained decision, extent, and consistency. She could now allow her genius the exercise appropriate to her character. All led her to moral philosophy, and above all, to the science of education. M. Guizot had undertaken the publication of a periodical work, destined to propagate its true principles;—(*Annales de l'éducation.*) His wife enriched it with numerous articles, among which we may specify the *Journal of a Mother*—(*Journal d'une mère*—) which contains the germe of her last work—the most beautiful monument she has left. About the same time, she published two volumes of tales, entitled *the Children*—(*les Enfants.*) This kind of composition is more difficult than brilliant. It should be naïve without puerility, and intellectual without being elaborate. An elevated, and at the same time, a familiar moral is essential; and an interesting, and simple story. Madame Guizot combined all these requisites, and her tales have become a model of their kind.

The entrance of her husband upon public business, in 1814, allowed her to hope for a more tranquil life; such as she had always desired. Activity was necessary to her, but labor was painful. She coveted repose as something unknown to her. She had never tasted it; never breathed at her ease, mistress of her mind and of her time—to think, to enlighten herself—to seek truth for herself—to enjoy the endearments of family affection, without thinking of the world, or of fame;—such was the destiny that smiled on Madame Guizot. Perhaps it might not have satisfied her, for if at times her life was too laborious, it was never too much occupied.

In 1820, her husband returned to private life. His opinions had no longer any place in the government, and he had the fate of his opinions. This was no disgrace to him or to her. The manner in which she met her new condition, would have been a virtue in another, but it would have astonished her that any one should have remarked it.

Labor became again an honorable necessity. It had formerly enabled her to succor her mother, it must now give her the means to educate her child. In 1821, she published *the Scholar*; (*l'Écolier*;) a romance, relating to education, which the French Academy crowned, as the work most useful to morals. The thoughts of this book are true and elevated. The interest of the narrative, the nature and variety of the characters, all tend to give force to a moral, drawn from nature and reason, and which has nothing in common with the affectations and maukishness of most books on education. It is, at the same time, beautiful and practical.

The *New Tales*, (*Nouveaux Contes*;) which appeared in 1823, have the same merit. Perhaps the fiction is even more agreeable and natural. *Nadir* is a very remarkable story; rarely has imagination better subserved the purposes of truth. But these various publications were, so to speak, but parts. The same mind pervaded all. In all, it was evident, that the ideas of the author were intimately connected, but she had no where presented the whole. The public had a right to expect from Madame Guizot, a theory of education. Each of her writings had promised it. The *Familiar Letters on Domestic Education*, (*Lettres de Famille sur l'Éducation Domestique*;) have fulfilled the promise—[1826.] There, under an easy form, which has nothing of system in its appearance; admitting, with facility, examples, details.

versation. Its originality was striking—all sprung from herself—she repeated nothing—she borrowed nothing, even from her reading. No book pleased her that did not make her think. She never gave herself to an opinion till she had seen reason for yielding to it. These reasons were not always the most natural, but they were like those of Montaigne, her own. She did not always take the most direct way to attain the truth, but she attained it, and till then there was no repose for her mind. Then all resistance vanished, and she submitted without any reserve. There was no opposition—no discordance. Her reason disposed of her will, and both maintained between her heart and her actions, a perfect harmony. Thus, she could not easily comprehend that any one should remain insensible to testimony. This inconsistency in man, always astonished her as marvellous. She was in that deceived by her own experience. Prepossessions—desires—regrets—all yielded in her to conviction. Truth reigned with a divine right over her soul. This merit is rare—it is the last attainment of human wisdom; and she who had attained it was a woman of simplicity and goodness. The tenderest of wives—the most devoted of mothers—the sincerest of friends. But I have told what was admired in her—can I tell how much she was beloved!

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#### FURNESS ABBEY.

Amongst the numerous reliques of “by-gone times,” scattered over the face of fair England, there are none perhaps, which surpass, either in interesting associations, or in sublime and romantic character, the ruins of Furness Abbey. When the reformation occurred in England, this extensive and magnificent structure fell, with other similar establishments, a prey to the fierce, and it might be called bigoted zeal, which marked the progress of that stupendous event. No one can view the vestiges which yet remain, of this venerable monastic establishment, without a deep and solemn feeling of regret, for the excesses that have accompanied the revolutions produced by religious fanaticism.

The above remarks are intended as an introduction to the following original sonnet, written by a young gentleman now pursuing his studies at the university of Oxford. It was composed at the request of a lady, just after viewing the romantic remains,

when receiving her education in England. The lady is now in Boston, and has politely offered it for the Magazine.

When I have look'd on thee, thou ruined pile,  
 Torn by Ambition, and relentless Time,  
 And seen the mantling ivy up thy turrets climb,  
 Hiding the sculptor's skill; sad thoughts the while  
 Would crowd around my heart, and ever bring  
 Visions of the past! where swelled the anthem's sound  
 Now croaks the raven; and the adder coils around  
 The stone, where rested once the mitred king.  
 Around the sacred cross, the brier clings;  
 Near its polluted base unweeded waves  
 The dark night shade; and o'er the shapeless graves  
 Of saints and holy men, the thistle springs.  
 Oh ruined pile! like thine our glories fade,  
 As splendid meteors in a night of shade!

W. J. D.

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*To the Editor of the Ladies' Magazine.*

There is an evil under the sun, besides those enumerated by the wisest of men, and a misery which is not recorded in the "miseries of human life," but which you, madam, are doomed shortly to suffer. Forewarned, forearmed, says the proverb; and as I am one of those old fashioned folks, who believe in the wisdom of old saws, I deem it my duty to sound the warning; the armour to defend yourself withal, must be furnished by your own discretion. You have undertaken to provide a feast for the refined and the intellectual, and are doubtless suffering some anxiety, lest the entertainment should not be perfectly agreeable to the public taste. Now, I, who have had experience in my time, will give you a recipe, that never fails of adding a flavor to the best prepared meal, and even making the most ordinary one palatable.

"Change your courses often, and let no dish, however excellent, be brought on a second time." Or, to drop the metaphor, let the articles for your Magazine be, mostly, short ones, and admit none of such a length as will require to be continued to the succeeding numbers. I know there are few requisites of an author more difficult of attainment than the art of conveying ideas clearly, and yet without prolixity. If words possessed intrinsic value, the throwing

them away so idly, as many of our writers do, would at once explain the reason why authorship, as a profession, is esteemed so unprofitable, and why poetry and poverty are so often considered synonymous. And here I might notice the ridiculousness of that pompous, "Fourth of July" style, which is so fashionable with many of our American writers; but it is not now the manner in which an article is written, but its length, I am considering.

The evil then, which you will suffer, is the receiving from a "valued correspondent," as the notice must record, a packet, containing a story of seven chapters, which, it will be modestly hinted, has been expressly written for the Ladies' Magazine. Perhaps that identical packet has been forwarded to half the editors in the union. To print, or not to print, will then be the question. The publishers will call for copy, you will want matter, and, moreover, be fearful of creating enemies, by rejecting, even what your judgment must condemn. But I say, do not be induced by motives of convenience, or even the fear of giving offence, to permit the work under your care to become the repository of those long, lovesick, lamentable tales, written without plan or aim, and only concluded, when the author has exhausted every five syllable word to be found in Walker. After turning over, perhaps, twenty pages of such a story, hoping every leaf will be the last, let "to be continued" strike the eye of the sensible and sensitive reader, and the effect on his nerves will be similar to the horror of Macbeth, when he saw the shadowed kings, and exclaimed,

"What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?"

A good story is deprived of half its interest when a whole revolution of the moon is permitted to intervene before the curiosity excited by its beginning, is gratified with the *dénouement*. But seldom are good articles thus managed. It is the dull, prosing pieces, admitted merely to fill up; and perhaps it will be impossible to exclude *all* of such description from a periodical; but, if possible, let those inserted, be short, and be concluded in the same number in which they are commenced. The reader has then the whole evil before him, and the story affords him one pleasure, that of seeing its termination; he congratulates himself that he can take up the next number of the Magazine without shuddering.

The ladies will surely approve a plan which thus, without unnecessary delay, promises to gratify their curiosity, and

from the pages of a work expressly designed for their amusement, banishes that suspense, which to a lively imagination, is so irksome. O, there is not to a reader of taste and intelligence, so *dull* a phrase in the English language, as that same "to be continued;" nor is there but *one* case in which its sound is welcomed by the conductor of a literary journal. It is after a year of toil and anxiety, when harrassed by the carpings of the invidious, and the complaints of the illiberal, to hear, from those who have kindly given their names, to encourage the commencing of the work, "Our patronage shall still be continued." That the Ladies' Magazine may not only merit, but receive such encouragement, is the sincere wish of your obt. &c.

H\*\*\*.

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The evening star will twinkle presently.  
 The last small bird is silent, and the bee  
 Has gone into his hive, and the shut flowers  
 Are bending, as if sleeping on the stem,  
 And all sweet living things are slumbering  
 In the low hush of nature's resting time.  
 The faded west looks deep, as if its blue  
 Were searchable, and as I watch it now  
 The twilight hath stole over it, and made  
 Its liquid eye apparent, and above,  
 To the far stretching zenith, and around,  
 As if they waited on her like a queen,  
 Have stole out the innumerable stars,  
 To twinkle like intelligence in heaven.

Is it not beautiful, my fair Adel!—  
 Fit for the young affections to come out,  
 And bathe in like an element! How well  
 The night is made for tenderness!—so still,  
 That the low whisper, scarcely audible,  
 Is heard like music, and so deeply pure,  
 That the fond thought is chastened as it springs,  
 And on the lip made holy. I have won  
 Thy heart, my delicate girl, but it hath been  
 When that soft eye was on me, and the love  
 First told beneath the evening influence,  
 Shall be as constant as its gentle star.

ROY.

## MISCELLANEA.

"MAY YOU LIKE IT."—"THE LIVING AND THE DEAD."—Among the numerous re-publications, by our booksellers, of works from the English press, are the two whose titles we have prefixed, purporting to be written 'by a Country Curate.' They are both very miscellaneous collections of sketches, narratives, and characters both of the 'living and the dead,' interspersed with essays on subjects of moral or religious interest, or literary taste.

"*May you like it*" too often assumes the tone of a sickly sentimentalist. The tale of "*the Governess*" is pleasing, as well as pathetic; and we know few incidents, in real or fictitious history, more affecting than the earnest entreaty of the child, "that she would not die," when first told of the dangerous situation of her beloved, though often disobeyed teacher. The short poetical effusions, inserted in this volume, have considerable merit, and the following lines would honor the name of any author.

" Weep no more, that her azure eye  
Hath ceased to glisten,  
That her wavy locks in the damp grave lie,  
That her lip hath lost its crimson dye,  
That you vainly listen  
For her voice of witching melody.

Weep no more, that each fleeting grace,  
This earth hath given,  
Hath left forever her form and face,  
That her soul hath run its mortal race,  
And the joys of heaven  
The changing woes of this world replace.

Weep no more! oh! weep no more!  
Wouldst thou renew  
The colors that deck'd the worm before,  
Wouldst thou its grovelling shape restore,  
For the lovelier hue,  
The lighter wings, that heavenward soar!"

"*The Living and the Dead*" is composed in a more manly tone of feeling, and better deserves commendation and perusal. The article on "*Sermonizing*," the "*Visit to Olney*," and many of the sketches of events in his "*first parish*," are highly interesting. We ought to add, in speaking of a work from such a source, that in these volumes, though the reader may sometimes detect allusions to the author's peculiar opinions, he will find, in this respect, little or nothing to offend, either in their spirit or contents.

"DUNALLAN—or *Know what you Judge*."—Fiction seems now to have become the chosen vehicle of truth; if we may judge from her recent visits to the reading world. How far the facts of history, the theories of politics, the truths of natural religion, or the doctrines of revelation, can be profitably illustrated or enforced in artificial narratives, we shall not attempt to inquire. The historical romances of Scott and Cooper, the *Utopia* of More, and the *Gaudensio di Lucca* of Berkely, *Tremaine*, and *Dunallan*, will be read by that large class who make amusement the business of life, and will exert an influence where no formal treatises can gain access. As inspectors, therefore, of contemporary literature, we must ap-

ply the scale of comparison, even though we regarded this whole class of publications as an unhappy innovation in our libraries.

The preceding work of this author, entitled "*Father Clement*," we have read with deep interest; and we must give the present volumes the same praise. The plot is neither very ingenious nor very probable; beginning with a marriage between very reluctant parties, who, after various trials, arising chiefly from the unnatural villany and artifices of another, become finally joined in heart, as before in hand. The characters of Dunallan and of Catharine are finely portrayed, and many scenes, especially in the concluding chapters, delineated with superior skill. The conversations are also better interwoven with the narrative, and consequently more interesting, than in the author's former publications. And while many readers may differ from some of the sentiments expressed and advocated, we doubt if any one can refuse a highly excited interest while perusing these volumes.

We regret to add, that, since the publication of this work, the English papers have announced the death of the lady, to whom report has attributed the authorship.

"*THE MEMORIAL; a Christmas, New Year's and Easter Offering, for 1828. Edited by Frederick S. Hill.*"—This Souvenir is somewhat larger than the others containing more than four hundred pages, and will bear a critical comparison with the best of those which have emanated from the American Press. It is neatly and substantially bound in covers of green silk, is embellished by twelve engravings, and may be fairly produced as a sample of elegance in the typographic art. The portraits of *Anne Boleyn* and of a *Cupid* are exquisitely done, and there is also a soft and delicate lithographic print of *Blannerhassett's Island*. A fine wood cut is also introduced, and a humorous affair, entitled, *The Gentleman with Green Glasses*, full of that spirited mirthfulness which is a characteristic in the productions of *Johnson*, our native *Cruikshank*. It affords us great pleasure to bear witness to the literary merit of the Memorial, which is truly of a high order. *The Talisman of Truth*, for finish of composition, delicacy of taste, and power of imagination, must rank high in the allegorical class to which it belongs. Some of the poetry is very sweet and touching, and were we not pressed for room, we should make several extracts to substantiate the truth of our remarks.

"*JUVENILE SOUVENIR, for 1828.* By the Editor of the '*Juvenile Miscellany.*' *THE JUVENILE MISCELLANY. Vol. III.* Published once in two months."—We cannot thus record in our pages the titles of these works, exclusively devoted to the instruction and amusement of youth, without noticing the changes which a few years have made in this department of literature. If it be an undoubted truth, that a slight impression on the infant mind will affect its form and strength through life, a generation nurtured among the valuable and pleasing volumes, which now form our juvenile libraries, must far surpass, in every intellectual and moral trait, a race taught only the absurd tales of fairy enchantment, and the foolish chimes of "rhymes for the nursery." The worthless volumes, in the perusal of which, our childhood was wasted, have now given place to a class, which, though happily adapted to the comprehension of the youngest, may both amuse and instruct the oldest. That "lever of moral influence," which, like the screw of Archimedes, can "move the world," is now applied at the proper place, the only place where its power is certain and resistless.



The high commendation of the object and character of the "Juvenile Miscellany," and "Souvenir," implied in the preceding remarks, we find little or no occasion to qualify, on a more particular examination of them. The "Souvenir" is a beautiful volume, interesting and miscellaneous in its contents, and adorned by several ingenious lithographic sketches; rendering it, in almost every respect, an appropriate gift of affection, at this or any other season, when we are wont to prove our regard for our young friends, by some valuable present. As critics, we would suggest that the tale of the "Young Adventurers" is perhaps too full of *adventure* for probability; a fault from which the works of this editor are generally, and remarkably exempt.

The "Miscellany" is filled as its name denotes, and with the same happy adaptation to the young mind. Every tale has its plain and valuable moral, and the poetry, like the "*Original Poems of Miss Taylor*," is peculiarly appropriate. In one number, we notice several pleasing "Scripture Illustrations," and, in every number, in one short dialogue, a familiar explanation of some principle in science, from objects within the daily observation of the young.

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FATHERLESS AND WIDOWS' SOCIETY, BOSTON.

"Charity is twice blest;  
It blesseth him who gives, and him who takes."

This beautiful sentiment has been adopted as the motto of the "*Fatherless and Widow's Society*," an association of Ladies in this city, whose object is expressed by the title which they have assumed; and amongst the many charitable associations which do honor to our metropolis, there are few which surpass this society in active benevolence, or which have a larger claim upon our sympathies. The following particulars will doubtless be interesting to our readers; they are principally gathered from the last annual report of the society.

In January of 1827, a small number of respectable ladies, being desirous to aid the cause of the fatherless and widow, who, when left without support, are the most forlorn and destitute of any class of people in the world, especially those, who, from their place in society, have no affluent friends to whom they can look for assistance, formed themselves into a Society to devise and employ means for their relief during the inclement season of winter. Since the formation of the society, rising of FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS have been expended in feeding the hungry, clothing the destitute, and administering comfort to the shivering child of want; by which we are assured the hearts of many of that innocently suffering class of our distressed community, the indigent widow and her fatherless children, have been made to rejoice. During the past season, the sum of five hundred and sixty dollars, seventy nine cents, have been received by contributions, donations and subscriptions; and five hundred and fifty four dollars have been distributed among over one hundred widows; most of whom have children dependent upon them.

Some further account will be given of this useful Society in a future number of the Magazine.

# LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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VOL. I.

FEBRUARY.

No. II.

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## THE GRAND SECRET.

Mr. Chrystal Croftangry has somewhere observed "that it is very unwise to talk sense when nonsense will serve our purpose as well." I do not know that this maxim is, any where else, so forcibly expressed, but all who have much studied human nature, must know, that the skilful application of it is the grand secret of managing mankind. The influence of nonsense is indeed universal. Many a statesman, philosopher and theologian have owed their entire success to it, and it not unfrequently happens that those whom nature hath kindly endowed with a competent stock of folly, arrive at great preferment, while men of true sense and genius are overlooked or laughed at; for truth, whatever secret veneration the weakest of mankind may have for it, seldom finds protection even from the wisest.

But the influence of nonsense is by no means confined to the graver half of creation. Its effect on the fair sex is proverbial;—indeed it is supposed to be the only recommendation of certain books and opinions of which they are great admirers;—belles and beaux acknowledge their obligations to it; it is as potent in the ball room as in the senate house, and it alike gives power to the soft whispers of the reigning beauty and to the loud declamations of the leading politician.

Nor have the poets failed to discover and to gratify this remarkable predilection of mankind, as the many volumes of poetical nonsense with which the world hath been favored, most abundantly testify; and what is much more worthy of admiration, even our best poets have occasion-

ally wandered into the regions of absurdity, and as one who very frequently practised the art, has well expressed it,

—Have cast o'er *erring thoughts* a heavenly hue  
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they pass.

Indeed it is much to be feared, that poetry to very many who read it, and not a few who write it, is no more than a "heavenly hue of words," or else "a winding bout of linked sweetness," which may perhaps dazzle the imagination and gratify the ear, but which can make very little impression on what philosophers call the reasoning capacities of man, and which, in their opinion, chiefly distinguishes our race from the brutes. For example, when Byron says

—————Oh night  
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman!—

Who does not exclaim how poetical!—and yet the passage owes its effect much more to the judicious choice of words,—darkness—wondrous—lovely, and most of all, that 'dark eye in woman!' than to any very definite idea, which existed in the mind of the poet, or is called up in the mind of the reader.

Again, when Milton, in that most musical passage in the English language, cries,

And ever against eating cares  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse,  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
In notes with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton head and giddy cunning,  
The voice through melting mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony;—

the exquisite music of the verse prevents us from noticing the very obscure and indefinite sense of the passage.

It would be very easy to extend this criticism much further. Indeed, there is scarcely one of our English poets, if we except Pope, who could not furnish us with examples. But far be it from me to gainsay the well merited fame of genius;—my only intention is, to illustrate, by passages from our best writers, the powerful influence of words and sound. When we meet with such passages in such writers,

we do well to admire without understanding; their genius may justly claim so much of our homage. But when every poetaster who has learned to string fine epithets into well sounding lines, admires himself, and calls upon others to admire him, it is high time to appeal to common sense, and to insist on, at least, some show of meaning. Yet this appeal is too often never made. A young lady having repeated a favorite sonnet, with all the emphasis her sweet toned voice would allow, was asked by a phlegmatic old bachelor, who stood by, what she supposed it meant. "What does it mean?" she answered,—"No matter what it means—'tis poetry." Now this same lady was a professed admirer of Byron, Wadsworth and the rest, and had a large common-place book, more than half filled with poetical extracts; and yet it may very well be doubted, whether those excellent poets she was so fond of reading and praising, were at all obliged to her for her admiration. This unconcern as to what poetry means, is by far too common, and I am sorry to say, is rather apt to be a characteristic of literary ladies. But I must be permitted to observe, that it betrays a manifest want of good sense, a quality of such sterling value, that no affectation of literature can make any amends for the want of it.

COLIMETIS.

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#### ANCIENT PERUVIAN BURIAL.

It was the custom of the ancient natives of Peru, to inter the dead in a vault *beneath their habitations.*

No grasp of ruthless Death might tear  
 From the home where their joys arose,  
 The sires who breathed the fervid air  
 Where the ore of Potosi glows;  
 But amid the shout of their children's play,  
 Unmoved they slept on their couch of clay,—

The tottering crone with her snowy hair,  
 And the maiden of sparkling eye,  
 Might trace amid their household care  
 The spot where they both must lie,—  
 The festal board with its fresh flowers drest,  
 Scarce screened the bed of their ice-cold rest.—

An say,—when the young Peruvian bride  
 First entered her husband's door,  
 Came there no voice to mar her pride  
 From that sepulchral floor?—  
 Of the mouldering pillow, and banished glee,  
 When Death must her fearful bridegroom be!—

Now, low 'neath the wreck of their temple's dome  
 Is the lordly Incaa's grave,  
 And a vassal race o'er their ashes roam  
 Where the whispering palm-trees wave,  
 Yet ne'er by the reverent pilgrim's tread  
 Is that rude Pompeii visited.—

Pure flowing Rimac!—and verdant vale  
 Sprinkled so brightly with flowers and trees,  
 Methinks your murmuring waters wail,  
 And the foliage sighs to the pitying breeze,  
 As if Nature mourned that the sun-loved sway  
 Of your ancient monarchs should pass away.

H.

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**LINES ON A SEAL.**

The device—a leaf.—The motto—*Je ne change qu'en mourant.*

In bower and garden rich and rare  
 There's many a cherished flower  
 Whose beauty fades, whose fragrance fits,  
 Within the fitting hour.  
 Not so this simple forest leaf,  
 Unprized, unnoted lying,  
 The same through all its little life,  
 It changes but in dying.

Be such, and only such, my friends,  
 Once mine, and mine forever—  
 And here's a hand to clasp in theirs,  
 That shall desert them never?  
 And thou be such, my gentle love,  
 Time, chance, the world defying;  
 And take—'tis all I have—a heart  
 That changes but in dying.

TOPAZ.

## SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

## NO. II.

## ANN ELLSWORTH.

ABOUT one mile from the pretty village of N——, that stretches along the banks of the fertile Connecticut, there lived, some thirty years since, a farmer by the name of Williams. He was a good man, in the yankee sense of the term, that is, industrious and thriving, and accounted honest and pious—for he lived aboveboard, paid all his contracts punctually, and belonged to the church. So he was called a good man, and on many accounts he truly deserved the epithet; but there was one foil to his virtues—he was avaricious.

The acquisition of property is, in our country, so very creditable, that probably many who yield themselves slaves to the love of money are not aware of the dominion it exercises over their hearts and passions. They do not intend to love the world, or the things thereof, unduly; but they want to have the comforts of life, and the means of entertaining their friends, and somewhat to bestow in charity, and a portion for their children, and many other items, which appear indispensable, and thus they deem the eagerness with which they go on increasing their hoards, but the duty they owe themselves, families and society.

I have said Williams was a thriving man, indeed he was rich for the sphere in which he moved. He cultivated his excellent farm with great care, the eye of the traveller was always arrested by his charming situation, and it was often remarked that so quiet and pleasant a residence must be the abode of content and happiness. How little of either are dependent on worldly prosperity!

Both Williams and his wife loved the world so well they had but little love to bestow on each other; and though they both toiled hard, and rose up early, and sat up late, and eat "the bread of carefulness," it was not from the sympathy of affection, but to become rich. They gained their wishes, but then they found, as all will find, that whenever worldly desires are inordinately indulged, their gratification is sure to bring disappointment and vexation, if not misery, to the worldling. They thought, and people generally said, that all their uneasiness was caused by the untoward behaviour of their only son. Obed Williams

was one of those common characters, and they are much the most numerous class, which seem to have no distinguishing lineament, but take their form and pressure entirely from surrounding objects and accidental circumstances. He was in infancy rather a sickly child, and so his mother constantly indulged him in every whim—and in childhood he was, chiefly in consequence of that indulgence, cross and wilful; and then his father, who made Solomon's mode of government his standard, as constantly whipped him for every fault, and it is difficult to decide which mode of treatment had the worst effect on his disposition. To complete his evil destiny, it was often whispered in his ear, and that too by his own mother, that he was a rich man's only child, and would, sometime, inherit a large estate, and have it in his power to do just as he pleased. Should it excite wonder that, as he grew towards manhood, and therefore found himself exempted from corporeal punishment, he displayed a selfish, sullen, overbearing temper? His parents, by their injudicious management had increased, if not kindled it; and they were punished by his wilfulness and disobedience. But still Mr. Williams hoped that if his son married a good wife he would improve, and with his usual sagacity, when pecuniary profit was in question, he had selected such an one for Obed.

"Your cousin, Ann Ellsworth, will be here to-morrow," said Mr. Williams—"and, Obed, I do hope you will not show any of your contrary temper, but be sociable and endeavor to please her. Ann is a girl worth pleasing, for she will have a fortune of four thousand dollars;—and her mother, before she died, consented that Ann should marry you."

"What, whether I choose it, or no," said Obed, looking up with an expression of features between a smile and a sneer.

"You will choose it, Obed," replied his father, in a soothing tone. "Ann was very handsome when I saw her last, which is about three years ago. It was when her mother died, and I wished to bring the girl right home with me and have her learn to work; but she was so anxious to go back to her school, and her mother had promised her she should go and complete her education. I don't call such an education *complete* by any means; but I did not like to contradict sister then, as she had been very loath to sign her name to the will that obliges Ann to forfeit her fortune

if she marries without my consent. I pressed that matter, and gained my point, and let sister have her own way in the rest."

"May be Ann will not like me," said Obed with an expression of thought which his face seldom wore.

"She must like you, or lose her property, or it will be forfeited to you if she marries without my consent—and I shall not give it to any one but you. But say nothing to Ann about it. Girls always like to have their own way in marrying, and seldom love those their friends choose, so I have contrived to keep the matter a secret except from a few who were witnesses in the matter. You must try to please your cousin and as soon as you can persuade her to marry you I will put you in possession of all her fortune, and one third of my own estate."

"I should think you might give me one half," replied Obed, with a dissatisfied and sullen air, "I don't see why old folks want to keep every thing for themselves."

Mr. Williams regarded his son with that look of bitter anguish which the discovery of ingratitude in a child excites in a parent's heart. There were no soothing reflections to allay the sting; something in his own breast whispered that he deserved chastisement; that he had been guilty of the sin of covetousness, while professing the most disinterested concern for his orphan niece, and remorse for the part he had acted in obtaining the will, and an indefinite dread, that somehow, his own child was to be the instrument of punishing his fault, came so home to his mind and conscience, that, covering his face with his hands, the tears he could not restrain he allowed to flow.

Obed was not naturally hard-hearted, and touched with this exhibition of sorrow he wished to comfort his father, but not knowing what to say, he stood twirling his hat till Mr. Williams, with that feeling of impatience which self reproach awakens in the unhumbled heart, angrily bade him go about his business.

Obed departed whistling.

"Pray where do you keep your books, cousin Obed?" said Ann Ellsworth, the morning but one after her arrival. "I have searched every part of the house, and excepting the Bible, find nothing worth reading, and I really want something to amuse me."

"I should never think of looking for a book to amuse myself."

"And what do you like?" inquired Ann.



"O, hunting and fishing in the summer, and skating and playing chequers in the winter."

Ann laughed, but Obed had sufficient penetration to discern that what he had said had not raised him in her esteem; and as he really wished to please her, he attempted to apologize for his want of taste and literature.

"We have but little time to spend in reading," said he, "or my parents have none. I, to be sure, am not hurried, for I will not drudge on the farm, and I suppose I should have liked reading as well as you do if I had only had entertaining books; but father never would buy any thing but land and cattle, and all he thinks about is getting money. He has laid up as much as I shall want to spend, and that's one good thing; so there is no need of my working; and as I have nothing to read, I must hunt, and fish, and play chequers."

Ann had now learned that her cousin was idle and illiterate, and though she knew nothing of the defects of his temper, yet so completely did his self-exposure destroy the favorable opinion which his good looks,—for if a fine manly form, regular features, and fair complexion, constitute beauty, he was really very handsome,—had inspired, that she never, from that hour, thought him agreeable.

"You will find books enough if you go down to Mrs. Grant's," said Mrs. Williams, to the reiterated wishes of her niece, for something to read. "They are always reading, though they are so poor I don't know how they can afford to spend their time."

"Who is Mrs. Grant, and where does she live?" asked Ann.

"O, she is a poor widow, and with her four daughters, lives in a little house, down in what we call the valley, about half a mile off."

"A poor widow, living in a small house," thought Ann, as, glancing her eye around the handsome apartment in which she was seated, she pondered the propriety of a visit.

"They are poor enough," continued Mrs. Williams, "and have nothing only what they earn by taking in work and braiding straw."

"Braiding straw!" thought Ann, as she surveyed in a mirror her own elegant dress, and she almost resolved to think no more of the Grants.

"And yet," resumed her aunt, "to hear them talk about their books, you would think they did nothing but read; and then they are all so proud of Charles."

"And who is Charles?" inquired Ann.

“O, he is their brother, the oldest of the family, and he was a very ill-looking child, and he don't look much better now. I wish you could see him beside of Obed. But Charles was called a good scholar, and somehow he has got along in his studies wonderfully, quite beyond my expectations; for he has studied law, and is now practising, though he is only two years older than Obed. But Obed thinks, I 'spose, that he is rich enough without studying.”

Ann Ellsworth was a little capricious, for she had been a petted child, and gay and high spirited, for she was very fair, and had been flattered,—but she had good sense, and whenever she reflected, her decisions were sure to be influenced by reason and right principles. She did reflect on what her aunt had communicated, and the conclusion was to seek the acquaintance of the Miss Grants.

Their dwelling, a low house, containing only three small rooms, besides a little one in the garret which had been Charles' study, and was now his sisters' library, stood in a quiet nook about twenty rods from the high road, at the foot of a green hill; and the front of the building was almost entirely covered and concealed by woodbine, and lilacs, and prim rose bushes, then in full blossom. Ann loved flowers, and books, and intelligent conversation; at Mrs. Grant's she found them all, and after a few days intercourse she could not, very complacently, reflect on the foolish prejudice which had so nearly prevented her from cultivating the acquaintance of this amiable family, merely because they were poor, lived in a small house, and braided straw. There is, in sincere piety, an elevating principle, which never fails to dignify its possessor. Let the poor inhabitant of a cottage feel himself an heir of eternal glory, and envy at the prosperity of his rich neighbor, and repinings at his own hard fortune, vain regrets and idle wishes, are all repressed. He bows submissively to the dispensations of that providence which has in this life assigned him a lowly lot, and looking only to the glorious prize set before him, his mind and conversation are, perhaps insensibly to himself, imbued with the purity and moral grandeur of that faith which is destined to inherit a throne in heaven. The devotion of Mrs. Grant was thus pure and elevated. She had none of that morose, mystical, mechanical affectation of piety which is dependent on settled phrases, and stated seasons. Her worship was not dictated by fear, but inspired by love. “Our Father which art in heaven,” always sug-

gested to her heart the idea of a tender, benevolent and holy parent, who was constantly watching over her and hers for good; and when afflictions came they were but the chastenings of his mercy. It was impossible that Ann Ellsworth should become, as it were, domesticated beneath the peaceful roof of Mrs. Grant without observing the difference that existed between its inmates and that of her uncle's elegant dwelling. In the latter, all was hurry and anxiety, labor and care; exemplifying the truth of the wise man's remark, that "the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep."

And then the acquisition of riches brought no enjoyment, except merely, the idea of possessing them. The elegant and costly furniture that decked the parlor of Mrs. Williams, instead of awakening in her mind elegance of taste, only suggested ideas of the money it had cost, and the care and trouble which would be necessary to preserve it from injury. She feared to have her husband or child set their feet on the carpeted floor, and whenever they did, then were sharp reproofs on her part, saucy retorts from her son, and surly grumblings from the lord of the mansion on the inconvenience to which such newfangled decorations subjected him.

But at Mrs. Grant's, all was quietness and affection; and though they were necessitated to earn their livelihood, they did not neglect to cultivate that refinement of feeling, mind, and manners, which gives a zest to social intercourse. Mrs. Grant possessed great decision of character. This quality is rare in woman; whether in consequence of her more delicate organization, or the dependant situation in which nature and education have placed her, is of no consequence to inquire. While she has judicious friends and kind protectors, she can very well dispense with decision of character—it is only in adversity it becomes necessary. Let no one imagine its exertion contributes to the happiness of a female. It may be her *duty*, it should never be her desire.

There is no human mind exempt from weaknesses. Mrs. Grant had hers, and the most prominent one was the fondness with which she doted on her children, especially her son. Her neighbors declared she was never heard to converse five minutes without mentioning Charles. She certainly contrived very soon to introduce his name to Ann Ellsworth; and tell of his genius, and discretion, and kind heart; always adding, that under heaven, he was all her

dependance. "The girls," she would say, "are good, and industrious, and obedient; but what can girls do? Charles takes thought for us all. He assists me, and advises them, and provides for himself; and it is all owing to him, that his sisters are so well educated. He gave them all their books, and taught them when he was here, and writes to them now he is away, and never seems weary of the task. He gave me too, my large Bible, because my eyes had grown weak, and I never open it without thanking Heaven for having blessed me with such a son. I want, Miss Ellsworth, you should see him. He is not handsome, to be sure, nothing so handsome as Obed Williams, but when you are once acquainted with him, you will not notice his plainness. I do wish he would come home while you are here."

Ann cordially joined in the wish; the letters he sent his sisters were often shown her, and combined, with what she otherwise heard, to give her a high opinion of his talents and character. Her situation in her uncle's family had grown almost intolerable. She was so wearied with their eternally reiterated complaints of bad health, and bad weather, bad crops, and bad markets, which constituted the chief topics of their discourse, when together; when separated, they were usually complaining of each other. Obed thought his parents cross and stingy—they called him idle and extravagant,—and poor Ann had to hear it all. One beautiful forenoon, in the month of August, Ann called at Mrs. Grant's, as usual, to pass an hour, but found them all engaged in preparation, as if for some expected guest. The floor of their little parlor was newly sanded, the fireplace filled with fresh green boughs, and the few flowers their garden at that late season afforded, were gathered and placed in glass vases, disposed on the mantel-piece.

"We have just received a letter from Charles," said Mrs. Grant, her face radiant with smiles, "and we expect him every moment. I can truly say I am glad, and I hope I am grateful. We did not expect him this month,—and he is coming now. But do, my dear Miss Ellsworth, sit down; the girls will hardly be at leisure to walk with you at present,—but if you will stay till Charles comes, I presume he will be happy to take a ramble,—and you can all go together."

Ann excused herself from staying, by pleading engagements at home; and as she slowly and solitarily pursued the

path to her uncle's, she reflected much on the insufficiency of wealth to confer happiness on a family, whose members are neither united by the confidence of affection towards each other, nor by gratitude and love to the Giver of every good.

Charles Grant arrived, and in due time, was introduced to Ann; and the fair reader undoubtedly expects to hear of their mutual and immediate prepossession in each other's favor. Charles Grant, however, was not a man to be fell in love with at first sight. He was plain, almost to ugliness, small and thin, with harsh features, and sallow complexion, and grey eyes,—and the only redeeming point in his appearance, was a finely formed forehead, around which his dark hair gracefully clustered. But he was so intelligent and agreeable, and affectionate to his mother and sisters, and so gentlemanly, Ann could not help esteeming his character, and delighting in his society. Three weeks he allowed for his visit, and said, during that time, he should trace all the haunts of his childhood; and he usually persuaded his sisters and Ann to accompany him in his rambles and excursions. Obed Williams, also, dressed in his “very best,” always was there, for jealousy of the superior abilities of Charles, and fears that he would gain the favor of Ann, had operated to make Obed fancy himself violently in love with his cousin; and he studiously endeavored to display advantageously before her, what he considered of vast importance, his fine person. He had better have staid at home. Ann did often see Charles and Obed beside each other, but it was when the one was all animation,—his plain features glowing with intelligence, and his grey eye sparkling with the wit and vivacity that flowed so enchantingly from his lips—while the other stood in stupid or wondering silence,—his handsome features dull and unvarying as a barber's block.

It was then that the heart of Ann confessed the truth of the poet's assertion that “*Mind, mind is all!*”—and though she did not look and love, she listened with such undisguised pleasure, for her mind was all artlessness, that before the “three little weeks” were expired, Charles had dared to whisper his admiration, and had not been forbidden to hope. Obed, at the discovery of his cousin's partiality for his rival, was filled with rage and envy. He declared Charles was wholly influenced by pecuniary motives, and that Ann, like all young ladies, who fancy themselves

educated, despised the laboring class, and thought a professional man only worthy her smiles. This is an observation often urged by farmers. The fault is all their own. No class of men in our own country, are so independent as the agriculturists, and none would be more respected, did they only cultivate their minds as assiduously as their acres. They plead want of leisure;—let them improve what they have—the stormy days—the long winter evenings—opportunities are not wanting—books are within their reach—the road to honor and high station is open before them, and yet they sit down, not contentedly to be sure, for the soul of an American cannot rest contented in ignorance and obscurity, while light, and knowledge, and energy, and enterprise are with the spirit of liberty, abroad in the world; but they sit down in envious repinings, at the fate which has assigned them the task of tilling the earth, when they should be exerting themselves to obtain that knowledge which will confer honor and dignity on their employment.

Ann Ellsworth did not despise Obed because he was a farmer, but because he was idle and illiterate. Neither was the choice of Charles Grant influenced by pecuniary motives; yet had Ann, with her tastes and education, been poor, he would hardly have dared to whisper his love, till he had acquired the means of supporting her in the style which she would have been apt to have expected from a husband in his station. But all such objections were now obviated by the fortune she would inherit; and while he felt, that had he possessed a principedom, Ann would still be the object of his affection, in preference to any woman he had ever seen, he did not hesitate to avow his partiality because the world might say he was mercenary.

Mr. Williams listened to the application of Charles, for consent to marry his niece, with an air in which anger and exultation were strangely blended. "You are doubtless thinking that Ann has a fortune at her command," said he, with a sneer.

"I have not asked your consent for her fortune, but for her," drily observed Charles.

"My consent is indeed of some consequence in this matter," returned Mr. Williams, with affected solemnity, "But I have my duty to perform. Read that paper, Mr. Grant."

It was the "last will and testament" of Mrs. Ellsworth, and Charles there learned that the consent of Mr. Williams to the marriage of Ann was necessary, otherwise her fortune was forfeited to Obed Williams.

"And read this 'ere paper, too, Mr. Grant," continued Mr. Williams.

It was a paper expressing the wishes of Mrs. Ellsworth that her daughter should marry Obed Williams.

"You see how I am situated," resumed the crafty old man. "My sister knowing her daughter was gay and giddy, and that her fortune would attract the young sparks, who are watching to obtain a rich wife, insisted that I should take the girl and her property as my own, and when she was old enough to marry, give her to my son. My conscience will not permit me to violate the trust."

"Is the young lady apprized of this?" inquired Charles.

"O, no—I hoped she would become attached to Obed, and I think she will now, if no other person attempts to engage her affections. I have told you all, sir, because I believe you are a reasonable young man, and will not think it worth while to deprive the girl of her fortune, just for a little foolish fancy. You see, under all circumstances, I cannot give you my consent."

"Have you any objection to my character or situation?"

"O, no—but I am determined she shall marry Obed, and I do not think it my duty to give you my consent."

"And what if Miss Ellsworth should marry me without it?"

"Then her property shall be my son's. It was the dying request of my sister. The estate was left her by my father, and she said it should never go out of the family. My duty, in such a case, is plain, sir."

"You may look over the will as much as you please," resumed Mr. Williams, sarcastically. "You'll find no flaws, by which you can get the property, after you marry Ann, I promise you. That 'ere will was drawn by as cunning a lawyer as you are, sir."

Charles did examine it, coolly and minutely, till satisfied there were no flaws, he laid it down, saying, "It is not merely on account of the property that I display this interest. I consider my happiness and that of Miss Ellsworth involved. And though I will not believe she can ever prefer your son, notwithstanding he is heir to your estate, and has the reversion of hers in his grasp; yet I own the possibility that she may think our mutual poverty should, for the present, prevent her from giving me the right to protect her, troubles me."

"Do you then intend to marry her without my consent?"

"If I can obtain her, I shall not hesitate on account of the forfeiture."

"You can do as you please, but I *really* thought you had more sense," said Williams, tauntingly.

"And as little feeling and honor as—but good morning, sir,"—and slightly bowing, Charles departed in search of his beloved. The conversation of the lovers cannot be given at length, but the conclusion was, that Ann, either convinced by the arguments, or melted by the entreaties of Charles, consented to wed him, and immediately.

"I would not urge you thus hastily to unite your fate with mine," said Charles, "while I am poor, and incapable of supporting you as I could wish, had you any relative, except this avaricious uncle, with whom to reside. It is evident that he covets your estate. We will let him enjoy it undisturbed. You would not surely preserve it by marrying Obed."

"I cannot believe my dear mother, were she living, would consent I should marry him," said Ann, weeping—"O why did she sign that cruel paper?"

"Probably when her mind was weakened by sickness," replied Charles. "I am convinced your uncle used artifice to obtain it. But we will leave him to Heaven and his own conscience, and think no more of the matter. If we cannot be rich, my love, we will be happy."

Ann was a gay girl, and fond of society, but she had good sense. She knew she had married a poor man, and though she was a little romantic, she did not allow herself to expect to find in a cottage the luxuries of a palace, or that her husband, from only the income of his profession, could furnish for her the elegancies the rich are at liberty to enjoy. She did not, therefore, anticipate the delight of residing in a fine house, and the parade of a wedding party, and morning calls, and evening entertainments—but was contented to occupy a plain apartment, plainly furnished, and pass the bridal year busily employed with her needle, or her books. It is true, she did, at times, during the long days, feel a little moped—but when the evening came, and freed Charles from his office, how joyfully she greeted his step, and exerted herself to sooth all his cares; and how delightedly she listened to his instructions and advice, while in unreserved confidence she told him all she had read, and all she had thought. Milton's heroine preferred to listen to the truths of philosophy from her husband's lip, rather than the angel's.



Charles, meanwhile, applied himself with all the energy inspired by love and ambition, to the prosecution of his business, and thought every toil and perplexity repaid by the sweet smiles that always awaited him by his own fireside. Thirty years have passed away since they were married. Thirty years make little alteration in the appearance of nature. It is on man and his works that the characters of time are impressed. And probably in no part of the world are changes so apparent as in our beloved country. The spirit of restlessness as well as improvement, pervades our citizens. This would naturally be the case with men, when an extensive country is open before them, and all are at liberty to remove withersoever they please. The spirit of emigration is productive of many good effects, and some melancholy ones. There is a feeling of sadness in the parent's heart while reflecting that the household band, so fondly reared together, will probably, in a few years, be so far, and so widely severed. Let no man, while planning his lofty dwelling, flatter himself he is building for his own posterity—the son of his enemy may inhabit there.

The parents of Obed Williams fondly imagined the estate they had so eagerly toiled to gain and improve, would be highly valued by their son—but they had the grief and mortification of seeing the part assigned him, on his marriage, soon disposed of; and the chagrin and sorrow they endured in consequence of his undutiful and prodigal conduct, it was thought hastened their death. Obed, then, for a few years, revelled in luxury, but finally, increasing debts began to harass him, and as the small estimation in which he knew he had been held, notwithstanding he was heir to the best estate in the country, had always provoked him, he disposed of his property, at a reduced price, and departed for Ohio,—where he flattered himself he should be considered a great man. But the people in the western states have long since learned to distinguish between the ignorant adventurer who has nothing but his own egotism to recommend him, and the man of enterprise and intelligence seeking a wider sphere for the exertion of his talents—and Obed Williams gained nothing by the removal.

There is one event happeneth to all, and the changes of time are alike on the evil and the good. Thirty years have blanched the dark locks of Charles, and planted wrinkles on the fair face of Ann. The vivacity of youth and the glow of beauty must decay, even the ardor of imagination

is chilled, and the light of the understanding darkened by the cold pall of years. There is but one earthly flower that blooms unfading in our earthly path—it is the true love of virtuous hearts. The lapse of thirty years has wrought no change on the affection of Charles and Ann. She listens as delightedly to his conversation as when his eloquence first won her smile; and that smile is just as dear to him as when he first called her his bride. But their situation is changed. Thirty years of industry and economy have given them an independent fortune, and what is far better than gold, a name and a praise for every excellence that dignifies human nature. Satisfied with their portion of the world, they wished to retire from its bustle, and Charles Grant has lately purchased the farm formerly owned by Mr. Williams. It was endeared to him by many recollections. Its shades had been the haunts of his boyhood—it was there he won the heart of his beloved wife, and above all, it was near the dwelling of his aged mother. So he purchased, and is improving the farm, and the passing traveller is not now mistaken when he deems the beautiful residence the abode of content and happiness.

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#### THE WINTER NIGHT.

'Tis the high festival of night!  
 The earth is radiant with delight;  
 And, fast as weary day retires,  
 The heaven unfolds its secret fires,  
 Bright,—as when first the firmament  
 Around the newmade world was bent,  
 And infant seraphs pierced the blue,  
 Till rays of heaven came shining through.

And mark the heaven's reflected glow  
 On many an icy plain below;  
 And where the streams with tinkling clash  
 Against their frozen barriers dash,  
 Like fairy lances fleetly cast  
 The glittering ripples hurry past,  
 And floating sparkles glance afar  
 Like rivals of some upper star.

And see, beyond, how sweetly still  
 The snowy moonlight wraps the hill,  
 And many an aged pine receives  
 The steady brightness on its leaves,  
 Contrasting with those giant forms  
 Which, rified by the wintry storms,  
 With naked branches broad and high,  
 Are darkly painted on the sky.

From every mountain's towering head  
 A white and glistening robe is spread,  
 As if a melted silver tide  
 Were gushing down its lofty side;  
 The clear cold lustre of the moon  
 Is purer than the burning noon,  
 And day hath never known the charm  
 That dwells amid this evening calm.

The idler on his silken bed  
 May talk of Nature cold and dead;  
 But we will gaze upon this scene,  
 Where some transcendent power hath been,  
 And made these streams of beauty flow  
 In gladness on the world below,  
 Till Nature breathes from every part  
 The rapture of her mighty heart.

A.

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## NATURE AND SIMPLICITY.

"The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath passed a glory  
 From the earth."  
 WORDSWORTH.

No one of gifted mind has passed even the first freshness of youth without feeling that it is not with him as it has been. Knowledge and taste may have increased his intellectual riches, and association may add her powerful spell to half the charms of nature ; but the soul does not rejoice in these possessions, as it once did in the simple wealth of sunshine, birds, and flowers. When we are old, we talk very philosophically of the negative enjoyment of childhood ; and try to convince ourselves that the light and glory, which memory throws around it, is but the delusion

of the imagination. It is not well to argue thus—There is deep meaning in the maxim, “Reverence children;” and it would be better for us, both here and hereafter, if we inscribed it on our heart, as a spell to keep away corroding passions. I would not, with sickly sentimentality, mourn over states of mind that can never be recalled. It would be cherishing a disease, which has too often wasted the strength of genius, and been assumed by inferior minds incapable of imitating any thing of intellect, save its diseases.—But if we observe that all the world look back to the earlier stages of being, with a fond regret, ought we not to suppose there is strong reason for so deep a feeling? If the thoughts and affections were then veiled in a robe of sunny light, should we not ask whence the light came, and why in after years it glances upon us in such rare, and flickering rays? There is but one answer: We are simple and artless then,—and the influence of Deity is around us like the balmy atmosphere we breathe, sustaining life, and giving joy to those who dream not of its existence. If then there is sympathy between childhood and heaven, let us strive to “be as little children.” It is not well to be too wise for happiness,—it is not safe to be too learned for salvation. He who, like Wordsworth, cherishes the guileless feelings which make a flower bring “thoughts too deep for tears,” is a wiser, as well as a happier, man than Byron, that intellectual Laocoon writhing in the fold of serpents, himself had wakened into life.

Every thing that we *involuntarily* love, is true to nature; and nothing that we *learn* to love produces fresh and glowing emotions. What is genius? It is but a fitting expression of that which nature teaches the soul; and when we laugh, weep, or are thrilled with quiet joy in sympathy with this mysterious power, we wonder that those simple feelings, which form the very elements of our common nature, are not always as artlessly expressed. What is gracefulness? It is but the gliding motion of the fawn, or the stately bearing of the eagle, loved and admired, because it speaks of careless happiness, unconscious of observers. Art, with the utmost skill she can exert in conversation, writing, or manners, never touches the heart, unless she makes herself forgotten by her close imitation of nature. Why then should we suffer vanity, pride, or ambition, to take from us a gift, which we exert all our faculties to *seem* to have? When our religion tells us how to “enter the

kingdom of heaven"—when our hearts repeat the lesson with mournful tenderness, as we look on the guilelessness of infancy—why do we not listen to it? Wordsworth speaks truly—"A glory has departed from the earth;"—and the rich in mind, and innocent of heart, can only rejoice in a few transient indications of its return. The ambitious, high-reaching soul of man has ever been prone to scorn simplicity. He that was told to wash in the pool and be healed, was indignant because he was not commanded to do some *great thing*; and thus it is always with us self-sufficient mortals. We are willing to make extraordinary sacrifices, and to act an arduous part, in order to attain a character, which would be the natural result of a simple, straight forward course. We destroy the vitality of nature by engrafting upon her motives taught by worldly selfishness; and are then obliged to counterfeit, what we cannot regain. If by purity and artlessness we kept our hearts open to the influence of God's works, as well as his word, we should not so soon mourn over the faded brightness of our youth. The Dodonian oracle spoke through doves and trees; and the "pure in heart" will still hear from all the fair things of creation a voice which speaks of poetry, and religion.

F.

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#### THE BRIDE.

Who would have deemed thou wert so fair,  
 Thou maiden of the sunny hair?  
 I've seen thee on the green-hill way,  
 At early day,  
 Watching the blue lake's passing dimple,  
 As o'er it wild the night breeze fled.  
 I saw thee there,  
 Where the white roses clustering grew,  
 And sweet-briar leaves their fragrance shed,  
 And violet hillocks gemmed with dew,  
 Bright in the morning's golden ray,  
 And thou, fair girl, with eye of blue,  
 And hat of straw, and vestment simple,  
 And yellow curls behind thee thrown,  
 Had climbed the hill alone.  
 And there I saw thee wandering,  
 What time the skylark rose,  
 Watching intent his upward wing;  
 And as the woodland choir awoke,

Awhile its music listening,  
 Its wild uncertain close;  
 And then I deemed thee fancy-free,  
 Thou child of meek simplicity.  
 Alas, the spell is broke—

And now thou stand'st in bridal hour,  
 The humble, modest, village flower,  
 The lightest sylph in village bower—  
 Unrivalled standest, mid the throng,  
 Whose smiling beauties glide along,  
 With mist-like robes, and zone of gems,  
 And shining tresses bound in diadems.  
 Around the loveliest gathering  
 To form a gay, a festal ring,  
 No ruby in her bracelet set,  
 Nor diamond in her zone;  
 Nor glittering, jeweled coronet  
 Above her white brow shone.  
 She has no gem of pride,  
 The beautiful, the queenly bride,  
 But one small band of purest pearls  
 Wreathing her golden curls.  
 Why comes the shadow o'er thy brow,  
 Thou loveliest?  
 Thou hast but now  
 Joined in the sacred vow,  
 Of him, the true, the manliest,  
 The brave man and the noble,  
 His promise was to thee  
 Of kindness and of love's fidelity,  
 In life and death, in joy and trouble.

Who has withdrawn the kindly veil  
 That covers future things,  
 And left thy gentle heart a prey,  
 In this thy young unclouded day,  
 To its own sorrowings?  
 Why hang forebodings cold and pale  
 Over thy mortal lot?  
 For death, that comes to all, must come—  
 And deem not thou the lonely tomb  
 Befriends us not—  
 Yet who would tell youth's rosiest bloom,  
 Though it be brief,  
 The loneliness of its coming doom?  
 Then loved one, be thy trust in heaven,  
 And never shall thy heart be riven  
 With hopeless grief.

**THE BROTHER.**

SEVERAL years ago, I was called by my professional duty to reside near a small inland town in New-Hampshire. My employment did not require me to spend much time in the village, nor to be much acquainted with its inhabitants; but the beauty of its situation, and the air of repose that always hung over it, often attracted me near it to enjoy the prospect. The houses were principally built on the high bank of a broad basin, formed by the river, which, after rushing down a broken ledge of rocks, lay quietly sleeping in the wide reach below, and then swept round a thickly wooded point on its way to the sea. A high and rude bridge was thrown over the roughest part of the waterfall, and formed the entrance to the town.

I was standing on this bridge one evening in spring, entirely rapt in the prospect before me. A storm which had passed away, had left the sky filled with heavy clouds, which were beautifully colored by the sunset light, and between their deep chasms, the evening star was seen floating in the purple radiance; at the same time the glory of the skies and even the river bank with its gilt spire and blazing windows were accurately painted in the water below. Any one who enjoys such a scene, knows how many far-off thoughts return at such an hour. I was so deep in a reverie that I did not hear the steps of a stranger, who, with the familiarity which the simple manners of a village allow, had approached me and was standing almost at my side. On looking up, I saw quite a young man, with the air of a foreigner, who had an impatient look of inquiry on his countenance, and seemed about to address me with some interesting question; but as if changing his purpose, he stopped only to say a few words concerning the scene before us, and passed on toward the village. I followed him with my gaze, till he had turned the corner of a street, and then returned to my home; no one there could tell me who he was, and he was consequently soon forgotten.

A few evenings after, as I was sitting by my lonely fire-side, I was surprised by a visit from the young stranger. He told his name, and said that he came to thank me for my kindness to his sister. I then understood that he was the grandson of an aged widow, who died in the village a few months before, leaving a granddaughter also in sickness and

poverty. When I first came to the place, I had been struck with the neatness of a cottage which I passed in one of my walks, and as I had heard that the inmates were objects of charity, I determined to enter it. I was received at the door by a girl apparently sixteen years of age, who appeared a little surprised at my visit, but invited me to go into the room where her grandmother lay, helpless with infirmity and age. I explained the object of my visit, with as much delicacy as I could, and being convinced from what I saw, that they had need of assistance, pressed them to receive it. I observed that a flush passed for a moment over the daughter's brow, and her eye kindled almost with disdain;—but the expression was momentary. She thanked me, in a low and sweet voice, for my kind intentions, but said they were not destitute;—still, if I were a clergyman, her grandmother would be happy to see me. I was not, but I had been familiar with sickness and death, and was not unacquainted with the consoling power of religion. I did not therefore hesitate to address her, in that strain which a knowledge of suffering inspires, and which always finds a welcome in the mourner's heart. Her story was short and soon told. She had been left desolate long before, by the loss of her husband and children, who had fallen victims to consumption—that false and fatal disorder, which places a bloom like that of health upon the cheek, while it wears out the frame with its slow and lingering torture. The last of her children was a daughter, who left two young and helpless grandchildren to her care—a son and a daughter. Though she was beginning to feel the infirmity of age, she took the utmost care of her charge, and was, in time, rewarded by their affection and promise. Both, she said, were affectionate and grateful, but as the boy grew in strength, and became acquainted with the children of the village, she lost her influence over him. One day he was missing; the night came and passed, and he did not return. After much inquiry, she learned that he had been seen on the road to the seaport, with a seaman, who was to sail immediately on his arrival. The boy had gone with him to India, and neither had been heard of since, though several years had passed away. After this new affliction, infirmities came fast upon her; and in the last year she had been supported entirely by her daughter, who labored with her needle early and late, and was almost worn out with the unceasing exertion. Her age and infirmity, she said, had made the cred-



ulous people of the village look upon her with superstition; her house had been shunned like a contagion, and even her granddaughter, lovely as she was, had been regarded with an unfriendly eye. "To think of leaving her so helpless and solitary," said she, "is inexpressibly painful—painful, though I am confident that she will be protected by my Father and her Father, by my God and her God."

She died, and her grandchild was solitary, for she still remained a tenant of the cottage, and supported herself as before. I visited her often, and as age gave me a right to advise her, I often directed her attention to religion; perhaps the more earnestly, because her fine countenance began to show, that she had received the fatal inheritance of her family, and if the autumnal red on her cheek might be relied on, "her sun would go down at noon." To my surprise, I found her familiar with the subject; she spoke of it with seriousness and simplicity; with profound interest, but without the least enthusiasm; and I was convinced, that at whatever hour the angel of death should come, he would find her with her lamp trimmed and burning, and ready to depart.

In the evening mentioned, when I was met by the stranger, she was as usual, silent upon her bed, till the light of the day was almost gone. When she could no longer see to work, she sat in the same place, meditating upon her lonely condition, and all the mournful recollections of her life, which the thoughtful solitude of twilight brought back with power. She was startled by the door suddenly opening, and a young man standing before her, his eyes fixed upon her with an inquiring and doubtful gaze. She gave a faint cry of fear, but as he spoke the voice was her brother's. She flew into his arms—again she started back from his embrace, and looked wildly upon his altered countenance, then fainted upon his breast.

When she recovered, they gazed long upon each other—each tracing the changes which time and hardship had made in the other's face;—their rapturous joy, they knew not why, was tempered by an oppressive feeling of sadness, as if the pleasure could be but momentary, and the coming years were fated to resemble the past. He told his sister of the remorse which he felt, when the first moments of independent feeling were over, after he left them; and how he shed tears as he looked towards the point where he saw the shores of his country sinking and fading upon his view.

When he arrived in India, he left his vessel, and the East India Company being at that moment preparing for a distant expedition, for which the regular force was insufficient, his taste for adventure led him to join them; though young, he had been fortunate enough to distinguish himself, and was in the way to success;—but the thought of his sister and his aged grandmother would not suffer him to enjoy his good fortune there, and after some years, he collected his small property, and returned to his country. When he came near his native village, a foreboding which he could not account for, prevented his entering it;—it was long before he could summon courage to cross the bridge, and approach the cottage. His fears had been realized in part; and he deeply lamented that he was too late to receive the forgiveness and welcome of his aged friend. “But,” said he, “my dear sister is here to welcome me;—I have enough to support us both in comfort, and we will not be separated again.”

From that time, he devoted himself to his sister. He saw that her health was injured, but he supposed it owing to her late exertions for subsistence; and was confident it would soon be restored by exercise and a change of scene. He took her with him to the city, but she shrunk from the busy crowd;—then he carried her to the sea shore, trusting that the air might restore her strength. There he would sit by her side, day after day, upon a rock of the shore, musing on the waves in their everlasting flow, or giving her an account of his voyages and wanderings. She was contented and even happy; but the unnatural red upon her cheek became deeper, her frame wasted, and at last, her brother could no longer conceal from himself the truth which made him miserable, that the blessing so lately recovered, was soon to be lost to him again.

Though hitherto he had not shared her religious feelings, he now began for her sake to read to her those words of scripture in which she delighted. The large Bible, which had kept its place so long in the little dwelling, was often open before him, and his sister gazing on him as he read, with looks of admiring affection. She watched him as he became interested in what he read, and felt that she could die in peace, if she could be assured that the same volume which had supported her, would be his “counsellor and guide, and his familiar friend.” Often as I entered the quiet little mansion, I felt as if the air of the place was

holy;—it seemed as if some unseen angel were there, breathing a heavenly calm upon every heart within. Still, she wasted day by day,—her countenance became unearthly in its beauty, and her pale hand was transparent as the alabaster urn; and still her brother attended her with unremitting kindness, as if some prophetic feeling whispered him to redeem the time, because her days were few. The autumn came on in its melancholy beauty, and in one of its sweetest days she asked to be raised from her pillow, that she might look out upon the face of nature once again. “It has been a friend to me,” she said, “I have even seen a gentle language in its fading loveliness, reminding me of the change which I was to pass through; and now, weep not, my brother, the hour is come; I shall not see the setting sun!” After being insensible to all but her own deep thoughts for an hour, she revived; she took her brother’s hand, drew him gently toward her, and gave him one long kiss of love. Before he rose from her embrace, her hand became cold and motionless, and her heart was still forever.

What can rival a brother’s love? so pure in its indulgence, so holy in its effect upon the heart. It clings to its object with unwearied attachment—it surrenders every thing, without thinking of the sacrifice—it is a manly tenderness—an affection with which self has nothing to do. Instead of burning the heart to ashes, in the fiery trial of separation, it purifies and exalts it; and surely, if any feeling of humanity survives the grave, a brother’s love must be immortal!

I returned from the funeral with the brother. He walked in silence, and I made no attempt to recall his thoughts, which were evidently far away. But as we came near the small bridge I have mentioned, he said, with the cold tones of affliction, “I have no longer a home here—I shall never enter that house again. I can only thank you once more for your kindness.” He then pressed my hand with a convulsive grasp, walked hastily across the bridge, and after ascending the opposite bank, he turned an angle of the road, and I never saw him again. The grave is now covered with verdure, and many have walked over its green roof without thought or knowledge of her who sleeps below. I should feel it deeply if I were not comforted by the words of my old favorite writer; “I have heard divines say, that the same virtues which were but sparks on earth, shall become great and glorious flames in heaven.”

## WINTER.

The groves are stripped—the hill-tops bare,  
 And earth has doffed her mantle green;—  
 Save the seared leaf that high in air,  
 Still shivering on the bough is seen,  
 No trace remains of all that May  
 Profusely promised, or the kiss  
 That warm-lipped summer gave the Day,  
 When flowers began their life of bliss.

A night of storm ! With look resigned,  
 Now slowly plods his homeward way,  
 The patient ox;—The sturdy hind  
 Still onward urging, dreads delay.

The mother sits within her cot;  
 Her slumbering babes around her lie,  
 She hears the storm, but heeds it not,  
 And thus begins her lullaby:

“Sleep, little ones ! Though loud in air  
 The spirits of the storm rejoice,  
 And the wolf, rousing from his lair,  
 Gives answer to the tempest’s voice,—  
 Sleep yet, my little ones, and no  
 Ungentle blast shall mar thy rest :—  
 The storm that brings the eagle low,  
 May pass unharmed the ring-dove’s nest.  
 With pillowed cheek, slumbering at last  
 And closely cradled each, thou art :  
 I little heed the wintry blast—  
 Are ye not summer to my heart ?

I weep for joy—I weep for joy,  
 Unconscious babes, that ye are mine;  
 Surely no ill can thee annoy,  
 Or break such holy rest as thine.

As dews the folded floweret steep,  
 Sweet slumbers on thy spirits press;  
 And whisper things more true, and deep,  
 Than grosser souls may know, or guess.

Sleep, sleep, my babes !—Around our hearth  
 Bloom *peace* and *love*, perennial flowers,  
 Sweeter than all that owe their birth  
 To glowing suns and genial showers.”

## MADAME DE RIEDESEL.

*Notice of Letters and Memoirs Relating to the War of American Independence, and the capture of the German Troops at Saratoga.* & By MADAME DE RIEDESEL. 12 mo. pp. 324. G. & C. Carvill, 108, Broadway, New York: 1827.

THE British army sent for the reduction of the American colonies, in the revolutionary war, was composed partly of Brunswic troops. Of these troops, General Riedesel was the commander; and while in Canada, on the 14th of May 1776, his wife, the Baroness of Riedesel, whose name stands at the head of this article, departed from Wolfenbüttel in Germany to join her husband. The work before us is an account, in the form of a journal and letters, of what took place from the period named to that of her return in the year 1783. It was originally published at Berlin, in German; and fragments of it were inserted, by General Wilkinson, in the "Memoirs of his own Times." These fragments related chiefly to what occurred in connexion with the well known surrender of Burgoyne's army, at Saratoga; and they afterwards became more generally read, in the entertaining Tour of Professor Silliman from Hartford to Quebec. The volume to which the attention of the reader is now called, is an English translation of the entire work; or with the exception of occasional passages not a necessary component part of it.

The Memoirs and Letters of Madame De Riedesel make a suitable appendix to American history; and they are particularly deserving respectful notice in the Magazine, as furnishing a picture of conjugal devotion, of which there are few brighter examples, whether in history, biography, or even in novels;—of fortitude, courage, and confidence in Providence, of which there never can be afforded too many examples for the eventual profit of the happiest, or the support of those who need encouragement and consolation—and of success in a most arduous but noble undertaking, which also may be a lesson to all who have duties to fulfil, that seem above their strength. The moral of the story too, says the translator, is the more striking and impressive, coming from a female—a lady, who by birth and rank was probably the least prepared to encounter dangers fit only for the professional soldier. The promptitude with which she hastened to traverse the ocean in order to share with her

husband, toils, sufferings, want, or death, will ever be interesting as a new exhibition of the strenuous exertions to which female tenderness can be exalted. Indeed, this volume furnishes additional evidence, amidst many similar proofs previously in existence, that there is in the mind of woman an elasticity, an ardor, and a vigor seemingly equal to every possible exigency. Where there is no danger, she is timid even to a fault; where no hardship is required of her, she glories, as it were, in her own weakness; and, where no occasion exists requiring her appearance before the world, she shudders at the thought of leaving the scenes of domestic tranquillity and concealment; but, let her once become persuaded—firmly persuaded, that it is necessary—that it is her bounden duty, and she will encounter dangers and hardships, and submit to perils, and to self-denial, and to pain, and to death itself, with a composure, and with an irresistible determination, that astonish the beholder.

Our author was personally known to General Wilkinson, and he called her “the amiable, the accomplished, and dignified Baroness.” “I have more than once,” says he, “seen her charming blue eyes bedewed with tears, at the recital of her sufferings.” The conjugal devotion that would lead, under circumstances so discouraging and appalling, to such an enterprise, and the daring resolution necessary in carrying it into effect, will be best learnt from her journal. My eldest daughter, Gustava, saith she, was four years and nine months old; Frederica, my second daughter, was two years old; and Carolina was born but ten weeks before my departure. I needed all my courage and tenderness to keep my resolution of following my husband. Besides the perils of the sea, I was told that we were exposed to be eaten by the savages, and that people in America lived upon horse-flesh and cats. Yet all this frightened me less, than the idea of going into a country, with the language of which I was not conversant. I had, however, made up my mind; and the prospect of seeing my husband, and the consciousness of doing my duty, has preserved me during my whole voyage from despondency.

The Baroness, with her children and servants, who were her only companions, passed through Brussels, Tournay, St. Omar, and Calais; and thence to Dover and London, which she reached on the seventeenth day from the time of commencing her journey. She met with not a few incidents and vexations, calculated to try the extent of her

courage and patience. In the neighborhood of Maestricht, the roads had been infested with robbers. This was a circumstance productive of much painful apprehension, as she was obliged to travel by night; and the innkeepers were generally unkind, impertinent, and extravagant in their demands. The following account, in her own words, will give the reader some idea of the impositions to which inexperienced travellers are exposed.

“I must now mention a circumstance, which rendered my lodgings here rather disagreeable. I had trusted entirely to my landlord at Calais, to whom I had been recommended; but now I think that he abused my confidence, by sending over to England many things at my expense. He also advised me not to depart without being accompanied by some trusty man, because I should otherwise be exposed to great dangers; and he seemed to take much pains to procure such a person for me. He at length came with a well-dressed man, whom he introduced to me as a nobleman, a friend of his, who was willing to accompany me to London. I received him with great civility, and felt at a loss how to acknowledge his extreme politeness. In the carriage I begged him to take his seat next to me, and kept the children opposite to me; thus endeavoring, by all means, to prevent them from being troublesome to him. He affected the manners of a man of much consequence, and ate at my table during the whole journey. I observed, however, that the servants in the inns were on free and easy terms with him; but I did not reflect much upon it, the obligation under which I thought I was to him, blinding me altogether. But I could not help feeling some astonishment when, at the hotel where we alighted, on our arrival in London, I was ushered into a miserable room in the fourth story, though I had asked for a good apartment, and had been assured by Mr. de Ferõse, of Brunswic, that I should find splendid lodgings. I imagined that I could not have a better room because the house was already full, and general Schlieffen, and the other gentlemen who came to visit me, and, particularly, the ladies for whom the hereditary princess, now duchess of Brunswic, had given me letters of introduction, wondered that I was in so bad an abode. On the following day, the landlord came with an abashed air, and the most reverential demeanor, to ask me, whether I knew the man with whom I had arrived, and whom I had so particularly desired him to provide with good lodgings? (I had not thought proper to have him at my table in London.) I answered, that he was a nobleman, who, on the request of Mr. Guilhaudin, my landlord at Calais, had been kind enough to accompany me on my journey. “Ah!” cried the landlord, “that is one of his tricks. The man is a footman, a ‘valet de place,’ a rogue, through whom

he is glad to promote his own interest. Seeing him sitting next to you in your carriage, when you arrived, I could not I confess, believe that you were the lady you pretended to be, and thought that these rooms were good enough for you. But I see now, by the persons that visit you, how much I was mistaken, and I ask your pardon, madam, and beg that you will follow me into another apartment, for which you shall not pay more than for that which you now occupy, for I really wish to atone by all means for my error." I thanked my host, and requested him to rid me of my companion as soon as possible. I was, however, obliged first to pay him four or six guineas (I do not remember the exact sum) for his company. I could never forgive Mr. Guilhaudin this trick; and he did not behave much better concerning my carriage. It was he who told me that it was prohibited to import carriages into England, and advised me to leave mine in his care. I was afterwards informed, that his purpose was to do with it, what he had already done with other vehicles entrusted to him, namely, to hire it to travellers on their way to Germany. But this I prevented, by soliciting of Lord North permission to bring it over to England free from duties. The minister immediately complied with my request, and though this detained me a few days, I found it much to my convenience and comfort to have waited for my carriage."

Owing to various disappointments in reference to a passage across the Atlantic, she remained in England from the 1st of June 1776, to April of the following year. In this time she experienced numerous little vicissitudes, in her accommodations and social enjoyments. Not having leisure to particularize the train of incidents that attended her during this period, a single extract only will be made, and then we shall accompany the Baroness on board the ship which conveyed her to Quebec. The extract is as follows.

"I was advised to present myself at court, the Queen having expressed a desire to see me. I ordered therefore a court-dress, and Lady George Germain introduced me to her Majesty. This was on the first of January, 1777. The saloon seemed to me to be very ugly, and the furniture old fashioned. The ladies and gentlemen were all in attendance in the levee-room. At length the King entered, preceded by three Chamberlains. Then came the Queen, her train borne by a lady and followed by a Chamberlain. The King went round to the right and the Queen to the left, and neither passed any one without addressing some words. At the end of the saloon their majesties met, exchanged low obeisances, and returned to the side from which they had entered. I asked Lady Germain how I must behave, and whether (as I had been



told) the King gave a kiss to each lady who was presented to him. She answered that it was only the usage with English Marchionesses, and that I had nothing to do but to stand quiet in my place. I was, therefore, much astonished, at receiving that attention from his Majesty; and unexpected as it came, I could not help blushing. His Majesty immediately asked me, if I had received letters from my husband. I answered that my last was under date of the 22d of November. 'He is well,' said the King, 'I have inquired about him; every body is satisfied with him, and I hope that he will not suffer from the cold.' I rejoined that I too indulged in that hope the more readily as he was born in a cold climate. 'I can moreover assure you,' said the King, 'that the country is very healthy and the air very pure.' He then made me again a gracious bow and continued his round. I whispered to Lady Germain that the King had naturalized me by his salutation. The Queen approached and showed me also great affability. She asked me how long it was since I arrived in London. I said 'two months.' 'I thought,' returned the Queen, 'that it was longer.' 'I arrived in England seven months ago,' said I, 'but have been in London only two months.' 'How are you pleased with your residence here?' asked the Queen. 'Very well, madam,' I answered, 'but all my thoughts are bent on Canada.' 'Have you then no dread of the sea?' asked her Majesty again, 'I do not like it.' 'Nor I madam,' I replied; 'but there is no other means of meeting my husband, and I shall cheerfully embark.' 'I admire your spirit and resolution,' said the Queen, 'for it is a great undertaking, especially with three children.'

Although a passage across the ocean, in all cases, is necessarily monotonous, yet our heroine, if she may be so called, had more to keep her spirits buoyant than is usual. The little assiduities required from a fond mother by three young children would occupy no small portion of her time, and would do much in preventing long and uninterrupted dulness. Young as her children were, they were inspired to a considerable extent with enthusiasm to see accomplished the great object of the enterprise. In the midst of their greatest sufferings, when asked, whether they would prefer to remain or return, answered, 'We do not care about being sick, if we can only see papa.' And even the formality of ship discipline was a novelty to our author, and did much to interest her feelings. On one occasion, after attending divine service, she remarked, that 'it was an edifying spectacle to see the whole crew on their knees praying with fervor.' The Baroness reached Quebec on the 11th of June, but her husband had left for Chamby only a few

days previous. This was a painful disappointment. However, with characteristic zeal, after remaining long enough to take dinner with lady Carlton, she resumed the pursuit, and on the fifth day from leaving Quebec, the joyful meeting was had—how joyful it was, the reader can easily imagine! She noted in her journal, that her two daughters were bathed in tears; the eldest from joy to see her father again, and the second, because he wore a dress so different from that with which he was represented in the portrait she was wont to see, and from which she had conceived the idea that he was as elegant as handsome. “No, no! this is an ugly papa,” she cried in English, “my papa is pretty”—but as soon as he had thrown off his Canadian coat, she jumped upon his neck!

From this period till the memorable transactions at Saratoga, in the following autumn, we must leave the narrative, with the exception of one extract giving an account of a night passed on an island, in the Three Rivers.

“The detachment of soldiers which was on board the pinnace, was under the command of an honest serjeant called Burich, who did all he could to oblige me, and to whom I entrusted our baggage. Night came on, and we were obliged to anchor at an island. The other boat, which carried more weight, and was not so well manned as ours, remained behind: we were therefore without beds, and what was the worst, we had nothing to eat, for we had taken victuals but for a single day, and we found in our island nothing but the four naked walls of an abandoned and half finished house, full of brambles: over these, however, we spread our cloaks, and using the cushions of the boats as pillows, we had a tolerable night’s rest.

“I could not persuade captain Willoe to follow us into the shed; nor could I conceive what could be the cause of the uneasiness he seemed to feel. Meanwhile, a soldier put a pot to the fire. I asked him what it contained. “Some potatoes,” quoth he, “which I have brought with me.” I threw a long glance at them; but as they were few, it would have been cruel to deprive him of them, especially as he seemed quite happy to possess them. At last, my desire to have some for my children, overcame my diffidence; and he gave me half of his little provision, (about twelve potatoes,) and took, at the same time, from his pocket, two or three ends of candles, which I accepted with great pleasure, for my children were afraid to remain in the dark. A dollar which I gave him, made him as happy, as his liberality had made me. I observed that captain Willoe had ordered a large fire to be lighted around our retreat, and placed a watch for

the whole night, and I was often waked by a noise. When, the next morning at our breakfast, which was served up on a large stone, I asked the captain, who had slept in the boat, what had caused the noise, he confessed that we had been in great danger, because the place where we were was the Rattlesnake Island, (*Isle à Sonnettes*), a name which had been given to that spot on account of the great number of that kind of serpents which it contained ;—that he had not been aware of it, before we landed, and had felt uneasy when we heard it, but that it was too late in the night to take boat again ;—that the only remedy he could devise, was to prevent the rattlesnakes by fire and by noise, from approaching us ;—and that he had not shut his eyes during the whole night. I was much alarmed, and observed to the captain, that we had been exposed to great danger, as we had slept on bushes, where the snakes are apt to conceal themselves. He told me that if he had known it, he would have taken care that the house was cleared of all such brambles, or that he would have proposed to us rather to sleep in the boat. He knew nothing of the spot, until the second transport reached us, which was much later than our arrival. We saw many traces of those venomous creatures ; skins and slime : and we were therefore not long at our breakfast. We afterwards crossed lake Champlain, and reached at noon Fort John, the commander of which received us with much kindness and attention.”

We now come to the most interesting part of the book, a description of what occurred in connexion with the surrender of the whole British army to general Gates. The extracts below depict in glowing colors the miseries and horrors of war.

“ While at breakfast with my husband, on the 17th October, I heard that something was under contemplation. General Fraser, and I believe, generals Burgoyne and Phillips, were to dine with me that day. I remarked much movement in the camp. My husband told me that it was a mere reconnoissance; and as this was frequent, I was not much alarmed at it. On my way homeward, I met a number of Indians armed with guns, and clad in their war dresses. Having asked them where they were going, they replied, “ War, war;” by which they meant that they were about to fight. This made me very uneasy, and I had scarcely got home, before I heard reports of guns ; and soon the fire became brisker, till at last the noise grew dreadful, upon which I was more dead than alive. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, instead of guests whom I expected to dine with me, I saw one of them, poor general Fraser, brought upon a hand-barrow, mortally wounded. The table, which was already prepared for dinner, was immediately removed, and a bed placed in its stead for the

general. I sat terrified and trembling in a corner. The noise grew more alarming, and I was in a continual agony and tremour, while thinking that my husband might soon also be brought in, wounded like general Fraser. That poor general said to the surgeon, 'tell me the truth: is there no hope?' His wound was exactly like that of major Harnage; the ball had passed through his body, but unhappily for the general, he had that morning eaten a full breakfast, by which the stomach was distended, and the ball, as the surgeon remarked, passed directly through it. I heard often amidst his groans, such words as these, '*O bad ambition! poor general Burgoyne! poor Mistress Fraser.*' Prayers were read, after which he desired that general Burgoyne should be requested to have him buried on the next day, at 6 o'clock in the evening, on a hill where a breastwork had been constructed. I knew not what to do: the entrance and all the rooms were full of the sick. At length, towards evening, my husband came, and from that moment my afflictions was much soothed, and I breathed thanks to God. He dined with me and the aids-de-camp in great haste, in an open space in the rear of the house. We poor females had been told, that our troops had been victorious; but I well saw, by the melancholy countenance of my husband, that it was quite the contrary. On going away, he took me aside, to tell me every thing went badly, and that I should prepare myself to depart, but without saying any thing to any body. Under the pretence of removing the next day to my new lodgings, I ordered the baggage to be packed up. Lady Ackland's tent was near ours. She slept there, and spent the day in the camp. On a sudden she received the news that her husband was mortally wounded and taken prisoner. She was much distressed; we endeavored to persuade her that the wound was not so dangerous, but advised her to ask permission to join her husband, to take care of him in his sickness. She was much attached to him, though he was rude and intemperate; yet he was a good officer. She was a lovely woman. I divided the night between her whom I wished to comfort, and my children who were asleep, but who, I feared, might disturb the poor dying general. He sent me several messages to beg my pardon for the trouble he thought he gave me. About 3 o'clock, I was informed that he could not live much longer, and as I did not wish to be present at his last struggle, I wrapped my children in blankets, and retired into the entrance hall. At 8 o'clock in the morning he expired. After he had been washed, he was wrapped in a sheet, and laid out. We then returned into the room, and had this melancholy spectacle before us the whole day.

\* \* \* \* \*

"At 6 o'clock, the corpse was removed, and we saw all the generals, with their retinues, on the hill, assisting at the funeral cere-

mony. The English chaplain, Mr. Brudenel, officiated. Cannon-balls flew around and above the assembled mourners. General Gates protested afterwards, that had he known what was going on, he would have stopped the fire immediately. Many cannon-balls flew close by me, but my whole attention was engaged by the funeral scene, where I saw my husband exposed to imminent danger. This, indeed, was not a moment to be apprehensive for my own safety.

“About 2 o’clock, 18th October, we heard again a report of muskets and cannon, and there was much alarm and bustle among our troops. My husband sent me word, that I should immediately retire into a house which was not far off. I got into my calash with my children, and when we were near the house, I saw, on the opposite bank of the Hudson, five or six men, who aimed at us with their guns. Without knowing what I did, I threw my children into the back part of the vehicle, and laid myself upon them. At the same moment the fellows fired, and broke the arm of a poor English soldier, who stood behind us, and who, being already wounded, sought a shelter. Soon after our arrival, a terrible cannonade began, and the fire was principally directed against the house, where we had hoped to find a refuge, probably because the enemy inferred, from the great number of people who went towards it, that this was the head-quarters of the generals, while, in reality, none were there except women and crippled soldiers. We were at last obliged to descend into the cellar, where I laid myself in a corner near the door. My children put their heads upon my knees, but their cries and my own anguish of mind, did not permit me to close my eyes, during the whole night. On the next morning, the cannonade began anew, but in a different direction. I advised my fellow-sufferers to withdraw, for a while, from the cellar, in order to give time to clean it, for we should otherwise injure our health. On an inspection of our retreat, I discovered that there were three cellars, spacious and well vaulted. I suggested, that one of them should be appropriated to the use of the officers who were most severely wounded, the next to the females, and the third, which was nearest to the staircase, to all the rest of the company. We were just going down, when a new thunder of cannon threw us again into alarm. Many persons, who had no right to enter, threw themselves against the door. My children were already at the bottom of the staircase, and every one of us would probably have been crushed to death, had I not put myself before the entrance, and resisted the intruders. Eleven cannon-balls passed through the house, and made a tremendous noise. A poor soldier, who was about to have a leg amputated, lost the other by one of these balls. All his comrades ran away at that moment, and when they returned, they found him in one corner of the room, in the agonies

of death. I was myself in the deepest distress, not so much on account of my own dangers, as of those to which my husband was exposed, who, however, frequently sent me messages, inquiring after my health. Major Harnage's wife, a Mrs. Reynell, the wife of the good lieutenant who had, on the preceding day, shared his soup with me, the wife of the commissary, and myself, were the only officer's wives at present with the army. We sat together, deploring our situation, when somebody having entered, all my companions exchanged looks of deep sorrow, whispering at the same time to one another. I immediately suspected that my husband had been killed. I shrieked aloud; but was immediately told that nothing had happened, and was given to understand, by a sidelong glance, that the lieutenant had been killed. His wife was soon called out, and found that the lieutenant was yet alive, though one of his arms had been shot off near the shoulder, by a cannon-ball. We heard his groans and lamentations during the whole night, which were dreadfully re-echoed through the vaulted cellars; and in the morning he expired.

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"The danger in which my husband was, kept me constantly in the most unpleasant state of mind. Being the only one who had not lost her husband, or whose husband had not been wounded, I asked myself very often, 'Is so much happiness reserved for me alone?'—a reflection so much the more natural, as he was day and night in the very jaws of death. He never passed a whole night in his tent, but sat by the watch-fires, which alone, considering the coldness and dampness of the ground, may be thought sufficient to have killed him."

The capitulation being concluded, the generals of the British army waited upon General Gates, and the troops surrendered themselves prisoners of war and laid down their arms. The following passages will show, in what manner the Baroness appeared under this reverse of fortune; and, the magnanimity and kindness with which she was treated. They evince a delicacy and nobleness of spirit in General Schuyler which cannot be too much admired.

"At last, my husband's groom brought me a message to join him with the children. I once more seated myself in my dear calash, and, while riding through the American camp, was gratified to observe that nobody looked at us with disrespect, but, on the contrary, greeted us, and seemed touched at the sight of a captive mother with three children. I must candidly confess that I did not present myself, though so situated, with much courage to the enemy, for the thing was entirely new to me. When I drew near the tents, a good looking man advanced towards me, and helped the children from the calash, and kissed and caressed

them: he then offered me his arm, and tears trembled in his eyes. 'You tremble,' said he; 'do not be alarmed, I pray you.' 'Sir,' cried I, 'a countenance so expressive of benevolence, and the kindness which you have evinced towards my children, are sufficient to dispel all apprehension.' He then ushered me into the tent of general Gates, whom I found engaged in friendly conversation with generals Burgoyne and Phillips. General Burgoyne said to me: 'You can now be quiet and free from all apprehension of danger.' I replied that I should indeed be reprehensible, if I felt any anxiety when our general felt none, and was on such friendly terms with general Gates.

"All the generals remained to dine with general Gates. The gentleman who had received me with so much kindness, came and said to me, 'You may find it embarrassing to be the only lady in such a large company of gentlemen, will you come with your children to my tent, and partake of a frugal dinner, offered with the best will?' 'By the kindness you show to me,' returned I, 'you induce me to believe that you have a wife and children.' He informed me that he was general Schuyler. He regaled me with smoked tongues, which were excellent, with beefsteaks, potatoes, fresh butter, and bread. Never did a dinner give me so much pleasure as this. I was easy, after many months of anxiety, and I read the same happy change in the countenances of those around me. That my husband was out of danger, was a still greater cause of joy. After our dinner, general Schuyler begged me to pay him a visit at his house near Albany, where he expected that general Burgoyne would also be his guest. I sent to ask my husband's directions, who advised me to accept the invitation. As we were two days' journey from Albany, and as it was now five o'clock in the afternoon, he wished me to endeavor to reach, on that day, a place distant about three hours ride."

\* \* \* \* \*

"At length we reached Albany, where we had so often wished ourselves; but we did not enter that city, as we hoped we should, with a victorious army. The reception, however, which we met with from General Schuyler, his wife and daughters, was not like the reception of enemies, but of the most intimate friends. They loaded us with kindness; and they behaved in the same manner towards general Burgoyne, though he had ordered their splendid establishment to be burnt, and without any necessity, as it was said. But all their actions proved, that at the sight of the misfortunes of others, they quickly forgot their own. General Burgoyne was so much affected by this generous deportment, that he said to general Schuyler, 'You are too kind to me, who have done you so much injury.' 'Such is the fate of war,' replied he; 'let us not dwell on this subject.' We remained three days with that excellent family, and they seemed to regret our departure."

B.

## LINES,

*To a distinguished Physician, with a Shade for the Eyes.*

Go, shield those eyes from every foe,  
 That beamed to cheer the cell of wo,  
 Explore with microscopick skill  
 Of dark disease the latent ill,  
 Pierce the long gathered mists that shroud  
 The tortured nerve in mystery's cloud,  
 And glow with sparkling joy to see  
 The wounded whole, the imprisoned free.—  
 —Go, silent friend!—thy skill essay,  
 And bar the too intrusive ray,  
 For ah! what loss our world would know,  
 This world of suffering, pain and wo,  
 Should aught eclipse those orbs that scan  
 The complicated harp of man,  
 Recall to harmony its strife,  
 And light the dying back to life.

H.

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 THE LOGIERIAN SYSTEM.

The art of playing upon the Piano Forte has become almost a necessary part of female education; with what propriety, need not now be considered; or that the accomplishment is thrown by, like a worn out garment, when the matron's robe is put on, comes not at present under our special notice or remark. The *fact*, that fashion has subjected young ladies to the necessity of acquiring this art, makes it desirable that the shortest method of obtaining the object, should be adopted. We all know, that year after year is consumed in thrumming upon the keys of this instrument. Now if there is a way to save time and acquire superior knowledge, the inventor deserves the thanks of every parent; for all the time thus saved could be devoted to more important branches of female accomplishment.

The system of teaching music named at the head of this article, was invented by John Bernard Logier. This gentleman was born in Germany, a country which has been long celebrated for its skill in the art of which we are speaking, as well as for its extensive and profound research in the sciences generally. The best musical compositions



of the age are of German origin. Mr. Logier was an experienced composer of what is termed classical music. From his knowledge of it as a science, and having devoted much of his time both to its theory and practice, he was convinced that error prevailed in both. Its combinations, powers, and harmonic proportions, had never been confined within the limits of mathematical precision, so as to reduce the same into a demonstrative science. There were errors in ancient, which had been perpetuated by the prejudice of modern authors, and these in some degree relative to the ratios of its *numbers* and *sounds*. To remove these errors, difficulties and prejudices, was his object, during fifteen years of close study. After his system of teaching, founded upon this study, became prevalent in Dublin, Mr. Logier went to London. His fame had preceded him there, as much from the opposition of the teachers of music, under the old system, as from the admiration and approbation of his plan, from professors and amateurs in general. The same opposition occurred in England, and from a similar source, with relation to its introduction into the metropolis. At this time, the Prussian government, willing to reap the advantages promised by Logier's system, appointed Dr. Stoepel, professor of music, as their agent to visit London, for the purpose of examining the principles of instruction, taught by Logier; the result of which investigation was, an invitation from his majesty, the king of Prussia, couched in terms from which the following is an extract:

“His Majesty, &c., commands, that his Excellency, Baron Altenstein, minister of public education, &c., communicate his royal invitation to Mr. Logier, in London, to visit Berlin, to introduce his system, &c.; and as a proof of the interest which the ministry take in this subject, we shall readily grant you as many apartments as may be necessary to carry on the business of the academy, and shall be much gratified, &c. Signed, Altenstein, minister of public education and medicinal department, &c. and dated October 7, 1821.”

In Berlin, the system was attacked in a pamphlet of sixteen pages, which attack was rendered harmless, by Mr. Louis Spohrs report of the examination of Mr. Logier's pupils. From this we extract the following.

“Mr. Logier teaches the Piano Forte—together with the principles of harmony, on a new plan, of which he is him-

self the Inventor. Mr. Logier has written several volumes of studies, all grounded on a simple theme, of five notes to each hand, and advancing progressively to the most difficult combinations of harmony; while the beginners play merely the *Thema*, the more advanced pupils practice variations more or less difficult." For beginners he employs the *Chiroplast*, or *Hand Director*, by which children, even in their earliest lessons, acquire an elegant, graceful and steady position of the hand and arm—the hammering, shuffling and awkward position of the hands and fingers, are necessarily precluded.

"Another advantage of Mr. *Logier's* system (says the Berlin Reporter) is, that he instructs his pupils in the principles of harmony along with the first practical lessons on the Piano. Organs also are used in his academies. How this instruction is communicated we know not : it is a secret which for the payment of one hundred guineas, he communicates to those teachers whom he chooses to accept as Professors of his system.

"The result of Logier's system, as evinced by the progress of his pupils, is *most astonishing*. Children of from seven to ten years of age, who have been learning no longer than four months, solve the most difficult musical problems. I wrote down a triad on a tablet, and mentioned the key into which I wished it to be modulated, and one of the youngest girls, after a little reflection, noted down, first the figured basses, and then the upper notes of the chords. I repeated this proposition in the most difficult ways possible, requiring that the scholars should modulate it into the remotest keys, where inharmonic changes were necessary, and in no instance did they commit a fault. If one pupil hesitated, a second wrote down the notes, and her figured bass was again corrected by a third, while, at the same time, they pointed out to their master the fundamental bass of all the chords. At last I wrote down a simple treble, just as it occurred to me by chance, and requested each of the scholars to write the three lower parts on their little tablets; observing that I would inscribe in my musical pocket-book, and carry home with me as a memorial, that harmony which Mr. Logier and myself pronounce to be the best. They all eagerly set to work, and in a few minutes the youngest girl, who had previously distinguished herself both in playing and in solving problems of harmony, brought me her tablet. In her haste, however, a

faulty progression of octaves occurred between the bass and the middle parts. I had no sooner pointed out her error, than she colored, took back her tablet, and with tears in her eyes, made the necessary correction. As her harmony was now unquestionably the best, I accordingly inserted it in my memorandum-book. The parts written by the other children, which were in four different keys, were more or less good, but all perfectly correct. They moreover played their examples off at first sight without hesitation."

Such are the facts which have come to our knowledge relative to Logier's system abroad. Let us now turn our attention to the system as in operation in this country; and what have been the results, success, merits or demerits of its practice. It seems that Mr. Browne of Boston, in June 1816, obtained the art from Mr. Logier, after having given bonds to a large amount, not to impart his knowledge unless as by the restrictions of said bond, and introduced it into this city, in 1826, as a Professor of Logier's system. In it he has been eminently successful with his pupils, and those young ladies who from their age would not have been calculated to know one principle from another, in a short period, are instructed in the science, and actually play better than three fourths of our modern belles, who worry out the patience of a drawing room assemblage, by bad taste and worse execution.

We cannot dismiss this subject without a few comments upon the false taste now governing female education. The harp, guitar, dance, or drawing, usurp the place of a belles-lettres or useful education. The graceful and melodious melliflence of the French, is adopted in the stead of a passing knowledge of the English language—the most courteous method of gracing the head of a dining table, in lieu of understanding what is falsely termed the *menial* method of preparing that dinner—the study of dress, in place of the lore of winning and retaining her partner's affections—in fine, the art of spending politely the earnings, perhaps, of an indigent husband, rather than of acquiring the art of supporting their offspring, should that husband and his seeming opulence be taken away—these things should be in the minds of those who have the guardianship of female education. We would say nothing against music. If there is any thing which can lift the soul above the contaminating influence of a sordid world—if there be an earthly charm

which partakes both of terrestrial and spiritual delight—if there be a lure to call the wicked one from contemplated sin, it breathes from the harp and floats on the tide of song. But to change the scene—let one unskilled—without taste—without ear, or method, in their madness, thrum vile ditties, with very mechanical, yet very unmusical precision, though to themselves it may seem beautiful, yet to those who are truly gifted by nature and skilled by art, it is worse than

“ Dutchman whetting cross-cut saw.”

Music is a gift sent by heaven—an ear or taste cannot be acquired—and to make all ladies musicians, must be the act of a power higher than that of man. Yet man makes the attempt, and the result shews his folly. We do not object to the instruction of females in music, who have a taste for it—but we do object to such instruction to those who have none. If there is a point of view in which a woman resembles an angel, it is when she is seated at the harp, breathing forth the poetry of soul, with the eye filled with the flame of raptured devotion, and her heart inspired with that adoration, given by Purity herself,—then music is religion, and devotion is won to the Deity by the charm of his most beautiful created work.

W.

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#### MADRIGAL.

The autumn leaf brightens ;  
 Its yellow and red  
 Strew the brown sod that sleeps  
 On the wild rose's bed.

There the sweet briar bloomed  
 In its gay summer bower,  
 And the forest-wreath waved there,  
 A shade for the flower.

On the fallen rose garlands  
 The tall grasses cling,  
 And mournfully o'er them  
 The sore branches swing.

The green leaves, that shaded  
 Their beauty and bloom,  
 Have come down in sorrow  
 To die on their tomb.

Thus mournful I muse on  
 The blights of the year;  
 Flowers, faded and vanished,—  
 Leaves, scattered and oere.

Not a flower can wither,  
 Or leaf flit away,  
 But awakeneth thoughts of  
 Yet sadder decay.

Of forms that are lovely,  
 And hearts beating high,  
 Like those desolate things,  
 To be blighted and die.

INEZ.

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To the Editor of the Ladies' Magazine.

I was about to head this article "Moral Tales," but recollecting that I wished to have it *read* by the patrons of the Magazine, I dared not hazard a title which, from the usual specimens of stories of that description, is justly considered by the refined and elegant of all sects, as synonymous with silliness, stupidity, and maudlin sensibility. Reader, I am not intending to give you a "Moral Tale,"—only some reflections on the character and tendency of that kind of writing which has, of late, become so—I will not say popular—*overwhelming* among us: *Misnomers* in literature are more unlucky than in law; the latter involves only an abstract principle of right, perhaps, or a little property—the former often operates perniciously on the mind and happiness of those who are deceived by a *sound*, to give their approbation to what their judgment and reason would otherwise have condemned.

The Americans are a moral people—all our institutions are framed to cherish *morality*—public opinion supports it, as necessary to success in this life, and our religion enforces it, as indispensable to felicity in a future state. The *moral*

writer, therefore, *considers* himself sure of toleration, at least, and expects popularity. Beneath the *title* of *moral*, a host of scribblers, either inspired by the hope of fame, or the *prize*, so generously proposed by the editors of several literary publications, have poured out the fermentations of their brains, in stories which certainly do no credit to the literary taste of our community. However, we do not censure this mania for writing. Talents may be developed even by these exercises, and genius acquire confidence by success in an obscure paper, which shall be the foundation of future excellence and renown. But we do object to that morbid morality which seems to consider all principle and piety centered in a *name*; and which, beneath the shelter of that name, introduces false reasoning, and inculcates pernicious sentiments. Love, not romantic love, for there is something ennobling *chivalric* in that sentiment—nor *rational* love,—how dull, to expect sober *reality* in a tale of fiction! but the most frenzied transports, or dolorous sorrows of the tender passion, is the burden of these stories,—the whole profusely sprinkled over with sickly sentimentality, intended as the *moral*, and usually told in a style that would do no honor to a whining school-boy. "Vile stuff," is not sufficiently significant to express my opinion of these "tales," miscalled "*moral*." They are wicked, absolutely wicked! Precious time is consumed in this writing which ought to have been better employed, and their effect on the mind of the young reader, is to debilitate and *demoralize*. It is painful to reflect that goodness should so often be the dupe of its own purity; that *virtue* in *name* should gain the approbation deserved only by rectitude of principle; and that pious people should give their patronage to productions which have nothing but a *title* deserving approbation.

Virtue and morality are not thus unmeaning words—their influence should be to improve the understanding, elevate the mind, and improve the heart. There is a responsibility on American writers, of both sexes, which does not rest on those of any other nation. Ours is the only government in the world impartially securing civil, moral, and religious freedom; the only one in which no obstructions are thrown in the path to excellence and eminence. We have no haughty and voluptuous nobles, to whom truth, if she find admittance at all, must come disguised in meretricious ornaments; we have no oppressed and suffering peasantry, whom a lullaby must sooth to forget their wrongs and sor-

rows; we have no hierarchy, interested to sustain preponderance in the state by leading its followers in blind obedience. Our people are free to think and act, and their character, and probably the destiny of our country will be decided by the influence which truth, when freely it may be sought, and freely followed, has on the human mind. Every sentiment has here its effect, and even a *story*, "sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought," may weaken the mental energies of some reader, who is of importance, because a member, and perhaps destined hereafter to become a guardian of our republic. Business is, emphatically, the amusement of Americans, and, to be in keeping with their character, every thing written for their amusement should partake of the *useful*.

H\*\*\*.

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**THE PILGRIM OF THE WORLD.**

The world's weary pathway—I've wandered it through,  
Some bright glancing meteor ever in view;  
And fair forms of fancy were beck'ning me on,  
But ere I could grasp them the charmers were gone—  
And small seems the worth of the joys I've possessed,  
Now life's journey is o'er and the Pilgrim must rest.

Men's histories scanned—on the first and last page,  
The yearnings of youth, and the sorrows of age  
Alike are impressed—and what boots it between,  
Perchance in thy record, a triumph hath been?  
As vain were the efforts that joy to retain,  
As imprison the sunbeams or fetter the main.

Beauty and love—O, their emblems are flowers,  
Their date of existence is numbered by hours—  
And Friendship's warm smile with the swallow is flown,  
And Fame with the popular breathing is gone;  
And Gold in thy grasping is dimmed by thy cares,  
'Twas hope lent it lustre—that hope is thine heir's.

Thus fair as the syren, but false as her song,  
The world's painted shadows that lure us along;  
Like the mist on the mountain, the foam on the deep,  
Or the voices of friends that we greet in our sleep,  
Are the pleasure of earth—and I mourn that to heaven  
I gave not the heart which to folly was given."

CORNELIA.

## MISCELLANEA.

"THE CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE." *By the author of Waverley, &c.* In the Introduction to these volumes, *Walter Scott* has presented himself in the character of their sole author, and thus forever ended the long controversy, on which so much ingenuity has been wasted. How far some of the denials of their authorship heretofore made to the public, apparently under the sanction of his name, can be reconciled with a strict morality, we will not decide. But we must say, that the work which he has selected to bear his name, is, in our opinion, the least creditable to his talents. We might almost believe it the rejected composition of some unpropitious period, which nothing but the opportunity of thereby unveiling the mystery of the "great unknown," or the still less worthy motive of pecuniary gain, has called forth from the neglected slumber of years.

The narrative which precedes the several tales, has little or nothing to reward the reader's patient perusal. The first tale contains some affecting illustrations of strong maternal and filial love, and, like the second, some striking illustrations of the Highland character. And the last tale, composing the second volume, possesses in some parts an interest almost sufficient to redeem its other pages of dullness or vulgarity. The trusting and artless confidence of the female heart, the persevering kindness of friendship, the unprincipled sacrifice of every virtue to avarice, and the humble scenes of Scottish life contrasted with the splendors of Asiatic luxury, are severally pourtrayed with much force and fidelity. But the praise which we thus liberally give, cannot obviate the censure which we must again repeat on the general character of this work.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—The subject of Education has lately excited the attention of enlightened men throughout Europe and America, and we think some correspondent degree of interest is felt, in regard to it, in the more intelligent classes of society. But there is much yet to be done in two respects—the public, including all ranks, need to be more thoroughly impressed with a sense of the supreme importance of education, and ideas, as to the best method of instruction, require to be propagated. We can see no natural or moral impossibility in bringing every individual in community to a high degree of mental cultivation. Society indeed would actually realize this state of things, if every person felt the real importance of education, and if knowledge as to the happiest methods of teaching was generally diffused.

We know of nothing that can more effectually contribute to this desirable end, than the circulation of a work, like the *Journal of Education*. Its design is to collect from every source, foreign and domestic, the light that is discovered by various minds and present it to the reader. The work seems to us indispensable to teachers, who wish to make advances in the noble art of enlightening, and enlarging the juvenile mind—to parents whose greatest stake is in their children, and whose happiness is their fondest study, we recommend the work, as calculated most essentially to aid them in the choice of the best means to secure the true interests of their offspring.



**WIDOW AND FATHERLESS' SOCIETY.**—Females, sustaining a good moral character, may become members of this truly benevolent society, by paying the annual sum of fifty cents, or upwards. The sum of ten dollars paid into the treasury at any one time, constitutes the subscriber a life member. The annual meeting of this society is held on the second Wednesday in October, at which time the officers for the ensuing year are chosen. At their last annual meeting the following ladies were elected officers, from October 1827, to October 1828:—Mrs. A. McLean, President; Miss L. Clouston, Vice President; Mrs. E. T. Larkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Miss R. A. E. Hope, Assistant Secretary; Mrs. D. H. Francis, Mrs. E. Lothrop, Mrs. T. Willis, Mrs. L. Griggs, Miss L. Procter, Mrs. P. C. Morris, Mrs. S. Cobb, Mrs. A. M. Jones, Trustees; Mrs. H. L. Pierce, Mrs. J. Hayt, Mrs. M. Lamson, Collectors.

By the anxious inquiries and tender assiduities of these benevolent females, the gloomy abodes of misery and despair have been sought out; and their unfortunate inmates restored in some measure, to hope and happiness. The heart of many a widow and fatherless child, has swelled with joy and gratitude, for the reasonable and effectual assistance rendered by this society. To those who have thus gone forth in the career of benevolence, it can scarcely be considered of much avail, to offer the tribute of human praise; their aim is far higher, and their reward of a more noble nature. "Whosoever giveth a cup of cold water to one, even the least of these, giveth it also unto me."

**FEMALE BENEFICENCE.**—The Synod of North Carolina reports several examples of female societies which have been active in doing good. One small society, in a town where there was no appropriate house of worship, determined that one should be erected. From the sale of needle work they obtained two hundred dollars, and by other means, they increased the sum until they were able to erect a church which cost twelve hundred dollars. Another society of younger females, in the same town, are at the expense of educating an Indian child, at one of our mission stations. Another has purchased a parsonage, and presented it to their church, which cost eight hundred dollars. Another, besides making some expensive additions to their church, has paid, during the last year, one hundred dollars to the Education Society.

**LITERARY GAZETTE.**—*James William Miller Esq.* of this city, a gentleman of acknowledged talents, and fine literary taste, has commenced the publication of a periodical with the above title. The design of the editor is to present a comprehensive view of the literature of the day. In the prosecution of this object, it is intended to furnish the earliest intelligence of works published—to give concise reviews of such works in English Belles Lettres as may be deemed worthy of attention, with occasional strictures upon the spirit and tendency of the literature of the age. The first number is principally made up of original matter—it is indicative of a work of high literary character. We doubt not, it will merit, and we ardently hope it may receive a most liberal patronage.

# LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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## SKETCH OF A BEAUTY.

THIS sketch will not include a description of her person—to that, when in the perfection of its loveliness, the painter only could do justice. Neither are the events of her life to be here recorded. What could there be worthy of particular notice in the short term of sixteen years, all passed in unvaried prosperity. Only *one* scene will be attempted. Those who would know aught of the beautiful Amelia, must draw near to her bed of death. Close not the book, my young, gay reader. Were I about to describe Amelia's first introduction to the fashionable world—her sensations on entering the splendid circle where she was the acknowledged belle—the dress she wore—the impression she made on the heart of *one* she there met, would you not eagerly read it? And yet, in such a brilliant assembly, you may never appear—never perhaps expect to appear. But you must die. Young, lovely, accomplished you may be—you will not therefore be exempted. Amelia was not. Is it terrible to you to reflect that one so beautiful and beloved should exchange the blessed light of day; the blandishments of the world, where not one thorn had sprung to wound her path; and the embraces of her idolizing friends, for the dark, cold, solitary grave? She did not thus consider it.

The warm, sultry month of August had just closed; fresher winds began to breathe—the air seemed purified, and more fraught with the principle of life. But the healthy atmosphere does not always impart health to the sick. Amelia, in the spring, was fair and blooming as the opening flowers; she had faded with them, and her delicate

frame seemed now, like a fragile rose, but waiting one breath to be dissolved.

The bright beams of the setting sun shone through the white window curtains of her apartment,—the light, as it came softened through the thin muslin, looked pure, and gave a slight glow to her otherwise perfectly pale face, for the hectic flush that usually mantled it at that hour had not appeared. It was the only symptom of approaching dissolution; her eyes still beamed with their joyous lustre; the same sweet, fascinating smile, which had been so often admired, played on her lip—there was even an expression of pleasure, of unspeakable, exalted pleasure, on her wasted features, as if she anticipated the near approach to some exquisite bliss. Yet her countenance displayed none of that agitation, that fever of the mind where joy and fear alternately prevail, which marks the votaries of the world when near the goal of their hopes. Hers was the calm joy of peace which no worldling ever knew. I have often thought *consumption* was a sickness more favorable to calmness of spirit in the closing scene, than any other mortal disease. The long interval for reflection,—the gradual loosening from earth, which the certainty that the decree has gone forth, appears calculated to produce; the tender and solemn farewell permitted to be taken of those dear relatives left behind, and which seems to insure a remembrance in their hearts—all these things conspire to make the consumptive victim feel that he has indeed done with the things of time, and that to die would be gain. This resignation, however, may be only the effect of necessity, or feebleness. There is a brighter hope, a more sure foundation—the consciousness of an innocent life, and faith in the Redeemer. This consciousness, this faith constituted the triumph of Amelia. A triumph we may well call it, for the fear of that enemy, whose frown withers the pride of kings, and makes the hero tremble, was conquered.

The imagination of Amelia had, even from her earliest recollection, been familiar with the unknown world. A bud, a flower, but especially a rainbow or star, always brought to her fancy an image of the beauty and glory of the country beyond the skies; and she would sit whole hours beneath the shade of a favorite tree, seemingly engaged in plucking the white clover heads, while her mind was wandering beyond systems and suns, and endeavoring

to form some idea of the blessed beings she had been told inhabited heaven. Such fancies are, I believe, more frequently indulged by children than those persons suppose; who, from frequent vicissitudes in life, or active engagements in business, do not retain much remembrance of their early mental impressions. And yet, can the mind of sensibility forget those pure and beautiful, though perhaps erroneous, thoughts of heaven, and the angels, and spirits which come so sweet and soothing in infancy?

O, who but dwells on childhood's dream?  
 When angels in the rainbow play,  
 And the red lightning's fiery gleam  
 Is sent to light them on their way;  
 While through the clouds and starry skies  
 The infant eye, unchecked, may wander,  
 And see revealed such mysteries  
 As callous age would shrink to ponder.

These imaginings doubtless differ much in different children; capacity, education, situation, each has its effect—the first probably, the most powerful. Education may impart literature, but neglect cannot stifle the workings of genius. Images of fancy will throng the mind of such a one, even though the possessor of this mental kaleidoscope should not know how to name them when they do appear. But it was not on such fancies, (*vain* they are often called—I cannot think them wholly so,) Amelia's anticipations, of blessedness were founded. The principles of her pure and ardent faith were drawn from the word of God; and on the promises of salvation to such as “believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,” she rested unshaken and unshrinking, though the shade from the dark valley was already falling athwart her path. To her weeping friends, as successively she kissed and bade them farewell, she suggested every consolation affection and religion could inspire. I cannot repeat her words—if heard they would have melted the most frozen spirit, and convinced the most obdurate, that *true* piety is not merely a set of particular opinions, adopted from habit, convenience, or selfishness, but that it is indeed, the true comforter of the human mind when all earthly support fails—the only treasure worth seeking, because the only one which will not perish, which cannot be taken from us. When she had finished her adieus, she covered, for a few moments, her face with her

pale thin hands, as if to shut all farther thoughts of earth and its things from her mind, then suddenly raising them with an exulting air, while a smile of triumph played on her parted lips, she said—"My Saviour, I am ready"—and expired!

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STANZAS,

*Written on journeying in the Low Country of South Carolina.*

CHEERLESS to me ye do not seem,  
Tall pines that hide the solar beam,  
And stand in firm array;  
Nor when like warriors stern and tall,  
By the swart woodman's axe ye fall,  
Still ponderous in decay.

I love to see each stately head,  
With clouds for waving plumage spread,  
And helms of "living green,"—  
I love to see the solemn lend,  
To which your lofty forms ye bend,  
When breezes come unseen.

Fit music are the rushing sounds,  
With which the lonely wood abounds  
For your majestic file;  
Like autumn winds o'er ocean's swell,  
They come of wondrous power to tell,  
And ye must stoop awhile.

Fit death for such the fearful crash,  
Which at the lightning's dazzling flash,  
Lays all your honors low;—  
Fit dirge for these the wood bird's cry,  
When to their frightened young they fly,  
As the tall branches go—

Wild Mistletoe! not sad to me,  
Thy flowing drapery wanders free,  
Upon the old oak's bough;  
Not with the Druid's awe-struck eye,  
I see thee raise thy banners high!  
And twine its withered brow.

The oak indeed has reared its doom,  
 And seems to stand before its tomb,  
     The loneliest of the race;  
 But on its seared and aged head,  
 The Mistletoe's dark foliage spread,  
     Imparts a pious grace.

Not here, I own, not here arise  
 Tall spires, that pointing to the skies  
     Direct the thought sublime;  
 Not here the orchard blushing bright,—  
 Gives its rich fruitage to the light,  
     As in my northern clime!

But hush, the thought of distant hills,  
 Meadows of green, and gurgling rills,  
     That charmed my early days!  
 My mind, my mind shall be to me,  
 All that in other climes we see,  
     And God shall teach me *praise*.

*Charleston, S. C.*

C. G.

## SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

### NO III.

#### THE WEDDING AND THE FUNERAL.

THERE was a great bustle in the village of B—— when James Murray, Esq. was married to Lucy Marsh. Weddings are always, especially by the ladies, considered important occasions, and the marriage of a rich and distinguished young man with the most beautiful and amiable girl the country could boast, afforded matter of description for many a tea party, and speculation for many a fire side. "They tell me the furnishing of the house cost James all of three thousand dollars," said Mrs. Colvin, "I wonder what his father, poor man, would say, were he living to see such extravagance and waste!"

"Waste do you call it?" said Miss Lucretia Crane, elevating her long neck as she gave her head a most supercilious toss—"Why, it is nothing more than is necessary, if one intends living genteelly in the country, they would hardly call it decent in Boston. The only thing that gives

me any uneasiness is, that Lucy will not understand how to arrange her furniture and order her table in good style. A great deal depends on being accustomed to such things—and though Lucy has had a tolerably good education, she is not highly accomplished, and has never had her taste improved by mingling among fashionable society. And her parents were so poor she could not learn much at home.”

“She learned to work,” observed Mr. Colvin, dryly—“and that, allow me to say, Miss Crane, is not a *high* accomplishment, is an *indispensable* one for every American lady. It is true, the wife of James Murray appears to be pleased above the necessity of exertion; but sudden changes of property are more common among men of his vocation than any other; indeed, changes in every station frequently occur, and that parent who does not accustom his children to reflect on a probability of a reverse, and, to the best of his ability, qualify them to support it, is, in my opinion, not only weak but cruel. Lucy is not, I fear, in spirit, very well calculated to bear misfortunes—she is too tender and confiding—but she has always been an industrious girl.”

“It might have been better for her to have kept to her needle, and married John Russell, as I am well convinced she was once engaged to do”—replied Miss Lucretia, with that kind of laugh which betrays both envy of a rival, and exultation at the prospect of seeing her mortified,—“I have been told”—she continued in a low but eager whisper, “I have been told that James does not always conduct like the gentleman he pretends to be.”

“We should be cautious of trusting reports affecting the character of our neighbors,” said Mrs. Colvin, forgetting that she had began the scrutiny by taxing James with extravagance. “James is a generous, intelligent, and agreeable gentleman, and his talents do honor to our village. What did you ever hear to his disadvantage?”

“O they do say he has been known to take a little drop too much—at particular times—when in wild company. At least my brother heard he did so when in college,” replied Miss Crane.

“It cannot—must not be true,” said Mr. Colvin hastily, “James was piously brought up—he has had excellent advantages, and possesses good judgment and a quickness of penetration rarely equalled. He is also ambitious of obtain-

ing the confidence of the people, and the honors of public office. He will never yield to that most brutalizing vice which degrades men."

"I have good reason for believing he has been guilty of it," said Lucretia, composedly. "But perhaps there is no reason to fear, as his lovely wife will doubtless reform him."

"Such reforms are seldom radical, and never, I fear, with men of his temperament," remarked Mr. Colvin.— "But ten years will decide."

"O, if James does turn out a profligate, how I shall pity his mother!" said Mrs. Colvin, sighing.

"I shall pity his wife," said Miss Lucretia Crane, adjusting her ruffles with an air of great self-complacency.

"I shall pity him," said Mr. Colvin rising hastily and traversing the apartment with the perturbation of one who has heard some evil reported openly which he had long suspected, but had been striving to disbelieve.

The real concern of Mr. and Mrs. Colvin, and the affected sympathy of Miss Crane, were interrupted by the approach of the bridal cavalcade. In an elegant carriage, drawn by two noble greys, sat the new-married pair. They were arrayed in costly apparel, and both possessed that beauty of form and face which, bearing the impress of nature's nobleness, is not dependent on ornament for its power of commanding admiration. A long line of carriages followed, from which many faces, beaming with exultation, or fair ones blushing at the thoughts of their own loveliness, looked forth; the gay laugh was distinctly heard as the vehicles rolled rapidly along, and no one, not even a cynic, could have regarded the scene without feeling a sentiment of joy and gratitude pervading his heart at thus witnessing the perfection of social happiness.

"What a comely couple they are!" exclaimed Mrs. Colvin, as the carriage containing the bridal pair drew up before a new and elegant mansion—"and what a prospect of domestic felicity is theirs. But few begin the world thus advantageously. They have health and beauty, wealth and reputation, and friends, and affection for each other."

"Could you add one item more to the catalogue of advantages, the earthly picture would be complete," said Mr. Colvin. "How unfortunate that the absence of that one requisite, may, perhaps, render all the others nugatory."



"You then probably have reason to credit the report to which I alluded," said Miss Crane.

"I did not mean to be so understood," said Mr. Colvin, calmly. "All that I intended was, that *self-control*, in every station and to every individual, is indispensable, if people would retain that equanimity of mind, which depending on self-respect, is the essential of contentment and happiness."

Miss Crane reddened, for she felt she had been displaying before one well skilled to read character, the meanness of envy and anger, while revealing a report confided to her under the solemn injunction of secrecy, and which she would never have pretended to have credited, but for the pique she felt at not being bidden to the wedding.

Indeed, no one who looked on James Murray, could believe him guilty of aught mean or vicious. He had that noble ingenuousness of countenance which we always, in idea, associate with great and good qualities; (but we do not in the world always find our expectations realized) and he had also that air of manly confidence which usually distinguishes those who have always been the favorites of fortune, and consequently think themselves privileged to expect her favors. Yet his was not the triumph which the vanity of superior wealth imparts to the weak minded. He had talents of a high order. He had also been liberally educated, and had he been permitted to study a profession, would probably have become eminent. But his father, a rich merchant, wished his son to pursue the same business; it was the way he had acquired his estate, and he thought it the way in which James would best preserve it. But the old gentleman did not act with his usual sagacity when he sent his son to college to qualify him the better to become a merchant. There is a fitness in the manner of educating to the character and destination of the educated, an adaptation of means to some contemplated end, which should never be lost sight of by those who have the care of youth. James had good sense, and a fine genius, and had he considered the studies in which he spent so much time preparatory to some pursuit which was to be the business of his future life, he would doubtless have applied himself more diligently, and thus been spared many opportunities for frolic, and saved from many temptations to folly which those who are idle or unemployed cannot escape. He knew, and all his fellow students, that he was sent to college to obtain a

diploma more as an ornamental appendage to a rich man's son, than for any real benefit. So he passed his four years in gayety and pleasure, and came home with his A. B. to take his station in his father's counting room. He was then but nineteen, and many supposed his college acquirements and predilections would soon be obliterated from his mind by the bustling life in which he had engaged. But it should be remembered that though the human heart is like water when we would write thereon lessons of virtue, it is like the rock to retain the impressions of vice. In what I am about to relate I would not be understood as reflecting on the management of any literary institution, or the manners of any particular class of students. Opportunities and examples of vice occur every where—and the only effectual shield to oppose their influence with which parents can invest their dear ones, when sending them forth amid the temptations of evil, which will meet them in the college and in the cloister, as well as in the camp and court, is to imbue their souls with the precepts of our holy religion, and furnish, for their minds at least, active employment. James was strictly educated in the principles of true piety—his parents were, what they professed to be, Christians—and though they had, by honest industry, acquired a large estate, they did not count their money merely by dollars—but by a better tale—by the good deeds it would enable them to perform. And they were both remarkable for temperance, and the simplicity, and even plainness, with which their table was furnished and all their domestic arrangements conducted. James had not, as some children unquestionably do, acquired a relish for rum before he could lisp its name—his “nurse” never was allowed to keep him “quiet on sweetened brandy”—he had an aversion to spirituous liquors, as all, not taught to love it, have; and so his parents had no fear he would ever fall a victim to its pernicious poison. They exposed him too early, and unguardedly, to temptation. He went to college with plenty of cash at command, and plenty of leisure—he was unsuspecting and generous, and, as such lively and ardent youths generally are, fond of amusements and fond of applause. There were among his classmates, some who had the meanness to wish to be treated at his expense, and these took advantage of his inexperience and generosity—and by flattery, and ridicule, and persuasion, his squeamish prejudices, as they called them, were overcome,

and he learned to take his glass as gaily and frequently as any member of the convivial club to which he belonged, and often paid, himself, the whole expense of the entertainment. It would be painful and almost impossible to paint the scenes in which he was often engaged, and the effect they had on his mind; but yet, notwithstanding his conduct, he never lost his sense of the purity and beauty of virtue, nor his determination to pursue its paths, whenever circumstances should make such a course easy and popular—that is—when he returned home.

But no one “can take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned.” James did return home, and his father soon after discovered, with a concern bordering on horror, the fatal relish for liquors which his son had acquired. The daughters of Mr. Murray were married, and all of them gone from the paternal roof—James was the youngest child—the one who was to perpetuate his father’s name—his heir—his hope, and his idol. There lay the fault of his parents. They had loved James too well, and trusted him too confidently, and expected more from his discretion than human frailty can warrant us to hope. Remonstrance and reasoning, entreaties and reproaches, were all in succession tried by his parents. But though James ingenuously acknowledged his fault and lamented it, and promised reformation, he was found failing in strength of purpose to keep his resolutions of abstaining from liquors, till his father began utterly to despair of his amendment, and was about resigning him to infamy—for, with commendable discretion, his parents had managed for nearly a whole year to keep their son’s misconduct a profound secret in their family, lest the loss of his good name should be the signal for his losing all self-command—when a circumstance occurred which promised, by awakening the energy of a new passion, to grant him a chance for victory over an appetite that had hitherto wholly engaged his senses. James saw, and immediately loved Lucy Marsh. Her father was a very poor man, but beauty is not necessarily of the patrician order. It is as often found in the cottage as the palace, and Lucy, then just sixteen, was one of the loveliest girls that ever the light of the sun shone upon. It were in vain to try to describe her. A Mahometan would have likened her to the “dark eyed Houris”—a christian lover to an “angel,” and both undoubtedly have thought the superiority of loveliness on

the side of the fair mortal. At least, so thought James Murray on the morning after his return from a ball where he had been permitted to touch for the first time the hand of his charmer; to sit by her side; and though the confusion of his feelings did not permit him to say "soft things," he had nevertheless looked "things unutterable." He was sitting with his head reclined upon his desk, and musing upon the "scenes of yesterday," so wrapped in contemplation that he did not hear his father's step, nor notice his approach, till the old gentleman laid his hand upon his shoulder. James started on his feet, the blood rushed to his face, and he looked around with a half stupid, half frightened stare. A shade of deep sorrow passed over the pale countenance of Mr. Murray, and his voice quivered with emotion as he said—"I am expecting my friend Mr. Alden, of New-York, every moment. He writes he shall dine with me to-day. I once hoped to have presented to him my son—but I see you will not be in a condition to appear. He will doubtless inquire for you, and what excuse shall I make for your absence?"

James strove to reply, but it was some minutes before the swelling of his heart would permit him to speak. At length he seemed to have taken his resolution, and said with energy—"I know your suspicions, Sir, but for once you wrong me. Though I confess I am intoxicated, it is not with wine"—and then, with an eloquence his father had never before heard him display, he went on and told the whole history of his love, and described the beauty of Lucy, concluding with an earnest asseveration, "that if he might be permitted to marry her, he would never taste another drop of liquor again ~~while~~ while he lived."

Mr. Murray gazed on James with that kind of eager and overwhelming joy which we may imagine glowed on the face of the father of the prodigal when witnessing the return of his son. But in a few moments the expression of his features changed, and a deep and troubled concern overspread them as he said impressively—"What you ask, my son, neither my honor or conscience will now permit me to approve. I place interest out of the question. The father of Lucy Marsh is a good, honest, and industrious man; but he has met with crosses and losses in the world, while I have been blessed and prosperous. We came into life equally destitute, we shall leave it on equal terms. Six feet of

ground is all the richest man will permanently occupy, and, at death, the right of the poor to the possession of that freehold is never disputed. But, James, you describe Lucy as possessing every virtue of mind and heart that constitutes the excellence of the female character; and I have before this heard her merits praised. Her husband should be equally worthy. Are you entitled to that distinction?"

The color deepened on James's cheek, but it was not all the hue of shame; there was the kindling of proud and ardent resolve to deserve the boon he sought; and he urged his determination to be all that his father wished, so earnestly and sincerely, that Mr. Murray could not help feeling an assurance his son would, at least, make a strong effort to overcome his evil propensities. Still the father knew, for he had been an observing man, how difficult it was to effect a radical cure of the habit to which James had yielded;—that though love might furnish arms, and the most effectual ones that could be wielded for the combat, time only could determine the victory. At length, after much pondering, he said; "James, I have no doubt your intentions of reform are sincere, but till I am convinced of your perseverance in executing them, I cannot consent you shall address Lucy, or endeavor to gain her affections. She must not be involved in the ruin which will finally overwhelm you if persisting in intemperance."

"What period of trial will satisfy you?" asked James.

"As long for your recovery as for your fall."

"What! four years!" exclaimed James; understanding the allusion of his father to the time passed in college.

"Even so," replied the other—"and too short a time to establish entirely my confidence in your steadfastness. But pass that period in activity and integrity, and I shall have strong hope. I will myself speak to Mr. Marsh, and if he consents to my proposal, I will provide for the education of his daughter in such a manner as shall qualify her to become a member of my family. But I shall inform her and her parents unreservedly of your past course, and present resolution, and she shall not be bound by any promise to you till the four years are expired."

James knew when his father had come to a determination, and settled a plan of action on the principles of what he conceived *duty*, neither arguments or persuasions could move him from his purpose—so James acquiesced.

Mr. Murray, though a good and judicious man, was not indifferent to worldly considerations. The business by which he had acquired his property has a tendency to make calculation, and in some degree, even with the most liberal, pecuniary speculation, a favorite pursuit of the mind. It is not probable he would so unhesitatingly have approved the choice of his son, and consented he should marry one so poor, had he not hoped by that indulgence to win him back to rectitude and usefulness. But whatever were his motives, his promise, once given, was promptly executed and sacredly kept.

The parents of Lucy Marsh eagerly accepted proposals so advantageous to their daughter, for they doubted not but the folly of James would soon be corrected. The proposal seemed to Lucy so like a scene of romance, she could not, for some time, be persuaded of its reality. She had been struck with the appearance of James Murray, and though his station, so different from hers, had forbade her to hope engaging his serious affections, yet there had been, ever after the ball, wild dreams of fancy in her imagination, which her reason had been unable wholly to dispel. When convinced she was destined to become his wife, but one wish, one desire swelled her heart—that she might become worthy of him and of the excellent family who were adopting her as their own.

To one not accustomed to reflect how much of the excellence and virtue of character is owing to energy in some favorite and useful pursuit, the effect which this arrangement had on James Murray would appear incredible. He seemed to have shaken off an incubus that had hitherto pressed down his faculties; or only displayed them like the phantoms of that disease, distorted and horrible. He walked forth among men with a determination to become a man. He engaged in business with activity—he pursued it with energy, and soon felt that proud consciousness of deserving the approbation he received, which nothing but our own rectitude of principle and conduct can bestow. Without this self-approving voice within us, the applause of shouting millions is idle, empty praise. There is so much of *real* excitement in the mode of life in America—so much industry and enterprise in business—so much stirring of the spirit in political canvassing, in which all are interested, that it would

seem no citizen of our republic need resort to artificial stimulants to remove

*"The settlings of a melancholy blood."*

Certain it is that James Murray found the pursuits in which he engaged, of essential benefit in breaking off the associations of his habit, and thus freeing him from its tyranny. Yet perhaps to that restlessness which his first abstinence from liquor engendered, may mostly be attributed the eagerness with which he immediately engaged in politics. For this pursuit he was, by nature, admirably fitted. His commanding and handsome person always attracted attention, and he had a persuasive, and whenever he chose to exert it, a powerful voice, whose tones thrilled the heart. His education also had given him advantages which but few of the men among whom he resided, possessed, and young as he was, he soon became distinguished as the leader of his party, and so effectually secured their confidence, that before he was twenty three, he was elected a member of the state legislature. His own ambition and the fondest wishes of his parents seemed realized, and his father, at his death, which occurred about that time, as he embraced and blessed his son, said,—*"My cup of earthly joy is full—I depart in peace, and leave you, James, in the full belief that we shall meet where a crown of rejoicing awaits those who have overcome temptation."*

Death is called the king of terrors—but may he not often be the angel of consolation? How much of mortal sorrow is spared or ended when he drops his sable curtain, and closes the drama of human life! Mr. Murray died in peace—confident of the worth of his beloved son—had he survived ten years—but I am anticipating. In our country, especially in the new and thinly settled towns, a man who proposes marrying a wife, usually signifies his intention by building a house; and consequently, a new house is esteemed a very important affair to the new married couple. It seemed quite unnecessary that James should follow this fashion, as his father left a good and convenient dwelling; but he was ambitious, and so the new house was determined on. In size and elegance it was to exceed any building in the village.

*"Americans have no taste for the antique,"* says the European antiquary, *"therefore they are rude and ignorant, and unpolished."* But is it not the same principle of taste, only modified by the difference of circumstances, which

leads the American to boast of his new edifice, and the European to venerate his ancient one? In both cases the pride of preference is associated with the idea of merit. The European prizes his old castle because it is blazoned with the feats of his ancestors. The American prefers his new dwelling because it is the work of his own efforts; the one describes the magnificence that once distinguished his domain—the other shows the improvement he has made on his estate. And if personal merit be more praiseworthy than imputed excellence, then is not the advantage on the side of our countrymen?

But these remarks are quite irrelevant to the subject—the new house of James Murray; yet it would undoubtedly have been better for him to have cultivated a taste for the antique, and been contented with his father's old dwelling. It was during the progress of the building that, forgetting or disregarding the solemn promise he had pledged his father, he again began to taste prohibited liquor. He took but very little, however, and flattered himself he had acquired sufficient strength of mind to restrain and regulate his appetite by the suggestions of reason. It seemed a reproach on his character as a man, to lack firmness to face his enemy. It was puerile to be always trembling, like a whipped school-boy, when a glass was offered him; and finally, he could not refuse without being considered mean, as his workmen would imply he did not wish them to drink, if he himself never tasted. So he reasoned, and for several months no perceptible bad effects followed his "temperate use of ardent spirits," as he styled it. About three weeks before he was to be married, a political bet, in which he was engaged, was decided in his favor. The forfeiture was to be paid in punch, and James Murray became intoxicated. While under the delirium of his temporary insanity, he presented himself before his intended bride.

Lucy Marsh was just as lovely as a summer rose, and just as easily bowed. She had never suspected James of having violated his promise—she was utterly unprepared for this storm of affliction—she did not utter a word to him, but fainted; and he had to be forced from her presence, and carried home. The tumult of his feelings, on recovering from his paroxysm, can scarcely be imagined. After bitter self reproaches and curses on his folly, and resolutions of the most rigid abstinence in future, he repaired to the dwell-



ling of Lucy to obtain, if possible, her forgiveness. He knew she was then released from all obligations to marry him—that his father had advised, indeed enjoined it on her, as she valued her own happiness, never to wed his son if he again yielded to intemperance. But James knew Lucy loved him, and he knew too, that women are prone to palliate the failings, and trust the promises of those they love; that they are, by nature, unsuspecting, and confiding, and forgiving. The event showed he judged rightly. Reason urged to Lucy all the risk she was incurring; imagination portrayed all the sorrows and agonies she was exposed to suffer, if James did not reform, and hope could hardly be so credulous as to believe in his permanent reformation, when he had thus broken the solemn and voluntary pledge to his own father. But still, her heart—O, she could not stifle the pleadings of her heart. And when James came before her, his tears, and entreaties, and protestations prevailed. She forgave him, and became his wife. She did not insist on his making to her any particular promises of sobriety, and in that she acted wisely. The teasing interference of a woman, no man of sense and spirit will brook—none ought to brook. And Lucy had too much discretion to expect that a promise of temperance made before marriage, would bind her husband, if the sacred vows he made at the altar to cherish her, the preservation of his own character, and reverence for morality and piety, could not restrain him. She trusted, therefore, to his affection and his honor, and for more than two years his conduct fully justified her confidence.

Mrs. Colvin was reclining one cold winter evening before a bright fire, her work table before her, and as she listened to the storm that beat furiously against the windows, and her eye wandered around the commodious and well furnished apartments in which she was seated, she reflected on the blessings she enjoyed; and contrasting her situation with millions of her fellow beings, in different parts of the world, all equally with herself susceptible of pain and pleasure, she breathed a fervent thanksgiving that she had had her birthright and habitation assigned her in a land so favored as America. Her husband hastily entered.

“You look fatigued and sorrowful,” said Mrs. Colvin.

“I have just come from the dwelling of affliction,” he replied.

“O, I knew this was a world of suffering!”—exclaimed Mrs. Colvin; “and yet I have been this whole hour indulging in congratulations on my own happy situation, and inferring because I felt no grief, no privation, all my neighbors were equally blessed.”

“When,” replied her husband, “men yield to temptation, to sin—suffering must follow. Indeed in our country, more than in any other on earth, deviations from morality and integrity are punished either with the loss of fame, fortune, or public confidence;—and James Murray has forfeited them all.”

“Is his situation as bad as we have heard?” inquired Mrs. Colvin.

“Worse, far worse,” returned the other. “We heard he would probably have sufficient to pay his creditors, but he is a bankrupt by several thousands, the mortgage on his estate foreclosed, and every article of personal property has been attached; the sheriff was removing the furniture when I reached the house.”

“Is it possible that he can have spent the large estate his father left him?” inquired Mrs. Colvin. “It is but a little time—a year or two, since he became so dissipated.”

“There is nothing more easy than for a man to ruin himself,” returned her husband. Let him neglect his business, bet with every one who will venture a wager, and generally take the losing side, and keep constantly in a state of inebriety, and his estate will soon be wasted. But James Murray was never so rich as many imagined. Much of his wealth depended, as most of our country merchants, estates do, on his credit; and then he built his costly house, which he ought not to have done. And he has been intemperate longer than you mentioned; ever since he lost his election four years ago. His wife told me he never tasted liquor after their marriage, till that disappointment. But his relish for spirit had been before acquired, and when a man has unfortunately contracted that thirst every extraordinary emotion, whether of joy, or grief, or anger, seems to awaken it anew. There is not, for such an one, much hope of permanent reformation.”

“Where is his poor wife? and how does she bear her trial?” asked Mrs. Colvin.

“I found her in her small parlor—her little children gathered around or in her arms—like a brooding dove sheltering

her young ones from the approach of danger. Her face was pale as marble, but perfectly calm; yet at the first expression of my concern she burst into a passionate weeping. I endeavored to console her, and promised my assistance. She dried her tears as she said—"Do not think, sir, I am grieving for the loss of our property, or because I must leave this dwelling. The display of wealth is not necessary to my happiness, indeed I think it has made me more wretched—the splendor by which I was surrounded seeming to mock my heart's misery. But my husband—it is for his degradation, his ruin I weep. O! I could joyfully share poverty with him—I would work to support him—I would willingly be a slave, or lay down my own life, if he might be persuaded to return to virtue—if he could be reclaimed!"

"What did you say to her?" asked Mrs. Colvin, weeping.

"I could suggest nothing of earthly comfort," returned her husband. "I could only direct her to that balm for sorrow which is found only in him who has declared that all things shall work together for good to them who love God."

"What will become of her and her dear little family?" again reiterated Mrs. Colvin.

"They will not be left to suffer," said her husband. "Her merits and her grief touched every heart. I saw tears in the eyes of many firm men, when speaking of her situation. Indeed, the principal creditors declared they would not have urged their claims, and taken all the property, had they not thought it might possibly rouse Murray to exertion. To show kindness to him by allowing him means of indulging his depraved appetite, would be cruelty to his family. But we have made arrangements that will secure for Mrs. Murray what she needs for present comfort. The family are to be removed to that house of mine which stands close by the dwelling of Mr. John Russell. It is small, to be sure, but comfortable, and we shall furnish it. You, ladies, must find employment for Mrs. Murray; she told me she would sew for any one."

"I do not wish her to work for me," said Mrs. Colvin, eagerly; "whatever I can do to assist her shall be cheerfully rendered."

"You forget, my dear," said her husband, smiling, "that

the necessity of receiving alms is, to the delicate and sensitive minded, the most galling link in the chain of poverty. But few of our native born Yankees, and none who have the spirit of a Yankee, will long submit to the ignominy of subsisting wholly by charity. There is a pride of independence among us—a nobility of soul, that spurns at vassalage, in whatever way the yoke is imposed. Then do not add to the embarrassments of Mrs. Murray, by an offer of charity, which she may not feel at liberty to refuse, but which will mortify her to accept. Employ her, and pay her just as liberally as you please, but let there be some reciprocity between you. You will then secure more than her ‘thank ye’—her esteem, gratitude, and love.”

“But will not James Murray himself be capable of doing something for his family?” inquired this amiable woman.

“That is a question which cannot at present be solved,” said her husband. “James is a good penman and accountant, and can find employment if he will keep sober. O, when I looked on him, extended as he was on the floor, in a state of utter insensibility to every thing passing around him—the removal of his property—the agony of his wife—and then when I thought of his early promise—his excellent disposition—his fine talents—his education—all the advantages with which he began his career, and the eminence he had obtained—and saw all lost, ruined by his own folly, I could not but weep over him. How much he has already suffered! and how much he must hereafter endure! He sees those who once waited on his smile, now scornfully pass him by; he reads contempt or pity in those countenances that once brightened at his approach; he finds himself shunned, neglected, or ridiculed, where his lightest word was once heard with attention. All this he must bear, and who will not acknowledge that punishment follows the transgressor? It ought to every where; it invariably does among the descendants of the Pilgrims. Rank may, in governments less pure and popular than ours, secure the semblance of respect to the unworthy. A lord, though drunk, is still a lord, and parasites may flatter him, and servants attend him. But the spontaneous esteem, confidence, and applause of our free, independent, and intelligent citizens, cannot be obtained by a degraded and worthless character.”

The morning exhibited all the calmness, and beauty, and gladness, that usually pervades the summer sky, the day

after a violent thunder shower has cleared the atmosphere of all impure vapors. The birds then sing their gayest notes, as if congratulating each other that the storm has so happily passed by. There was a fresher green on the trees and fields—a serenity in the deep blue sky, picturing, as we may imagine, the repose of the spirit, after the storms of earth are ended, and it rests beneath the shade of the tree of life. But amid all this beauty, joy, and peace, there came a memento of man's mortality. The sound of a funeral knell from the village spire, fell more mournful than usual on the ear, contrasted as it was with the rejoicing of nature.

“It is the burial of Mrs. Murray,” said Mr. Colvin, to a stranger who addressed him with an inquiry. “Poor Lucy! she will find the grave a refuge from suffering.”

“Was it she who was once called Lucy Marsh?” inquired the stranger.

“The same.”

The stranger was much agitated. “I saw her once,” he remarked, “just before she was married. She was the most beautiful human being I ever beheld. I heard that her husband had failed—that he was intemperate—and my journey through the village was induced by curiosity to learn the situation of that lovely woman. I confess, I hoped I should find that her husband was no more.”

“You would probably then feel interested to learn some particulars of her fate,” said Mr. Colvin.

The stranger bowed.

“You observed you had heard of the failure of James Murray,” continued Mr. Colvin. “His father was my intimate friend, and once did me a signal service; and I wished to express my gratitude by showing kindness to the son; so I established James and his family in a house of my own. This building adjoined one in which lived a man who had once been an admirer of Lucy Marsh.”

“There were many such, I presume,” said the stranger.

“Her beauty was doubtless much admired,” returned Mr. Colvin, “but John Russell, as I understood, had sanguine expectations of obtaining her hand, and had she never seen James Murray, would probably have been successful. Poets may celebrate the omnipotence of Cupid, but from observation I am inclined to believe that, in at least one half of the matches, *propinquity* has quite as much influence

as the arrows of the blind god. But Mrs. Murray loved her husband truly and undividedly, and excepting occasional starts of passion or petulance when intoxicated, he was, till his mind became inflamed with jealousy, a most affectionate husband. This jealousy, excited by a trifling circumstance, is a sad exemplification of that alienation of reason which is often caused by intemperance. Men seem then possessed with the spirit of demons; rage, envy, hatred, and they delight in inflicting misery. I have said the house, in which this unfortunate family resided, adjoined that of Mr. John Russell. His was a very elegant dwelling, for he had been gaining an estate while James Murray was dissipating his—and Mrs. Murray happened one day to remark on the prosperity of Mr. Russell and his handsome house. Her husband instantly became exasperated, and pouring a torrent of abuse both on her and Mr. Russell, declared he would not reside so near a man whom he doubted not was the favored paramour of his wife. From that hour, his conduct to his family became changed and cruel. I cannot enter into details, your heart would sicken at the recital, and it makes mine bleed to think of the sufferings of that amiable woman.”

The stranger was evidently much agitated, yet he begged Mr. Colvin to proceed.

“I must be brief,” returned he; “and can only say that Mrs. Murray was so persecuted, and rendered so wretched, by the jealousy of her husband, that she consented to remove from the house. Her husband provided another. It was a lone building, situated in a wild place, and half a mile from any neighbor. The house was in a ruinous state, the roof pervious to every storm, and there was not a glass window in the building. In short, it was a mere wreck; ‘the very rats instinctively had quit it,’—yet there, this once angelic, still interesting woman, was compelled to reside. The sorrows of the poor are not understood from description; to be known they must be felt. Our charitable people did much for Mrs. Murray and her little ones, yet still I have no doubt they often suffered both from cold and hunger. And then they were subjected to the capricious cruelty of a drunken man. O! would young ladies but once be sensible of that depth of mortification and wretchedness which a woman is doomed to feel who has an intemperate husband, they never would for a moment hesitate to discard a lover who had been guilty of that degra-

ding crime. They never would wed with such an one, though he were before as dear as their own life; they never could marry him—no, never, never, never! You doubtless wonder how such a delicate woman could live, subjected to such distresses. The capacity of the human mind and frame to endure, is, in many cases, indeed astonishing. Mrs. Murray had the consolations of religion for support, and then affection for her children strengthened her to 'bear up under the load of life.' Yet even the exercise of her piety was often fraught with the most exquisite agony, for how lost, when judged by the holy law of God, appeared the character, and how terrible the condition of the husband she still fondly loved! Every day seemed widening the gulf between them, and rendering more fixed and irreconcilable the habits and principles which must finally separate them forever.

He who created us, alone knoweth why some of his children are appointed to win their heavenly crown through so much tribulation. To the trials of Mrs. Murray were now to be added the sickness and death of her two youngest children. Her eldest, a daughter, had never enjoyed good health, and the hardships and wants to which she was often exposed, doubtless, injured her, till finally she became subject to fits of epilepsy, and her case was pronounced incurable. But still, the mother had one precious treasure, a fine boy, just entering on his seventh year, and the most perfectly lovely and engaging child I ever beheld. In him she 'garnered up her heart,' and reposed all her earthly hopes; in him she could love his father's image without self-reproach, and her affections continually wounded, or trampled on by her husband, twined around her child with those close foldings, whose delighted throb, is so nearly allied to agony. This feeling, the fever of love, is never experienced by those who live tranquilly, and have not been necessitated to centre that affection and hope on one object, which should have been divided among a family. Last Monday morning I called at their dwelling. I found Mrs. Murray in better spirits than usual, and there was a cheerfulness in her manner, I had not for a long time witnessed. While we were conversing, a carriage, in which were two gentlemen, passed. A glove fell from the chaise, and little James, who was playing before the house, sprang with the agility of a fawn, picked it up, and presented it with

a low bow, to the owner. The exceeding beauty of the child, contrasted, as it was, with his mean habiliments, made him a most interesting object. The gentlemen were undoubtedly struck, as I observed they pointed towards him, while conversing, with much animation. At length one of them called the boy and presented him a dollar.

I wish you could have seen the little fellow when he came bounding into the house to exhibit his prize. He was too young to feel any mortification from being thought an object of charity—there was nothing but pure joy in his sensations. His bright eyes fairly lightened with pleasure,—and his rosy face laughed and dimpled all over, while his breath came so short and eager, he could barely find words to express his feelings, as he exclaimed—‘Mother, dear mother, I shall buy something for you—I shall buy every thing you want!’ Tears and smiles were blended on the faded and sad, but still sweet countenance of his mother. I read her thoughts—she was anticipating the day when her boy would be her friend and protector. At that moment her husband entered. He had, as I afterwards learned, been that morning refused credit for a glass of liquor, and in the contention that ensued his wrath had been treated with contempt, till he finally became so outrageous he was driven from the store. I saw there was a terrific frown on his brow, and that his wife shuddered; but his little son, elated and joyous, saw or heeded not the gathering storm. He sprang to his father, and holding up his money again told what he was intending to buy for his mother.

‘You shall do no such thing,’ thundered the savage parent, snatching the money from the child’s grasp. ‘Go, bring me yonder bottle—I will see if I cannot have a glass of rum!’

‘O! give me my dollar, father,—give me my dollar,’—cried the child, clinging to his father’s knee.

With the fury of a madman flashing from his eyes, that father raised his clenched fist. Mrs. Murray shrieked, and we both sprang forward to intercept the blow. It was too late!

I have no idea James Murray intended to kill his child, or indeed, that he knew, at the time, what he did;—but when he saw the guiltless victim of his wrath, lying like a crushed lamb—senseless—pale as marble—the blood streaming from his mouth and nostrils, it recalled the maniac to



his senses. The chords of his better feeling, which for a long time had not vibrated, were touched—and the fountain of his affections, which had seemed withered, scorched, dried up, suddenly gushed forth with the stream of tenderness. With the most careful attention he assisted me to raise the body of his child—he chafed his temples and little hands—he spoke soothingly to his wife, in the tone and with the words of endearment, once so familiar to her ear. We essayed every thing to revive the child, but in vain—the spirit of the young sufferer had passed from earth. When we became convinced that life was extinct, the lamentations of the mother were heart-rending. Her husband listened one moment—his features were convulsed with agony, and I hoped and prayed he might weep—but that relief was denied him. Suddenly his countenance assumed a fixed and horrid expression; it was the wildness of utter despair. His eyes glared, he gnashed his teeth, and clenching both hands, invoked on his own head the most awful denunciations, and rushed from the house.

Mrs. Murray—but I see you are distressed,—and I will not attempt to describe her feelings. She died the next morning, and I rejoiced at her release from a world she had found so filled with thorns. Yesterday, just as the thunder was bursting in fury, the body of James Murray was found. He had drowned himself; probably he never paused after leaving his house, as the expression of his features was unchanged—his teeth were set—and his hands still clenched: We buried him in silence, near the spot where his body was discovered; and yonder, attended by nearly all the inhabitants of our village, as mourners, came the remains of his murdered child and victim wife.”

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### ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Young ladies are, now a days, taught such a multiplicity of arts and accomplishments, that nothing, which can add to the graces of mind and manner, seems omitted, or forgotten. Only one requisite is wanting to complete the system. It is, that these intelligent and accomplished young ladies should be sedulously instructed in the art of applying their knowledge and exhibiting their graces advantageously.

Not that they may procure a good establishment, which, as the term is now understood, means a fine house, fine furniture, and a husband who has "money in his purse;" but that they may be fitted to discharge those important duties which only can make women useful, respectable, truly beloved, and, consequently, happy. The aim of female education, therefore, ought to be, not to exalt those who enjoy its advantages above their sphere, but to make them more capable of performing the part which the laws of society, and indeed, the nature of things, allots as the peculiar province of the female.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household," is a commendation which every lady, who is the mistress of a family, should be ambitious to deserve, and should she possess genius, and even talent, yet still let her remember that to make a happy *home* for her husband and children is far more praiseworthy than to make a *book*.

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### THE SACRIFICE.

THE funeral pyre flames high and bright,  
 By Ganges' sacred stream;  
 And through the darkness of the night  
 Emits a fearful gleam,  
 And shouts from countless throngs arise,  
 In madd'ning tumult to the skies,  
 While fitfully, the clarion shrill  
 Resechoes to the gong's deep peal.

And Brahma's white robed priests are there,  
 A stern and cruel train;  
 And ever and anon, they rear  
 Their wildly choral strain;  
 For superstition's deadliest rite  
 Shall consummate, ere morning's light,  
 The unearthly compact, dark and dread,  
 Which binds the living to the dead.

And who is she, that maiden fair,  
 Of look so calm and high;  
 Majestic brow, and raven hair,  
 And upward glancing eye?

She comes—her plighted troth to seal,  
 To him she loved in wo and weal;  
 To share with him, the cherished dead,  
 Her funeral pyro, her bridal bed.

She comes, in virgin purity,  
 Her virgin truth to prove;  
 Nor blenches at the destiny,  
 Which crowns her hapless love;  
 For he, on whom her all was placed  
 Of friendship true, or passion chaste,  
 Low on yon burning column lies,  
 Awaiting her last sacrifice.

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'Tis done! the flames have died away,  
 Hushed is the tumult's roar;  
 And death and silence hold their sway  
 On Ganges' sacred shore,  
 But oft by Hindu maids is sung  
 The fate of her, so fair and young;  
 Who died—a lone and beauteous flower—  
 Victim to Love's resistless power.

J. P. L.

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## FEMALE EDUCATION.

*An Address on Female Education, delivered Nov. 21, 1827, at the opening of the edifice erected for the accommodation of the Hartford Female Seminary. By T. H. GALLAUDET, Principal of the American Asylum for the education of the deaf and dumb. H. F. & J. Huntington. 8vo. pp. 34.*

THE subject of education, at the present day, seems to engage the attention which its merits demand. The present, is emphatically an age of inquiry; and while the spirit of improvement is brooding over the scattered hints, that from time to time have been thrown out, in relation to science in general, and to the details of art, the subject of intellectual culture has come in for a large share of that vivifying influence, which has been so successfully exerted in the wider fields of human knowledge.

The time has past, when the female sex, "that fairer portion of creation," were classed in a subordinate rank of intellectual existence. When the doors of knowledge were closed against their admission, and their peculiar occupations precluded the possibility of the cultivation of science, did no other impediments prevent, it was uncharitable, not to say unjust, to stigmatize the female powers with weakness and imbecility. Before the cultivation of Botany as a science, there were many plants in the gardens of the rich, or the parterres of the curious, the richness of whose vegetation was their only commendation to favor. But as the science was gradually developed, they were found endued with healing virtues, whose existence had not been suspected. And so too, is it with the female sex—once the toys and the playthings of the hours of relaxation—the flowers that shed a beauty and a fragrance on the scene;—as their powers are developed, they are found to possess charms more attracting, and more permanent, than all the combinations of figure and color can present.

Much as has been done for the subject of female education, much still remains to be done. It is difficult to divest ourselves of old prejudices upon any subject; but still more so on the subject of education. The *mind* has so long been considered as a *simple, homogeneous* thing, that it is scarcely recollected, in the business of instruction, that there is more than one faculty that deserves or requires cultivation. The *memory* has been jaded with definitions, scarcely intelligible to those who framed them; until the whole business of instruction has been concentrated in one point; while the other, and the not less important faculties of the mind, have been left to themselves, and to their own operations. Fortunately the activity of their nature has prevented them from being cowed down, and the common details of life have afforded them that occupation, which they have always had so good right to expect in the process of education.

In the most approved methods of instruction, at the present day, (if there be any such thing as method) these circumstances are beginning to awaken attention, and such changes are agitated, as will tend to the removal of the deficiencies which have heretofore existed. These deficiencies are so obvious, and so fatal to the culture of the mind, that we think we shall be doing good service to the public by calling their attention to the views which Mr. Gallaudet has taken of them in the able address now before us.

In the first place he remarks, that "*the various powers and faculties of the mind are not cultivated in a due proportion to the value of each.*" "It is not the object of education to store the mind with general or particular facts in relation to *any one* branch of science. For such a purpose, the memory alone could avail, and the memory alone be cultivated. The knowledge of the use of *one* particular tool, would be of little use to the young mechanic, while he has no skill in the use of others. Now examine," says Mr. Gallaudet, "most of our modes of conducting education, and rather more particularly so, that of females than of males, and you must be struck with the fact, that *the memory is the one faculty* on the cultivation of which, to an excessive degree, the attention and labor of the teacher are bestowed." This concentration of effort may indeed create retentiveness of memory, but is certainly destructive of all mental activity. If the other powers of the mind are ever to be called forth into action, we ask, with Mr. Gallaudet, *when* are they to be so called if not in the early stages of education? A child is a man in miniature; *all* its faculties are susceptible of improvement; and there is no greater mistake, than to suppose, that one is to be cultivated at one period of life, and another at another. The objects towards which its faculties are to be directed, it is true, must be suited to its capacity; but only let them be so, and every mental power in the child may be trained to increasing vigor, and prepared for future efforts."

"Although less absolute knowledge might be daily acquired; still if the judgment of the pupil were called into exercise with regard to its studies, by pertinent and interesting questions, on the part of the teacher, who can doubt that a deeper foundation would be laid, on which to raise, in the progress of education, a more extensive and durable superstructure.

In connexion with the remarks he makes upon the imperfection of mental culture, and as a suggestion with regard to the remedies that should be applied, Mr. G. observes:

"There is one most wonderful power of the human mind, which discovers itself very early in childhood; which is capable of cultivation to a very high degree; and to the successful exercise of which, what we term genius, and also all true greatness of thought or of action, are principally indebted for their existence;—I mean the *power of generalization*, and yet, especially in the early stages

of education, it is almost wholly neglected." As the manner in which this faculty is to be exercised and improved, may not be obvious to all, he proceeds to illustrate his meaning. "One of the first, difficult efforts of the young mind, is to acquire language; and indeed a great part of the early stages of education is, of necessity, devoted to this subject. Now take a word of which the child is ignorant;—suppose it to be, *contain*, I give her one example of its use derived from some very familiar object, I say, 'that basket *contains* your playthings; they are in it; it holds them.' I then, ask, her 'what does that vase *contain*?' "After thus inquiring with regard to two or three simple objects, I advance a step higher; 'what does this room *contain*? that garden?—that house?—that city?'—and to each of these questions I receive the proper answer; and the child is led gradually to enlarge her ideas, till, by an induction of particulars, in the exercise of her own power of generalization, she arrives at what may be termed the generic meaning of the word, *to contain*."

This valuable hint, for the exercise of an important faculty of the mind, will go far, we think, to abolish what remains of a custom once very prevalent, but now rather uncommon. We allude to the committing to memory the meaning of words from a dictionary. The utter uselessness of such a task is so apparent, that it is surprising that the custom should ever have been so general as it once was. The rule suggested by Mr. G. tends not only to produce "a deeper interest, and a more fixed attention, but begets habits of independent and inventive thought, and trains the pupil to more extensive and vigorous efforts in all her future researches;" while "to what extent soever it is pursued, in the same degree, will be found an original, vigorous and active mind."

In allusion to the cultivation of the memory, he very justly observes: "the *mode* is if possible, more important than the *mere fact* of its being cultivated." "The pupil should be taught how to arrange and classify facts, with reference to some general principles, and thus, to improve at the same time her powers of *judgment*, and of *generalization*."

It is too generally the custom, in the education of females in particular, to see the modern languages introduced before the pupil has any other than a very imperfect acquaintance with her own tongue. We are told, by the advocates of this system, that the mind is more susceptible of impression, at an early age; that the organs are more pliant;

and that the faculties of memory, comparison, and judgment, are all exercised by the study of them. Mr. Gallaudet has exposed the fallacy of these arguments, in the remarks that he has made, to prove that "*a thorough acquaintance with the English Language is not sufficiently cultivated in the early stages of female education.*"

"Language, is the great instrument both of education and of thought. Without it, the human mind could make scarcely any advances in generalization, &c." Without a correct knowledge of their mother tongue, of what use will be the study of Virgil or of Greek—the reading of French and Italian? For if the pupil be unacquainted with the meaning of the corresponding words of her own language, of what utility will the study of the words of other languages be to her? "In conducting the education of young ladies, therefore, whatever other languages, or branches of study, they may have time to attend to, secure at least *their correct knowledge of the English language*, and of a sacrifice of any language must be made, *let all others be sacrificed rather than this.*"

"No department of education, I apprehend, is susceptible of more improvement, than that which relates to the instruction of our youth *in their mother tongue*; the importance, too, of devoting great attention to this in all our schools and seminaries for females, is much enhanced by the consideration, that so much of their influence and usefulness in society, depends upon their powers of conversation. In order both to cultivate and to employ these powers, *a thorough acquaintance with the English language is absolutely indispensable.*

This is plain common sense; and it must be considered superfluous to enforce such views, by reason or argument. Yet, how different is the course pursued in many respectable seminaries. A rage for fashionable languages has almost dissipated common sense, and introduced into our schools, nay into common conversation, a *jabbering* of French, Spanish or Italian, long before the correctness of a common sentence of the vernacular is understood. We ourselves, have heard Misses at the piano, when requested to sing, despising the *vulgarity* of the mother tongue; pouring out, in the most exquisite strains, torrents of French and Italian, with all the graces of harmony; while in English songs, they never fail to violate all the rules of accent, propriety and pronunciation. What purpose, we ask, is subserved by such a course? Will a knowledge of *words* be of any avail, while the faculties of judgment, and comparison, have no concern in their acquisition? How can the idiom

of a foreign language be understood, or comprehended, unless the shades of difference in the mother tongue are previously explained.

We place much confidence in the opinions of Mr. Galaudet, from the circumstance of his experience, in the instruction of minds "in a most peculiar state." The inferences which he draws from his experience, are entitled to much respect; because they are drawn from facts, unconnected with prejudices in favor of any particular language. Engaged as he has been for a number of years, in the instruction of minds to whom all language is foreign, he has been obliged to investigate deeply the processes by which the various faculties proceed in the acquisition of knowledge. He has thereby acquired a conversancy with mental operations, which enables him to judge with clearness, and with confidence, of the propriety of a course, which contemplates the development and the strengthening of the various faculties of the mind.

His remarks upon the subject of Grammar are pertinent and forcible. "Too much importance is attached to it, as a certain, and almost the only efficacious, mode of giving to a child the knowledge of its mother tongue." "The fact is, a certain, and not inconsiderable, acquaintance with language, is necessary before the principles of grammar can be understood and applied,"—"other means should be previously used to impart a knowledge, to a considerable extent, of the English Language." In the early stages of instruction, it would be well to teach a few of the most simple and easy principles of grammar, by oral illustrations on the part of the teacher, and in the most familiar way; reserving it as a system, with all its abstruse and complicated difficulties, for the more advanced periods of education.

We hope these suggestions will ere long be generally adopted. We do not wish to undervalue the subject, but certainly the general bias is in favor of too early an attention to a subject, the most subtle in its nature, and, to the pupils, most perplexing in its details. Grammar, as it has hitherto been taught in our common schools, has been considered merely as a system of rules, to enable a pupil to *parse a sentence*, as if that attainment were individually worth the pains and the attention necessary for its acquisition. We have seen pupils, who could parse any sentence proposed to them, but who could give no satisfactory rea-



son for the utility of the exercise,—who knew of no end to be obtained, by the attention they have bestowed upon the subject—nay more, who have been astonished when they were informed of the uses of its application. Little benefit can be derived from this exercise, unless its practical utility be explained as the pupil proceeds; and it is in vain to expect that in the early stages of pupilage, the attention should be willingly, or successfully excited, to comprehend the utility of a task which is attended with so many difficulties.

In the system of education which he approves, Mr. Galaudet recommends the cultivation of “*an attention to the various states, operations and affections, of the mind, so as to enable the pupil accurately to notice, and clearly to distinguish between them*”—a hint which we do not recollect to have seen thrown out, or improved by others, who have treated upon the subject of early education. The charms and the simplicity which Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Brown, have thrown upon the philosophy of the human mind independently of the intrinsic value of the subject, have forcibly recommended it to attention, in the selection of those studies, by which the mind itself is to be developed and cultivated.

The subject is the more valuable, that “it relates,” to use the words of Mr G., “to that imperishable something within us, which is to live forever.” “Shall we,” he continues, be forever employed in noticing the phenomena which present themselves to our senses in the various objects of the material world which surround us, and not turn the mind’s eye *within*, upon the vastly more interesting phenomena which the soul exhibits?”

These are not, we think, visionary ideas. We do not assert, nor do we believe, that any great progress could be made, in the early stages of education, in a science which presents sufficient exercise for the most vigorous exertion of the most ripened and vigorous intellect. But as in the science of mathematics, there are fields where youth may sport, and manhood must labor, so also in the science of the mind, there are subjects which may engage, and which will attract, the attention of the young, as well as subtleties which elude the vigorous grasp of manly intellect.

But we pass to another particular, noticed by Mr. Galaudet, where we shall permit him to speak for himself, and we trust that no comment of ours can give weight or commendation to observations so correct, and censure so just.

“Another defect in the education of females is, that they are not sufficiently taught the practical uses to be made of the knowledge which they acquire ; and not sufficiently qualified, by the cultivation of their active powers, for the sober realities, and the actual business of life. Many judicious mothers, I know, by their own excellent example, and valuable instructions, worth every praise which can be bestowed upon them, prepare their daughters to discharge well the duties that their various relations, social and domestic, may impose upon them. But most mothers have too many cares, to attend minutely to the progress which their daughters are making in their studies at school, to show them in what way the knowledge they are acquiring, and the mental habits which they are forming, may be brought to bear upon the various concerns and transactions of life. In this the Instructress should bear her part ; and a most responsible part it is. Am I met with the objection, that the thing is impracticable, and that you cannot introduce into the school room those domestic scenes and occupations, amid which alone habits of business can be formed ? I admit that you cannot, on this point, accomplish every thing ;—does it thence follow that you can do nothing ?

“But we will not argue about general principles. Let us descend to substantial matter of fact. A young lady has studied Arithmetic, Geometry, and Algebra, and is a proficient in each ; but when she goes a shopping, she cannot tell how much the articles which she has bought come to, without a pencil and paper, and then she is somewhat at a loss about making the change. You smile, and think perhaps, that I would fain ridicule the idea of a young lady’s studying mathematics. Not at all. On the contrary, I would recommend, most strongly, to such as have leisure, the study, even in its highest branches, as one tending to invigorate, in an eminent degree, the powers of the mind. What I lament is, that she has not been taught to make a practical use of this branch of her studies. It would be no difficult thing for the teacher, and her pupils, to conceive, with the aid of a little imagination, transactions taking place in the school room, which would furnish the occasion for the pupils performing *mentally* precisely those calculations which they may afterwards make, when these imaginary transactions become real ones. Let the instructress be the merchant, and her pupils the customers. Let her sell her various articles, at their various prices, and receive in payment different kinds, and sums, of money, for which afterwards change is to be made. You can easily conceive what a multiplicity of questions in mental arithmetic would grow out of these fictitious transactions.

“You may think this exercise too humble a one for the instructress. No exercise is too humble, in the process of education,

which will prepare the pupil for the pleasant, easy, and faithful discharge of those active duties, which she will have inevitably, and continually to perform in the course of life. Besides, there is, somehow or other, a peculiar distinctness, vividness, and interest, imparted to questions of an arithmetical kind, when they relate to actual transactions. And I have no doubt that the exercise which I have suggested, simple as it may seem, would, if practised in all our schools, soon become exceedingly interesting to the pupils, and give them habits of mental calculation, that they would retain, and afterwards turn to the most important uses."

Our limits will not allow us to follow Mr. Gallaudet through all of his valuable suggestions. The subject of original composition, he recommends, with great propriety, at a very early stage, as tending, in a very high degree, to induce correct habits of thinking; as leading to an acquaintance with, and command of language; as the best mode of applying, and becoming familiar with, the principles of grammar; as developing the peculiar genius, and taste of the pupil; disclosing both her excellencies and defects, and thus enabling the teacher to correct the one, and improve the other. It might, he adds, be commenced years before it is;—I would say, to a certain extent, as soon as the pupil is able to write a legible hand, only taking care to let the subjects be perfectly familiar, and level to the capacity of a child.

His remarks upon the subject of elocution, have so much justice, and pertinency, that we cannot forbear giving them at length.

"In the fifth place ; *elocution is not sufficiently attended to, in the course of female education.* It is not enough that a young lady should be taught to read with a correct pronunciation, and emphasis, and without any palpable fault. She should be taught to enter into the feelings of the author ; to place herself in the circumstances in which he wrote ; and to make the hearers feel as if he was really addressing them. One very striking fault in the reading of many persons is, that they do not adapt their manner to the peculiar character of the composition, but always read in one uniform style. Perhaps there are some reasons why young ladies are in danger of doing this more than the other sex, or rather why it is more difficult, in their case, to remedy this defect. Their reading is confined to the fireside, and to the domestic circle ; and there seems to be, therefore, less of inducement for them to aim at the life, and variety, and force, so essential in public speaking. Still, these, and every other good quality of

the most eloquent delivery, ought to hold a high rank among female accomplishments.

“I cannot understand, why it should be thought, as it sometimes is, a departure from female delicacy to read in a promiscuous social circle, if called upon to do so from any peculiar circumstances, and to read, too, as well as Garrick himself would have done, if the young lady possesses the power of doing it. Why may she not do this with as much genuine modesty ; and with as much of a desire to oblige her friends ; and with as little of ostentation as to sit down, in the same circle, to the piano, and play, and sing, in the style of the first masters ? If to do the former is making too much of a display of her talents, why should not the latter be so ? Nothing, but some strange freaks of fashion, have made a difference.

“But at any rate, amid her family and friends, to how many otherwise tedious, or useless hours of life, may a female impart both delight and improvement, by *the charm of reading well*. If a wife, she can solace many a season of a husband’s weariness or sickness. If a mother, what an advantage to her offspring, to have before them, as they are growing up, a living model, in the person of one, whom they are led to reverence and love, of an accomplishment, which our schools, and academies, and colleges, find it so difficult to impart. This latter consideration, in my view, has immense weight ; for *our habits of pronunciation, speaking, and reading, are first formed, in childhood, and in the domestic circle* ; and being once formed, it is a task of extreme difficulty to alter them.’

We regret that our limits will not allow us to add the valuable hints he has thrown out, upon “*the cultivation of the powers of conversation*.” But we refer our readers to the address itself, not only for the able and original suggestions which it contains, upon the defects of the common system of education, and the remedies he proposes to supply them, but for the manly, plain and lucid style in which it is written. Mr. Gallaudet is already favorably known to the world, not only for his exertions in the cause of humanity, but as the author of a volume of excellent sermons, preached in the chapel of the Oratoire, in Paris, several years ago. The present address will detract nothing from the fair fame that he has earned. We owe an apology to him for thus separating some of his valuable remarks from their proper connexion, and thereby, in some measure, detracting from their force.

**THE TWO MAIDENS.**

ONE came—with light and laughing air,  
 And cheek like opening blossom,  
 Bright gems were twined amid her hair,  
 And glittered on her bosom,  
 And pearls and costly bracelets deck  
 Her round white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,  
 The jewelled robe around her,  
 And dazzling as the noontide light  
 The radiant zone that bound her;  
 And pride and joy were in her eye,  
 And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came—o'er her mild face  
 A pensive shade was stealing,  
 Yet there no grief of earth we trace,  
 But that deep holy feeling,  
 Which mourns the heart should ever stray  
 From the pure fount of Truth away.

Around her brow, as snow-drop fair,  
 The glossy tresses cluster,  
 Nor pearl, nor ornament was there,  
 Save the *meek spirit's* lustre—  
 And faith and hope beamed from her eye,  
 And angels bowed as she passed by.

CORNELIA.

**THE OLD ELM TREE.**

EACH morning, when my waking eyes first see,  
 Through the wreathed lattice, golden day appear,  
 There sits a robin on the old elm tree,  
 And with such stirring music fills mine ear  
 I might forget that life had pain or fear,  
 And feel again, as I was wont to do,  
 When hope was young, and joy, and life itself were new.

Nor miser, o'er his heaps of hoarded gold,  
 Nor monarch, in the plenitude of power,  
 Nor lover, free the chaste maid to enfold,  
 Who ne'er hath owned her love, till that blest hour;  
 Nor poet, couched in rocky nook, or bower,  
 Knoweth more heart-felt happiness than he,  
 That never tiring warbler of the old elm tree.

And listening to his joy inspiring lay,  
 Some meet reflections are engendered thence,  
 As, half in tears, unto myself I say,  
 God, who hath given this creature sources, whence  
 He such delight may gather, and dispense,  
 Hath in my heart joy's living fountain placed,  
 More free to flow, the oftener of its wave I taste.

From even the poorest of His creatures, such  
 As know no rule but impulse, we may draw  
 Lessons of sweet humility, and much  
 Of apt instruction in the homely law  
 Of nature;—and the time hath been, I saw  
 Naught, beautiful, or mean, but had for me  
 Some charm, even like the warbler of the old elm tree.

A. M. W.

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### LEGEND OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

MANY years ago I was in the habit of paying an annual visit to the White Mountains in New-Hampshire. At that time they were comparatively unfrequented; to ascend them, was thought a remarkable adventure, and to reach their base, over the rough and dangerous roads which formed the only avenues to that region, was an exertion which it required much grandeur of scenery to repay. My horse was used to such travelling, and my equipage was exceedingly simple; so that without preparing for disappointment by long anticipation, I began the journey almost as soon as I resolved upon it: I never failed to enjoy it, far better, I believe, than those who are obliged to share the joys and sorrows of a large and complaining party; better perhaps than I myself could enjoy it now, when the meditation inspired by the lonely greatness of the mountains is liable to be interrupted by the bright sparkling of coach wheels in the valley below.

I have heard some say that they were disappointed in the scenery; the truth was, that they knew not what they expected to see, and had never learned to admire the beautiful and grand of nature. They would have been just as much dis-

appointed in visiting the passes of the Alps. The defect is not in nature, but in themselves. Certainly nothing can be finer than the boldness with which the mountains on each side of the pass approach each other, as if to form an eternal barrier; or the loud voice with which the rivers force their way through them, as if repeating to the hills the command of God, to give way before them. The road hangs like a gallery on the side of the mountain, which rises to a vast height directly above it; in the valley below the road, is a river whose farther bank is formed by another mountain. As the traveller passes in this narrow road, he is almost sprinkled by the spray from two or three brooks, which fall from a great height directly above him, springing from rock to rock, through little clumps of mountain ash, and dashing themselves into white foam from the highest place where the eye can see them, till they fall at his feet. The sun is early lost beneath the narrow horizon of the valley, and his light is beautifully cast on the highest ridges, and here and there on the sides of the vast walls that seem to close entirely round it; while the blue of the sky has a depth and brilliancy, which if represented in a painting, would be pronounced too bright for nature.

In the pass of the mountains, though at some distance from the narrowest defile, on a field sloping from the foot of the mountain to the road, is a small house, not inhabited at the time when I was there. It was built, I believe, for the security of travellers, who are frequently overtaken here by the winter storms, which rush through the pass with tremendous power. There is no other house to be found for many miles, and lives would often be lost in the drifting snow, were it not for this little dwelling, which, however, has few attractions to one not hard pressed by a storm. The sashes of the windows were carefully placed in a corner of the room; the doors were swinging on their hinges, and every thing about the place had that peculiar air of solitude which is always found in the forsaken abodes of man. I secured my horse in the little stable, and walked about the place to select the best points of view. Without observing which way I rambled, I passed on in the road, and had already left the house at considerable distance, when I was surprised at the sight of an old man sitting by the wayside. It was not a very remarkable occurrence even for that region; but I had supposed that I was alone with nature, and was not

well pleased that the charm of solitude was broken. But we immediately began to converse together, for ceremony was a stranger in that region. With that freedom which seems not ungraceful in the aged, he inquired if my object was to visit the mountains. I readily satisfied him on this point, and found that my confidence was likely to be more than repaid. "I knew these mountains," said he, "before the old French war; but I was a boy then, and did not know that any of the states were more level than this. When I was a laboring man, I thought nothing about them; but since I have grown old, and a walk of ten miles is enough to fatigue me, I think more of these things than in my busier years. I remember when they gave that highest peak the name of Washington! You look as if some of those rougher and steeper summits were higher;—just so it was with the man;—some said that others were greater men, but we are easily deceived; and see that cloud, which has swept the tops of the other peaks as it sailed along, did not rise near to his! I love to look at that mountain, because it reminds me of my old commander, and I suppose we should think much more of these places, if they reminded us of men, and what they have suffered or done. Now, there is a little hill with a few trees upon it, that you never would notice; but it is as striking to me as the greatest of all these mountains, only because a poor girl died and was buried there a long time ago."

I was more disposed to listen to the old man's traditions than to his reflections;—so both of us having seated ourselves on the little elevation to which his history referred, he commenced his narration, which I am sorry I cannot give in his own words.

Many years ago, a wealthy man in the state of New-Hampshire became the owner of a large tract north of the White Mountains. Influenced, perhaps, by some desire of entering into those speculations in land, which have since brought ruin to many, and wealth to a few, he built a house in this inhospitable region, intending to pass the summer months here with his family. The first season of their residence here was sufficiently favorable;—the father found enjoyment enough in framing impracticable plans of improvement, and the children were constantly amused by the novelty of the scene;—they were continually wondering at the changing colors of the mountains at the different hours



of the day. It is true that they were not sufficiently acquainted with nature, to realize the sublimity of the scene, which was then almost unknown to tourists ; but the real desolation of the region was very impressive, and the thoughts of their distance from the habitations of men,—the silence, only broken by the cattle of the farm, or the dog of the solitary hunter, together with the frequent appearance of beasts of prey, oppressed them at times with a painful feeling of dread. The Indians, though they were friendly, contributed to this impression. They often stopped for refreshment at the house, and repeated to the household, legends of the beings with which their wild fancy had peopled the “*chrystal mountains.*”

A girl of eighteen had removed to this place with the family at the beginning of summer. She had been an inmate of the household from her earliest youth, and was treated by them with entire confidence and kindness, which she returned with warm and grateful affection. She went with them reluctantly, for she left a lover in the town, who used all his persuasion to induce her to remain ; but she felt that her services were needed by the family, and refused, for a time at least, to leave them. The children were going to a dreary habitation, where her place, she knew could not be supplied by a stranger ;—therefore she determined that for a time, the claims of love should give place to those of gratitude and duty. It was not altogether selfishness that induced the family to accept her offer to go with them. Her attachment was not yet avowed, but they well knew its object ; they knew also what was concealed from her, that the young man was entirely unworthy of her. They could not endure the thought, that the friend who was dear to them all, should be so sacrificed ; and every time they heard her beauty praised, or received some new proofs of her self-devotion to them, they resolved in their hearts to do every thing to save her from throwing her happiness away. They supposed that the attachment had never been confirmed by mutual promises, and that absence would soon efface it ; they were glad, therefore, to have the opportunity of removing her from society, which they thought dangerous to her peace and welfare. But it was too late. She reposed the most perfect and simple trust in the good faith of her lover, and it never entered her mind that she could be untrue to him. The family were not aware of the

strength of her passion, or they would never have thought of such an expedient for removing it: certainly, a place where the cares of the household could not fill all the time, and the unvaried solitude round them was always weighing upon the heart, was ill chosen to divert the thoughts from a favorite object; the effect, as might have been anticipated, was, that her affection was increased by the separation, till the idea of her absent lover was hardly ever absent from her heart.

For the first few weeks of her absence, she heard from him often. Pedlars from the town, would provide themselves with messages to the family, in order to make sure of their hospitality as they journeyed to Vermont; and sometimes a solitary traveller would ride up to their door, and drawing out an enormous black pocket-book, carefully explore its caverns in search of his despatches. She would be the first to discern one of these worthies, while yet at a great distance, winding along the mountain side;—she would gaze at him, coloring with anger at his delay, then blushing and half-laughing at her own impatience;—she could not comprehend his unconsciousness of the treasure which he bore, and often wondered at the satisfaction with which he told them all the news of the city—a thing so unimportant in her eyes. While the wayfaring man was telling of rumors of wars and all the changes of state affairs, she would bear off her letter in triumph to her chamber, and there, impatient as she had been to receive it, would gaze long upon it without breaking the seal;—then would read it again and again with still increasing pleasure. It could not however escape her, after the lapse of two months, that his letters were neither so long nor frequent as they had been, and she could not disguise from herself, that if his letters expressed his feeling, it was cold compared with her own.

At length his letters ceased to arrive; but deeply as she felt the neglect, she never had been in the habit of communicating her feelings, and as she kept on in her usual cares, no one perceived how sadly she laid it to heart. The family were pleased with her apparent firmness, and began to be convinced that if the absence could be prolonged, he would be entirely forgotten. They saw that she grew pale, and wasted; but as she made no complaint, they attributed it to severe exertion, and made arrangements to relieve her

from the labor. Even this was injudicious kindness; for her mind thus left to itself, could not lift up that overwhelming thought which pressed upon it like the monument above the dead. As the autumn came, they began to make their preparations to return to the town. The hillsides, after wearing for a time the gay livery of autumn, had put on a dark russet hue, and the mighty winds gathering from the north, and rushing through the passes of the mountains, began to sweep away the forest leaves by millions; every thing was prophetic of the coming desolation.

With a strange confidence in the success of their plans, the family having determined to leave a man, with his wife, to take charge of the house during the winter, proposed to the poor girl to remain with them, telling her how much more security they should feel, at leaving the charge of their property in her hands. She heard the proposal with astonishing firmness, and said not a word in resistance to the plan. The truth was, she had suffered long in silence, and was now growing indifferent to everything;—she had lost the best attraction of life, and why should she wish to return to the place, where her perjured lover was perhaps trifling with the affections of some other innocent heart? When the preparations for the journey were made, and the family were taking leave, they were a little surprised at the coldness with which she saw them go; but their thoughts were too much set on their house to think much of her hidden feelings. It was not till she heard the wheels rattling away from the door, that she felt her utter desolation, and wept with the convulsive sobs of childhood, as if, in the beautiful language of the volume she daily read, she would “pour out her soul” in tears of agony and disappointed love.

One morning in winter, when the mountains and the roads were covered, though not deep, with snow, she saw a traveller driving his loaded sleigh to the door. With an impulse that she could not resist, she ran out and asked if he had brought any letters for her. She was alarmed at the look of compassion with which the man regarded her, while he searched for the letter which he gave her; then declining to enter the house, he told her that in two days he should be there again on his return, and drove away. No one witnessed this meeting, and she instantly retired, pale and breathless, to her chamber, where she tore open the letter. It was from her lover, who acknowledged his unwor-

thiness and his infidelity to her affection—but he said that misery, crime had brought him to the death bed. He had made arrangements with the bearer of the letter to return with her, if she could consent to see and forgive him before he died. Her feelings rose almost to frenzy as she read his mournful and penitent words. How could she wait two days, when days seemed ages? She leaned upon the table in thought for a few moments, then folding the letter in her bosom, she called her little dog that attended her in her walks, and went forth on her hopeless journey, unseen by any eye of man. The sky was cloudy, and of unusual blackness—the wind was low, but sounded its note of dreadful preparation,—every thing foretold one of the fiercest storms of winter; but she regarded them not, and after a moment's prayer to God, she went her way.

The simple tenants of the house were alarmed at her long absence;—the day passed, she came not—the storm grew more terrible as the night came on, but the night brought no tidings of her. Through the long night they vainly endeavored to conjecture what could have become of her, and as soon as the morning dawned, the man went many miles to collect a party to make search for the wanderer. The snow lay deep in the roads as they made their way through the whole length of the pass of the mountains;—at last she was discovered sitting at the foot of a tree on a small hill by the wayside. The dog had crept into the folds of her cloak beneath her arm, and was still keeping watch beside her—her look was that of life, but she was cold as the marble of the tombs, and a letter was found grasped in her hand, which was torn as they drew it away.

The old man was right! we do look with the deepest interest on scenes which remind us of the presence, and the feelings, and sufferings of man. I could turn coldly away from the sublimest scenery of the mountain, to gaze on the nameless hill which reminds me of the fatal constancy of a simple and affectionate heart.

## THE DREAM.

“Why didst thou rise so early love ?  
 The morn is cold and drear;”—  
 “Mother, if dreams are true, to-day  
 My Henry will be here.

For all night long I dreamed of him,  
 I saw him—saw him come—  
 Methought his cheek was very pale,  
 But then he spoke of home;

A safe and quiet home he said—  
 I wished it had been gay;  
 Yet still I vowed to go with him,  
 Though e'er so far away.

And then, I thought, my hand he clasped,  
 And bade me keep my vow;  
 His hand was damp and icy cold,  
 I feel its chilling now.”

“O ! dreams are idle phantoms, child,  
 The vapours of the brain;  
 They fade like mists before the sun,  
 Nor form, nor trace retain.

The thoughts that haunt our waking hours,  
 Our sleeping minds control;  
 So wise men say who claim to know  
 The workings of the soul.

They laugh at superstitions fears,  
 And call poor woman weak,—  
 Wouldst thou not blush to hear it said  
 A dream could blanch thy cheek?

Hark, hark ! the bell—its sound is death—  
 Who bear they on yon bier?  
 A manly form”—“ ’Tis he, ’tis he—  
 My Henry,—he is here !”

She clasped his hand—one low, deep sigh  
 Her breaking heart betrayed;  
 And the same safe, quiet grave,  
 The plighted pair were laid.

CORNELIA.

**CHILDREN AT THEIR WINTER SPORTS.**

Gay little group!—released from school,  
 And weary of pedantic rule,  
 Who with light step, and frolic air  
 The smooth lake's frozen surface dare,  
 And from the blasts that strew the plain  
 With gathering snows, no change sustain,  
 Save brighter spirits in the eye,  
 And on the cheek a deeper dye.  
 Oh! still with quenchless ardor share  
 The season free from wo and care.

Approaching years, with hasty flight  
 Will add a cubit to your height;  
 But slowly every setting sun  
 May damp your pleasures, one by one,  
 And every noiseless twilight steal  
 Some gem the heart would fain conceal.  
 Then ere experience wake the sigh  
 O'er earthly hope's infirmity,  
 Ere sorrow bind you to her sway,  
 Ye sweetly sportive group, be gay.

H.

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**THE DEPARTED.**

LANENT not the dead!  
 He is peacefully sleeping;  
 And love near his bed  
 Her long vigil is keeping;  
 The young eye of gladness  
 Is faded and dim;  
 And fond ones in sadness  
 Are mourning for him.

Their grief will depart;  
 Their affections deceive them;  
 And wo to the heart  
 That too firmly believes them.  
 The tears of their sorrow  
 Are fervent to-day,  
 But hope comes to-morrow  
 And charms them away.

But there's one will be true  
 Though all the rest alter;  
 Her tears may be few,  
 But her heart will not falter :  
 In life they were parted;  
 He was not her own :  
 But now, broken hearted,  
 She weeps him alone.

Knows she not there's a rest  
 Where love will be surer,  
 And the hearts of the blessed  
 Shall be brighter and purer ?  
 Long ages and pleasures  
 Shall dawn on despair,  
 And the heart that she treasures  
 Shall welcome her there.

C.

## SONNET.

TO MARIANNE.

Can I forget thy sad and downcast look  
 When last we parted?—When I said farewell,  
 Some sudden doubts and fears upon thee fell,  
 And, all at once, the smiles thy lips forsook.  
 It was not needed; for my love to thee  
 Is twined so close about my inmost soul,  
 Over my thoughts and life holds such controul,  
 I cannot fail of faith and constancy.  
 What though I mingle in the wild affray,—  
 On fame, wealth, honor, glory fix my eyes?  
 'Tis but a seeming homage that I pay  
 These vulgar idols; should I gain the prize,  
 My triumph then will only be complete  
 When I can lay my laurels at thy feet.

COLIMETIS.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

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"BLUE STOCKING HALL. *In 2 vols. New York.*"—We have already, in another number, alluded to that popular appetite for works of fiction, which has led so many writers to select them as the vehicle of religious, political and historical truths. The present is another offspring of these lectures in disguise, containing an able vindication of the right of the female sex to share with the other in the highest branches of intellectual cultivation. The plot is very simple. A young man, nurtured in the schools of fashion, and taught in all its wretched principles, and hypocritical formalities, visits, in pursuit of health, a family of relatives in Ireland. Their mansion, from the literary attainments of its tenants, had received the ill-omened name of "Blue Stocking Hall;" and our hero arrives with fearful apprehensions of being addressed only in "words of learned length;" the technicalities of chemistry, or the barbarous nomenclature of botany. The gradual conquest over his prejudices, by the united power of affection, taste, intelligence and piety, as displayed in a well governed and well educated family, is described in these volumes; while other parts of the narrative place in contrast the real wretchedness of a mind versed only in what "the world" call "accomplishments," with no higher ends or nobler principles.

Such a work deserved to find a partial critic, especially in the pages of a "Ladies' Magazine." But we can, without this bias, recommend it highly to such of our readers, as wish to see an interesting subject well discussed, and in our opinion, justly decided. Few more unfounded prejudices have ever swayed the opinions of men, than the long prevalent, and even now too common dislike of what are called "learned ladies." The influence of this general feeling on the formation and culture of the female mind, has been but too truly delineated by *Miss Aikin*, in her "*Epistles on Women.*"

"She, frail offspring of an April morn,  
Poor, helpless passenger from love to scorn,  
While dimpled youth her sprightly cheek adorns,  
Blooms a sweet rose, a rose amid the thorns;  
A few short hours, with faded charms, to earth  
She sinks, and leaves no vestige of her birth.  
E'en while the youth, in love and rapture warm,  
Sighs as he hangs upon her beauteous form,  
Careless and cold he views the beauteous mind,  
For virtue, bliss, eternity designed.  
'Banish, my fair,' he cries, 'those studious looks,  
Oh! what should beauty learn from crabbed books?  
Sweetly to speak, and sweetly smile, be thine!  
Beware, nor change that dimple to a line!'  
Well pleased she hears, vain triumph lights her eyes;  
Well pleased, in prattle and in smiles complies.  
But eyes, alas! grow dim, and roses fade,  
And man contemns the trifer he has made;  
The glass reversed, by magic power of spleen,  
A wrinkled idiot now the fair is seen;  
Then with the sex his headlong rage must cope,  
And stab with Juvonal, or sting with Pope."



But, while we praise this work, as well adapted to the end proposed by its author, and excepting, in a few pages, where party feelings are too prominent, commend the principles supported, we cannot pay it the compliment of calling it a *very* interesting tale. The adoption of the epistolary form is, perhaps, one reason of this defect; but we fear that the author would be, in every shape, in some degree liable to the charge of dulness, from those who are less disposed than ourselves to respect him as the champion of the rights of woman.

“*FLIRTATION. In 2 vols.*”—These volumes will be found highly interesting, and the lesson inculcated in them important and valuable. They contain the different histories of two sisters, the one a *flirt*, the other in character and conduct what a woman ought to be. With these are connected the fortunes of *Lord Mowbray*, who, after doing penance, by years of unhappiness, for a youthful *flirtation*, reaps at last the reward of merit and sincerity. To some parts of the narrative we should object, as wanting in probability, and to some of the characters, as too darkly colored.

While this work is well adapted to warn against the course of conduct delineated in it, by showing its fatal tendencies, the author has left the greater part of his comprehensive title without illustration or comment. The *flirtations* which cause the most mischief in society, are not the acts and words of gross impropriety, chiefly specified in these volumes, but those little acts and words, almost trifling in themselves, which deceive another, without too deeply involving the author; which, like the happy ambiguity of many French phrases, are intended to convey one meaning to the object, while a safe retreat is provided for the actor under another. Though we hope at some future time, to apply, in our own pages, some wholesome castigation to this class of *flirts*, of both sexes, we regret having been disappointed in expecting to find a useful and powerful coadjutor in this author.

“*THE WELL SPENT HOUR—From No. 1 to 9. Boston, Waite, Greene & Co.*”

This little work is published in a series of numbers, to be completed, we are informed, with the twelfth. The happy art, with which instruction and amusement are blended together, and adapted to the youthful mind, in the parts now published, has induced us, though it may seem prematurely, thus early to recommend it to every mother among our readers. We are particularly pleased with its freedom from one growing defect in books published for the use of children—we mean their *novel-like* character. Some recent works of this class, will be found to contain in ten small pages, the outlines of two duodecimos, with all the mishaps of love, till it reaches its crisis in matrimony. In the “*Well Spent Hour*,” we find the true medium, of a story sufficiently interesting to impress the lesson upon the memory, with no unnecessary incidents.

The *fourth* and *eighth* numbers we would mention with peculiar approbation. The principles, inculcated in all, deserve to be implanted in every mind.

# LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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Vol. I.

APRIL.

No. IV.

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## NOVELS AND NOVEL READING.

Not many years ago, the word *novel* was a charm to conjure up evil imaginations with, and the fathers and mothers of New-England started back and turned pale at the sound. At present there is scarcely a window seat or work table, that is not occupied by three or four of those dapper volumes that the eye recognises in a moment for the offspring of the novel writing muse. In truth these compositions have become a necessary of life, and as regularly as the East India ship contributes its boxes and half boxes of hyson and souchong to furnish forth our tea tables, so regularly the London and Liverpool packets import some scores of new novels for our mental refreshment;—to say nothing of domestic productions, which some patriotic people stoutly maintain to be full equal to the foreign.

It is a change for the better. I do not believe that education, of which men talk so much, can essentially change the world in a moral point of view. If, as Milton tells us, the Creator, at the Fall, gave it in charge to his angels,

to turn ascance,  
The polls of earth, twice ten degrees or more  
From the sun's axle—

think you the labor of mortal man can rectify the obliquity? and is it not easier to remedy physical than moral evil? But whatever may be the connexion between letters and moral purity, they certainly open a never failing source of innocent gratification. Who has not felt the healing influences of a good novel, when "the whole heart has been sick, the whole head sore?" And how many men,

had they known, of this mental cordial, would never have sought relief in the bottle, at the hazard of life, health and respectability?

Indeed, of all written compositions, the novel is the most popular. I suppose, because the "cool element of prose" is the element of the generality of men. We support with labor the higher flights of the poet, and orator, but sink fondly down to the easy, unlabored, conversational style of the novel. Besides, the higher poets choose subjects in which the generality of men feel little concern, and the loftiness of the heroic theme, if it adds dignity, diminishes interest, while compositions essentially didactic, how artfully soever the writer may conceal the barrenness of his subject, must sometimes betray their inherent dulness. But the novelist enters the wide and fruitful fields of domestic and social life; he touches sometimes, indeed, the higher passions and emotions, but his chief power lies in the developement of those lesser and ever-acting motives which direct our daily conduct, so that our usual, every day feelings, become the "responsive strings of his minstrelsy." It is true that many of the later novelists have shown much antiquarian and local knowledge,—some taste and more imagination, in the illustration of manners; but after all, this is rather coloring than substance, and for the firm outline, the judicious light shades, for every thing that gives life and spirit and motion to the picture, we must look to the pencil of the artist, who has successfully studied the human heart. And all the good influences on the mind, the heart, and the feelings, which the poet can exert, the novelist can exercise with a power more universal and prevailing, in proportion as his works are more universally read and admired.

But men of perverted taste and morals have ever abounded, who have been ready and willing to give up their pages for vice and folly, to keep "leets and lawdays" in; and why should we expect that novel writing, the most popular of compositions, should remain unabused, when bad men have made the obscure details of grammar and philology, the grave speculations of science, even religion itself, the vehicles of their false sophisms, and loose morality?

So little knows any to value right  
The good before him, but perverts best things  
To worst abuse—

When I eulogise poetry as "a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things," I would not be understood to recommend the wits of Charles the second's time, nor to extol the dulness of Blackmore or the malignancy of Byron,—and when I recommend novel reading, I do not mean to praise the foppery of Miss Porter, the horrors of Maturin, or the vulgarity of Smollet or Sterne. Yet let me suggest, not as an apology for those who write, but as a warning to all who read, that evil passions and evil inclinations are much more dangerous than evil books. The sensualist will extract poison from the purest page, the modest can blush without being corrupted.

Nor when I recommend novels, do I recommend them to the exclusion of every thing else. Novel reading is a luxury, and like every other luxury, ought to be temperately indulged in. The philosopher, who was so intent on his mental calculations, that he took the finger of the lady who sat next him for a tobacco stopper, and the girl whose head is so filled with "gay romance," that she goes with her shoes slipshod, her gown torn, and her hair hanging about her ears, are equally in fault; both have forgotten the great rule *ne quid nimis*;—both have transgressed that golden mean, which is alike to be aimed at in things temporal and spiritual, our estates, our manners, our morals, our religion.

COLIMETIS.

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### THE RECORD ON THE TREE.

Yes, I am changed—but still the tree remains  
 As green and beautiful as when its shade,  
 Screening from summer heats, the fresh soft grass,  
 With tufts of moss and the weed violet mixed,  
 I deemed the sweetest spot the earth contained.  
 'Twas here my childish gambols oft were played;  
 'Twas here my youthful visions brightest came;  
 'Twas here my spirit felt devotion's power,  
 And framed its first spontaneous prayer to heaven:  
 Till then the orison my mother taught,  
 When o'er my pillow bent she kissed my cheek;

And bade me sleep, for God would watch the rest  
 Of those who called him "Father" in their hearts,  
 Waft all the adoration I had paid,  
 O, why do heavenly visions from the mind  
 Pass like the rainbow mists that wreath around  
 And gild with beauty the misshapen rock?  
 While like that rock when shivered by the storm,  
 The fragments of our worldly schemes must lie  
 Athwart our path, and every step be pained  
 With fears or dread, with sorrow or remorse.  
 Miranda, can thine image sorrow wake?  
 As strives the anchorite to purchase heaven,  
 I strove thy smile of tenderness to win;  
 And I did win it, and beneath this tree  
 We pledged our mutual faith.—I see her now,  
 The smile and tear upon her blushing cheek,  
 Like light and dew upon the summer rose,  
 When here the record of our names I showed,  
 Deep carved upon the tree;—and then she said,  
 In those soft, tremulous tones which naught but love  
 Can teach the human voice—"The heart alone  
 Keeps records undefaced." And then she paused,  
 And raised her timid eyes and met my gaze;  
 I vowed fidelity and she believed!  
 'Twas then, as now, the season of bright flowers,  
 And thus the sun's last beams their radiance flung,  
 Gilding the peak of yonder alpine hill;  
 And mellowed by the distance and the glow,  
 The rugged steep look beautiful, as fair  
 As did the world before me—love was mine,  
 And hope's bright beams ambition's summit crowned;  
 —I gained it—there was naught but barrenness!  
 And then, Miranda, I remembered thee;—  
 Remembered, did I say? I ne'er forgot—  
 But man, amid the bustling world, casts off  
 The chords of tenderness that bind his soul  
 While dwelling in the calm domestic scene:  
 Home is the sphere of constancy and truth,  
 And peace, ambition's votaries never knew,  
 But perfect peace makes not her gods of clay;  
 And home, the blessed Eden of our earth,  
 May feel a blight upon its fairest flowers,  
 The wasting blight of unrequited love.  
 And thus, my gentle one, thy heart was broke!  
 They tell me thou did'st part in peacefulness—  
 Thy Saviour's arm beneath thee, and His smile  
 So lighting the dark passage to the grave,

That thou, who did'st not dare to tread alone,  
 When night was o'er the world, a well known path,  
 Entered the vale of death with songs of joy.  
 Religion triumphs when its followers die.  
 Death holds the mighty Talisman that shows  
 The human heart, and seals man's character.  
 And thou, my love, art sealed a child of heaven.  
 And angels welcomed thee, and thou hast seen  
 The glory of His light who made the sun,  
 And still life's darkened desert round me spreads !  
 But weeping while this record I peruse,  
 Where thy dear name is yet with mine conjoined,  
 One hope, with seraph lustrous beams afar,  
 Like the blest star that guides the wanderer home,  
 The hope that we may meet.—My soul's first prayer,  
 The morning incense of my life arose,  
 When here I bowed the knee !—Give to the world  
 The heart and soul and strength—there's no reward,  
 Save barren promises, or bitter bread—  
 But all the hours we dedicate to God  
 Bear golden fruit. The multitude have bowed,  
 And watched my smile, and listening senates hung  
 Upon my eloquence, and thundered praise.  
 T'was grand !—tis nothing !—But that broken prayer  
 Comes o'er my spirit like a heavenly balm  
 My bleeding heart to heal.—A still small voice  
 Seems whispering—"Faith and prayer can bear thee up,  
 And many mansions are prepared above,  
 And harps of angels hail the Penitent."

CORNELIA.

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## SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

### NO. IV.

#### THE SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

" Old men forget; yet all shall not be forget,  
 " But they'll remember with advantages,  
 " The feats they did that day."

ALMOST every man, who is advanced in years, has, in his past life, some particular period which is remembered with peculiar interest. The circumstances connected with that period are treasured in the memory, often repeated, and but few topics of conversation can be introduced without fur-

“Yes, and we obtained it,” replied the old gentleman, briskly sitting upright in his chair; “and the country is now enjoying the reward of our labors and sufferings. Those were dark days,” he continued, with the air of one who is endeavoring to recal ideas of scenes, and feelings long past, and almost forgotten. “Dark days and perilous times for America, Mr. Freeman;—and the events of that period cannot be too often related to the rising generation.”

He paused, and seemed gathering strength and breath for a long harangue, and the young people expected the history of his three campaigns. Horace Freeman had heard the whole just six times over, and Maria at least sixty—but she was never tired of listening to her grandfather, and Horace, if he might but look on her, could listen very patiently.

It is probable the old gentleman noticed the glances interchanged by the lovers, and that they recalled forcibly to his mind some passages in his early life—at least it might have been so inferred, as the circumstances he proceeded to narrate, he had never before been heard to mention.

Captain Blake resumed—“It is easy for you young men to imagine the deeds of valor you should have performed, had you lived in the days that tried men’s souls—but it is not in the battle that the heart or courage is most severely tested. Indeed there are but few men who feel any fear to fight when once the engagement has begun; ’tis the anticipation of the combat that makes cowards, and sometimes brave men tremble. But the most painful moment of a soldier’s life, at least of those who have a dear home and kind friends, is when they part from them. I said the expedition under General Starke was the first I joined. When the news of the Lexington Battle arrived, I was eager to be a soldier—but my father objected. “No, my son,” he said, “you are not yet arrived at your full strength, and the country requires the assistance of men, I will go.” And he went, and fought at Bunker Hill—and in the retreat across Charlestown neck he was wounded by a cannon ball from the British man of war. The ball shattered his right knee, and amputation was found necessary. It was some time before he could be brought home, and he never recovered his former health. My father was a poor, but a very respectable man; for in those days the display of wealth was not necessary to make a man respected. Good sense, industry, economy

and piety were passports to the best society among the descendants of the pilgrims. My father possessed all these requisites; and, moreover, his reputation for personal courage and tried patriotism was firmly established,—for who could doubt either, when his harangues, justifying the proceedings of Congress and condemning the British ministry, were always followed by a vivid description of the Bunker Hill battle, and the pain he endured from his wound, the whole closed by the solemn declaration, that his greatest anxiety and distress, during the whole operation on his limb, arose from the conviction that he was, for the future, incapacitated from taking an active part in defending the liberty of his country. My father had one enemy and opponent. This was a man by the name of Saunders, our nearest neighbor. They moved into the wilderness together, and it might have been expected that mutual hardships would have made them mutual friends. But, in the first place, there was no similarity of mind or temper between them—and in the second place, Saunders married a rich wife; giving him an advantage in point of property, which he was very fond of displaying. My father, though various untoward accidents kept him poor, was nevertheless proud, and knew his own abilities were far superior to those of his neighbor; and so, the more ostentatiously Saunders displayed his wealth, the more contemptuously my father treated his opinions. There was scarcely a point on which they agreed; and when the troubles between Great Britain and the Colonies commenced, they immediately took different sides; my father was a flaming whig, and it was perhaps as much to avoid being termed a follower of his, for my father always took the lead in town meetings—as from principle, that Saunders declared himself for the government.

It would be a curious inquiry to trace the operation of the causes that have contributed to establish those principles, which men often boast of having adopted solely from a conviction of their truth and usefulness. How much of personal convenience, of private pique, of selfishness, envy, anger or ambition, would be found to mingle in the motives of the patriot and the politician! But this we will not now discuss. My father was a firm friend of his country, and a fervent christian; but he had, like



other good men, his infirmities ; and among them, perhaps none was more conspicuous than a persevering habit of advancing his own sentiments on almost every occasion, and a dogmatical obstinacy in defending them. And he availed himself to the utmost of the advantage which the popularity of his own opinions gave him over his adversary. Though I embraced with enthusiasm my father's political sentiments, yet one reason made me regret, very much, the animosity that seemed every day more bitter, between him and Mr. Saunders. There was a fair girl in the case, and I was just at the age when the affections of the heart are most warm and romantic. Mary Saunders was not an extraordinary beauty: I have seen fairer girls than she ; but I never saw one whose expression of countenance was more indicative of purity of mind and sweetness of temper. But you can judge for yourself, Mr. Freeman, for Maria here is her very image—all but the eyes. Mary Saunders had black eyes ; and black is, in my opinion, much the handsomest color for the eye, and generally the most expressive. Maria's eyes, you see, are blue—do, my love, look up—but their expression is very much like her grandmother's eyes."

Horace Freeman was doubtless very glad of an opportunity of examining, and that too by the permission of her guardian, the eyes of the girl he adored ; but her confusion and blushes admonished him that the indulgence of his passion was fraught with pain to the object of his affection, and he endeavored to change the conversation to the subject of the battle of Bennington.

" You observed, you accompanied General Stark," said he to the old man ; " were you present when the tories under Baum were defeated ?"

" Was I ?" returned the old gentleman, his eyes flashing with the keenness of youthful ardor—" I guess I was, and I believe I have told you the whole story ; nevertheless I will detail it again, some time, as I find you like to hear such accounts, as indeed all sensible young men do ; but now I was intending more particularly to tell my own feelings and views when I first left home ; accounts of battles are quite common, but we seldom read or hear a description of that warfare of mind which every soldier must undergo when he, for the first time, girds himself and goes

forth to fight. I said I loved Mary Saunders, and she returned my affection ; but the difficulties, every day increasing, between our families, threatened to prevent our intercourse. Mr. Saunders was the first to object, and he intimated that my father encouraged the match, notwithstanding his pretended aversion to tories, because he thought it advantageous. This accusation kindled my father's anger to a high degree, for nothing roused his spirit like a charge of meanness—and so he absolutely prohibited me from seeing or speaking to Mary, or corresponding with her in any manner. How absurdly our passions are often allowed to control our reason and judgment, and even our inclination. At the time when Mary and I were thus positively forbidden to meet, had our fathers spoken their real sentiments, I am persuaded they would both of them have approved our affection for each other. I was always a favorite with Mr. Saunders, and as Mary was an only child, and had no companion at home, she had passed much of her time with my sisters, and my parents had seemed equally fond of her as of their own daughters. But now all intercourse between the families was annihilated, and for us to have met, would have been considered a great crime.

Party spirit was then, and always will be, wherever indulged, the bane of society and good neighborhood. But the peculiar circumstances in which the whigs were placed justified, in some measure, the asperity they cherished against all denominated tories. There are some nowadays that write histories of that war, and pretend to describe the feelings and spirit that then pervaded America, but this cannot be done. There was at that time agitation in the minds of men which words can never describe. The uncertainty that hung over the destiny of our country, the exertions and sacrifices that all good patriots felt must be made before success could be hoped for—the possibility of a failure, and a dread of the consequences that must ensue, all these thoughts pressed on the soul, filling it with an indescribable anxiety and gloom. But though there was, sometimes, in the mind of the firmest and most determined patriot, doubt, there was seldom dismay. He considered the principles for which he contended so important, and the prize so glorious, that even though assured that he could not have succeeded, he would not have yielded. "Give

me liberty or give me death!" was not the motto of Patrick Henry only,—thousands of our citizens subscribed to the same sentiment. I remember when the news of the approach of Burgoyne's army, and the retreat of the Americans from Ticonderoga, reached us. We were at dinner when a messenger, sent by General St. Clair, to rouse the inhabitants of New-Hampshire to come to the assistance of the retreating army, entered our house abruptly, without even the ceremony of rapping at the door. The dress of the man showed him to be a soldier, and his countenance displayed such deep concern, that my father seemed instantly to guess his errand. He dropped his knife and fork, and turning his chair so as to face the messenger, demanded his news. I was always something of a physiognomist, and while the man related the disasters that had befallen our troops, and described the numbers and appearance of the British army, I watched my father's features, and never did I see such an expression as his then displayed. During the first part of the recital there was an eagerness, an agitation, a quivering of the lips and eyelids, that showed the deep, even painful sympathy he felt for the embarrassments of the American general—but when the royal commander was named, his brow instantly contracted, his eye dilated, every muscle of his face grew rigid as with determined resolve, and the stern expression of his features seemed bidding defiance to the whole British army. At length, while the man was proceeding to describe the proud array of the invading foe, and the number of the Indian allies, my father suddenly struck his clenched hand on the table, with a force and clatter that made all the children instantly start from their seats, while he exclaimed—"O! if it had only been God's will that I should have kept my leg, I would soon be on the ground and show them red coats the metal of a Yankee." I caught his eye as he ceased, and there was an instant change in his countenance. I presume he noticed the eagerness of my look, for there was nothing on earth, except to see Mary, that I then longed so much to do as to become a soldier. This my father had never appeared willing to permit. He could face danger without shrinking, but he trembled for me. I urged my wishes to go. He appeared for a few moments irresolute—drew his hand twice across his forehead, and then calmly said—"My son, you

may go. The crisis demands the sacrifice of all selfish and private feelings on the part of Americans—You shall go.”

To know the whole merit of the sacrifice my father then made, it will be necessary to state that I was the eldest of eleven children, all girls, excepting myself and the youngest babe. My father was not able to do any labor—it was in the month of July, when the farmer has, necessarily, so much business on his hands, and yet I am persuaded there was not one self-interested motive, excepting his fears of the danger to which I would be exposed, that caused his hesitation.

It is impossible, in these days of peace and plenty, to estimate truly the generous, devoted, self-denying spirit that was exhibited during the revolution. The thirst for private gain, that is now so engrossing, was then a feeble passion, compared with the ardor to promote the public good; and the final success of our arms is mainly to be attributed to the virtue and patriotism of the people. We had, to be sure, a commander worthy of our cause and country, one undoubtedly designed and prepared by heaven for the task he performed—but then, his powers and those of the Congress were so limited, he never would have succeeded, but for the zealous and spontaneous co-operation of our citizens. But I am wandering from the subject of my own feelings,” he continued, smiling, “as indeed I am very apt to do whenever I begin to think, or speak of the public excitement. But to comprehend rightly an old man’s story, you must allow him to tell it in his own way. Often when he appears to wander the most widely from his purpose, it is not that he forgets it, but because so many circumstances, which he thinks important, connected with the event he would relate, press on his mind, that he fears you will not get a right understanding of his subject, unless he relates all those circumstances. It is not so often from loss of memory that the aged are garrulous, as from remembering too much.

It was settled I should depart next morning, and all was bustle to prepare me for the expedition.

My father would himself inspect and arrange my military equipments. I had an excellent rifle, and a sufficient quantity of powder, but no bullets—but that deficiency was soon supplied. My mother tendered her pewter basons,

and we manufactured a sufficient quantity of shot to kill a whole regiment. My mother also packed among my clothes a huge roll of linen, for bandages, remarking as she did so, that she hoped I would not need it, but I might perhaps have it in my power to bind up the wounds of some poor creature. At that time the soldier had often to carry about him his hospital, as well as magazine. During all this my parents neither shed a tear nor uttered a desponding word; they even reproved my sisters for weeping, saying, that tears should be reserved for the dead—that they ought to rejoice they had a brother capable and willing to defend his country and family from the ruthless savages; and that God would not suffer the injustice of their oppressors long to triumph, if every American did his duty. In the meantime, my own mind was suffering a severe conflict. I did not fear the battle—I longed to engage in the fight; but there was something in this preparation for wounds and death, that could not but be somewhat appalling to one who had always lived in the security and shelter of home. I reflected on the possibility that I might never see that home again. All the kindness and affection of my parents and sisters, came fresh to my mind. The happy circle we had always formed around the fireside would be broken, and I knew there would be mourning for me. But there was *one* who I thought would weep bitter tears. I had not seen Mary, excepting at church, for more than six months; but I gathered from the expression of her countenance, that her regard for me was unaltered. She had doubtless suffered more from the separation than I. Women are more constant in their attachments than men, and they have fewer employments and resources to vary the current of their thoughts, and a disappointment of the heart is to them a constantly corroding sorrow. Mary had grown very pale and thin, and when I gazed on her as she joined in singing the praises of God, I had often felt as if she must soon be transferred to a happier world. And I had sometimes taxed my father with cruelty and injustice, in separating us, though, at the same time, I respected the high minded integrity that dictated the command; but I had never thought of disobeying him. He had in his look and manner, that kind of authority which seems to be delegated from heaven, and which will not brook to be disre-

garded ; such as we may imagine distinguished the patriarchs. Our pilgrim ancestors possessed this domestic authority in an eminent degree, and their descendants for several generations inherited it, though less dignified—but it now seems to be nearly extinct. Whether it was on the whole, more favorable to human improvement in virtue and happiness, than the present *reasoning* manner of family government, is a question I have never seen decided. I wish some one qualified for the task would give us their opinion on the subject. But to return to Mary, from whom my thoughts then seldom wandered. I could not endure the idea of leaving home without seeing her. I went to my father—I trembled in every joint, and the sweat started in large drops on my forehead, but nevertheless I retained sufficient firmness to tell him I must and would see Mary ; that I wished for his consent to visit her, and that perhaps it was the last request I should ever make him ; and then I added, that if I lived to return, I would still be as obedient to his commands, as I had hitherto been. How I summoned sufficient courage to tell him so much, was afterwards to me a matter of astonishment ; it might be that I felt rather more boldness from knowing I was soon to be a soldier.

I believe my father's first impulse was to rebuke and refuse me, for he assumed one of his stern looks that always quelled all opposition—but luckily for us both, he looked in my face, and I expect he became sensible I was not in a state to bear rebuke or disappointment. His first words were, "Do you wish to be friends with the enemies of your country, with traitors?"

I said, no—but that Mary was not an enemy of her country.

"But her father is," he replied, "and children do adopt, indeed they ought to adopt, the opinions of their parents."

"Not if they think that opinion wrong," said I. "And I have told you before that Mary did not approve her father's sentiments, and that she ought not to be judged and condemned on his account."

"I know," he replied, "that you think favorably of her. At your age this is not strange, but remember, that though I do not forbid your seeing her, if you insist upon it, I warn you of the consequences. The path of duty is now plain

before you ; it is to fight manfully for liberty and independence. You seem to have such strength and courage given you, as we may hope will bear you up ; but if you join hands with those who are wishing to riot in the blood of their country, you will probably be forsaken by Him who is the God of battles."

There was in my father's manner a solemnity that awed me, but still his prophetic warning had no effect to deter me from my purpose of seeing Mary. I knew what my father would not credit, that she was an enthusiast in the cause of her country, though the mildness and modesty of her disposition, and respect for her parent, restrained her from openly expressing her sentiments. Indeed, it is worthy of notice that during the whole war, the American women were almost universally patriots ; and they encountered their full share of privation and suffering, and that too with a cheerfulness and fortitude that often infused courage and vigor into the hearts of the almost desponding soldiery. And they not only submitted to separations from their friends without murmuring, but they exerted themselves to provide for their families at home, by performing much of the labor and business that usually devolves on the men. A volume of anecdotes might be collected of the heroism and devotion to freedom, manifested by the ladies during that period. There were wives, and mothers, and sisters, who encouraged and assisted to prepare for the battle, those they held dearest on earth. And there were maidens who animated their betrothed lovers for the fight. I was confident Mary was not deficient in this generous self-denying spirit, and I had no fear she would exert her power over me by endeavoring to dissuade me from going into the army. I did not then hesitate a moment on my own account ; but I had to procure the consent of her father, as well as mine, for the meeting. I wrote to Mr. Saunders, and very respectfully requested permission to visit his daughter, stating my reasons, and that my father had consented. I afterwards learned it was that which made Mr. Saunders object. He would agree to nothing that my father approved. He wrote me a very cool and provoking answer, in which he took care to repeat all the account of Burgoyne's success, and warn me against joining in a sinking cause ; and he concluded by declaring he would not allow one who was

intending to fight against his sovereign to visit at his house, and that his daughter entirely agreed with him in opinion. I was never so disappointed in my life, and I do not remember that I was ever more angry. The more so perhaps, because my father seemed to enjoy my chagrin. I did not believe Mary was thus indifferent about seeing me; but still a young man scarce twenty, and a lover beside, is not usually the most reasonable being under the sun. I thought of a thousand things, and imagined a thousand improbable events. These were some of my fancies. If the enemy should succeed, Saunders would doubtless join the victorious army, at least, he would wish to pay his compliments to Burgoyne; and he might take Mary with him; and I was too deeply in love to imagine any person could see her with indifference. And then I thought it probable some English officer would admire her, and succeed in gaining her hand—and then I felt as if I could annihilate the whole British host.

While I was indulging in one of these paroxysms of feeling, a boy who lived with Mr. Saunders appeared at the end of the lane leading to our house. I knew him in a moment, although it was nearly dark, and hastened to meet him. He brought me a letter from Mary. I know you expect I treasured that letter in my mind, and remember it now—and though it may sound rather silly to hear an old man like me, saying over his love-letters, I will repeat it. It had been begun with “Dear Samuel,”—but those words had been scratched out, though not so entirely but I could trace them. The next beginning was—“Worthy Friend, I have just seen a letter you sent my father, and from what he has told me, I fear you will think I am ungrateful and have forgotten you. But this I never shall do. I think of you almost constantly, and pray that you may be directed in the path of duty. I believe you are now pursuing it. I feel that our country needs aid, and wish I could render it. But that is out of my power; but if prayers and tears could avail to save you from harm, I would offer them daily. I do not say this to discourage you, but to show you that I approve your determination to be a soldier. May God shield you.—Mary Saunders.

P. S. I hope you will not forget me.”

“Such was the letter, word for word,” continued the old man. “I remember it well, for I carried it three years



in a little pocket book, and read it pretty often, as you doubtless guess. It was at the time a precious treasure, for it assured me of Mary's affection, and that she approved my being a soldier, and perhaps I departed with a lighter heart than I should have done had we actually met.

Early the next morning every thing was prepared, and the family all attended while my father made a most fervent and impressive prayer. I observed that he dwelt more earnestly on the salvation of his country, and prayed more heartily that the men who were going forth might have strength and resolution given them to conquer their proud and cruel enemies, than he did that they might be saved from danger and returned in safety. When he concluded, he took my hand; the pride of a soldier was in his eye as he glanced over my military equipments, but I observed a moisture there; and when he spoke, it was in a sharp, quick tone, as if he feared to trust the expression of his feelings, and even felt angry with himself for indulging them. "Sam," said he, wringing my hand as he spoke. "Sam, remember your duty. Your country now requires your services; and next to your duty to God, your country's claims are sacred. Go, and fight manfully for liberty. Remember it is better to die free than live a slave. Go, and God bless you."

"Samuel," said my mother, taking my hand in both of hers, and pressing it tenderly, while the tears gushed from her eyes—I had not seen her weep before. "Samuel, your father has told you what is your duty, and I know you will do it. I shall pray for you, and if you are hurt, remember the bandages and salve. I have put some salve into your pack, that is very excellent for wounds. Heaven keep you—farewell."

"I do not particularly remember what my sisters' said, nor indeed distinctly any thing else that passed, till I found myself on the brow of a hill that overlooked the farm of my father, and part of that belonging to Mr. Saunders. I paused there, and looked back on the scene I had left. The sun had not risen, but the eastern sky, as if preparing for his coming, was kindled up with those beautiful hues that the light of noonday never imparts. I saw the green woods stretching away on every side till they blended with the blue of the distant mountains. In those woods I had

hunted many a time. I heard the birds singing their morning songs; all spoke of peace except the shrilling of the jay, and that sounded in my ear like a call to battle. Beneath me lay the fields I had traversed so often—the windings of the little brook, the boundary that divided the estate of my father from that of his tory neighbor, were easily to be traced by the mist that hung over it; and I could distinctly see the favorite fishing place where I had passed many happy hours. And then there was the home in which I was born, and the trees in whose shade I had so often played with my sisters—and, in the small meadow, a seat beneath an old elm, where Mary and I had often met.

I saw all these, and the recollections they awakened, and the thought that, in all probability, I should never see that spot, and those objects, and my dear family, and Mary, again, came so painfully on my heart that my fortitude was overcome, and I wept and even sobbed aloud. I was in the battle at Bennington—I fought at Saratoga—I was one of the twenty under the command of Lieutenant Knox at the capture of Stoney Point—I have been wounded, and a prisoner. I have heard bullets whistle as they fell like hail, and seen men falling around me like leaves in autumn, and I have been in want of a crust of bread, but I never felt that fear, that utter despondency, that misgiving of spirit, which I endured when taking my leave of home.”

“But you did return, my dear Grandfather,” said Maria, wiping her eyes. “You did see that home again?”

“Yes,” he replied, “I returned to dwell there, and I married Mary; but, it was after my constitution was broken by fatigue and hardship, and my arm rendered, as you see, nearly useless by a fracture in the elbow. Nor had Mary been exempt from sorrow and suffering. The chagrin her father endured in being, as he was, confined to his farm, and knowing himself the object of suspicion, hatred and contempt of his neighbors, and the disappointment he felt at the failure of the British army, whose triumph he had so confidently predicted, all these things troubled him, and finally undermined his health. He fell into a consumption; but before he died, he renounced his tory principles, and my father and he became reconciled, and he consented I should marry Mary. And so when I returned from my last campaign, where I was disabled, by this wound in my

arm, from further service. Mary was the first to welcome me. But O! how pale and thin she looked. You young people have no experience, and can hardly form an idea of the trials we had endured. But we had the satisfaction of thinking our country would be free and independent; and it is so; and yet few, in these days of peace and prosperity, seem to remember that their freedom and privileges were purchased by the sweat, and toils, and blood, of the old soldier. Our statesmen seem to think it a mighty matter of grace to grant a small pension to those men by whose labors America was made a nation. But we have one consolation—they cannot rob us of the glory of having faithfully served our country.”

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#### MEMORY.

’Tis sweet, and yet ’tis sad, that gentle power  
That throws in winter’s lap the spring-tide flower!  
I love to dream of days my childhood knew,  
When with the sister of my heart time flew  
On wings of innocence, of hope! dear hours,  
When joys sprung up about our path like flowers!  
My sister! how her sweet looks blessed my sight;  
She seemed a creature born, but for delight;  
Her step so free, so wild her laughing eye,—  
Who would have thought so bright a thing should die?  
I will not think of it—but dream again  
Of what she was,—of what we both were then.

To watch the unfledged nurslings in their nest,  
But not to harm them, this was to be blest;  
Or, sweeter still, to sit beside the brook  
And con with her some precious story book;  
Or, arm in arm, through summer woods to rove,  
In artless interchange of childish love.

We little recked the ills that circumvent  
Life’s devious way—envy, and discontent,  
Falsehood, and fearful strife!—Without alloy,  
Life seemed a compound but of various joy:

Our smiles were clearer than the skies of June ;  
 Our tears were not of sorrow;—but full soon  
 The visions of my boyhood passed away,  
 And heavily life's pain upon me lay;  
 And now, 'tis sweet, though sad, alone to lie  
 Within the autumn moon's unclouded eye,  
 While memory renders back the pearls of cost  
 That else in Times oblivious wave were lost,  
 And bids me own at once and bless the power,  
 That throws in winter's lap the spring-tide flower.

A. M. W.

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 NIGHT.

Spirit of love! how strong thy power,  
 Amid these fragrant vales, at vesper hour;  
 When the bright moon, and western star,  
 Beam, sweetly beam, from their spheres afar.

Then the flowered citron, and orange bloom,  
 Scent the mild breeze with sweet perfume,  
 And the lime-lined walks with coolness shed  
 A balmy fragrance o'er the head.

Fancy awakes from her dormant spell,  
 And thought flows forth from her inmost cell;  
 And revel free 'mid such scenes of bliss,  
 And own their empire in groves like this.

Come, gentle Auster, and at night's bright reign  
 Steal from each blossom its sweet perfume;  
 Then hie thee quickly o'er land and sea,  
 And bear them to Heles, a boon from me.

Haste! hie thee on to her pillow blest—  
 But gently, disturb not her tranquil rest;  
 Then softly shed o'er her tresses fair,  
 And bathe her sweet lips with thy perfumed air.

Then should she breathe a balmy sigh,  
 Borne on the zephyr, oh! hither fly;  
 And yield me that boon from my lovely fair,  
 Sweeter than all which thou carriest there.

HENRIQUE.

## LETTERS FROM A MOTHER.

MY DEAR MRS. B.—The request in your last letter, that I would communicate to you, unreservedly, the plan I thought best to be pursued in the management of young children, was so earnestly urged that I cannot refuse compliance. Yet I find it difficult to methodise what I would say,—indeed impossible, and you must not expect “rules for the governing of children,” drawn with the precision, and enforced by the reasoning, which Locke or Brown would have thought indispensable. I shall only give you a few hints on the means I have found most efficacious in the education of my own little ones. By education, I do not intend merely the studies which children are made to pursue, but the whole course of training, from the moment the unconscious, helpless babe is laid to rest on its mother’s bosom, till the period when the restraints of parental authority, and the lessons of tutors, must, of necessity, cease. You need not, however, imagine I am intending to describe what the course of such training should be. I have neither learning nor leisure for such an attempt. The literary world is already filled with books and treatises on education, many of which are the productions of our ablest writers, and do honor, not only to their talents, but to that disinterested benevolence and noble patriotism, which prompts the devoting of so large a share of genius and energy to the mental improvement of our American youth.

But notwithstanding the acknowledged ability of these writers, they may, while framing their hypotheses and illustrations, lack that personal acquaintance with the operations of the infant mind, which a mother’s observation, while rearing her children, has gained. She has watched the awakening of passion and the unfolding of the soul, and if she has sense, and is accustomed to reflection, she must better understand the causes, which have operated to give a particular bias to the disposition and perhaps ultimately to effect the character of those whom nature and custom consign expressly to her care, than does the learned philosopher who never, probably since his childhood, mingled among children. He may write for fame, deserve it, win it. I shall be contented and well rewarded if the suggestions I

can offer should be of benefit to one young mother who is anxiously inquiring what she must do to make her darling child the perfect creature she wishes to behold.

It has been asserted that the same measure of mind, (by *mind* I mean the capacity of receiving ideas,) is originally given to every individual of the human species, and that the difference we see in children and men, is caused by the different organization of the human frame, and by education, the last having much the most important effect. If the disparity of mental powers be caused by physical structure, it is just the same to us as though a mental disparity really existed; but if education makes the difference, it is of the utmost importance that the system of instruction which has made one man good and intelligent (I do not say *great*, for circumstances beyond human control or agency, *must* contribute to greatness,) should be known and followed. But if there be an error in this, and the effects of education be overrated, yet none will deny its efficiency, when rightly managed, in strengthening even the strongest mind, and imparting light to the most brilliant genius; nor that it heightens the beauty of the fairest countenance, and softens and renders more lovely the happiest natural disposition of heart. But in education, more than in any other task devolving on man or woman, a *right beginning* is essential to ultimate success. This beginning does devolve on the mother, and if she is ignorant, perverse, or inattentive to her duty, her children must suffer. They may have all the advantages wealth can purchase, but they will not be well educated. That enduring tenderness for her offspring, which is infused into the soul of woman, qualifies her spirit for the part she was doubtless destined to perform, but unfortunately her understanding is not always sufficiently enlightened, nor her will thoroughly disciplined, and the errors she inadvertently commits, entail lasting inconvenience, perhaps even misery on those she best loves, and has been anxious to serve. To qualify a mother for the discharge of her arduous and important duty, great learning, or fashionable accomplishments, are not necessary; but good sense is requisite, and self control indispensable.

The language of passion or feeling, is the first comprehended or expressed by man. By that language infants communicate their wants and wishes; and they receive im-

pressions from the exhibitions of passion, long before the reasoning powers are sufficiently developed to allow them to comprehend the nature of a command, or the necessity of obedience. Many consider it an important affair to subdue early the will or temper of the child ; but I deem it of far greater importance to take heed how we excite that temper to violence or obstinacy, by unnecessary crosses and frequent punishment. What is the temper of a child ? and how did the little tender creature become possessed with such violence of spirit ? It was, at the birth, unconscious of good or evil ; but it had the capacity of feeling pain and pleasure, (by pleasure, I mean ease, quiet—all of happiness an infant requires,) and it is the nature of our being to show uneasiness when suffering pain, and tranquillity when at ease. Education commences with the first idea, and before reason has dawned, we must tutor the child solely by influencing its feelings of pleasure or pain. The passions, like every other faculty of man, are strengthened by exercise, and hence it follows that the oftener we, by any management, excite that feeling of pain, the expression of which, in the infant, we call anger or temper, the more irritable and ungovernable the child will become. We may resort to violence to stifle the emotions our own ignorance or inadvertence has caused ; we may *whip* the child for crying, till it ceases, perhaps from exhaustion, to cry ; but that method of subduing the passions, before reason is sufficiently strong to allow the little culprit to understand his crime, and to have been warned of the consequences, appears to me not only extremely cruel, but very injurious. A mother displays before the eyes of her infant boy some curious ornament, which she will not allow him to take, for fear of his injuring that, or himself. But this he cannot understand, and his little hands are eagerly stretched to grasp the shining bauble ; and when he is refused, and the object of his wishes withdrawn, the pain of his disappointment is so violently expressed, that she deems correction necessary. And that is called subduing a child's temper ! I should think it would rather have the effect of sealing his temper, and perhaps his future destiny. Should he, when a man, exhibit an unjust and cruel disposition of mind, will that mother never reflect that from her, his first impression of injustice and cruelty was probably received. Her con-

duct towards him was unjust, for she raised expectations she did not intend to gratify; it was cruel, for she punished him for a fault she had tempted him to commit, and that too, without his being conscious of the penalty.

What method, then, you will probably inquire, must be taken with refractory infants? If they had, from their birth, been judiciously managed, they would never have been refractory; but errors in education are extremely difficult, wholly, to repair. Much however may be done by prudence and perseverance, when strengthened by that spirit of true piety, which, while depending on the Divine blessing, to crown its labours with success, goes steadily forward in the performance of duty. But my letter is already too long, and I must reserve what I intend to say on the management of young children, for another opportunity.

Sincerely Yours,

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#### LIFE.

*"There is no new thing under the sun."*

GOD, thou hast fixed the date of man,  
—And who would lengthen out the span?  
Enough of pain, and toils, and tears,  
Meet in the round of seventy years;  
And earth must like a desert spread,  
When all life's flowers are plucked or dead.

One year—the seasons' changes o'er—  
What would a thousand teach us more?  
Each hath its garlands and its gloom,  
Its joyous festival and doom;  
And ancient lyre and modern lay,  
Chant the same strain to welcome May.

'Tis day upon the eastern hills,  
But shade, deep shade yon valley fills,—  
And thus, let centuries pass, arrayed  
In robe of mist, half light, half shade,  
Will morning come and wake the throng,  
That plod life's beaten path along.



And see old night her crown puts on,  
 Undimmed as when o'er Babylon  
 She wooed the Magi's thoughtful eye  
 To trace the starry page on high;  
 And thus the sky hath ever shone,  
 As bright, as boundless, as unknown.

And man is weak and wayward still,  
 As proud to plan, as prone to ill—  
 The vaunted knowledge he acquires  
 Is but the wisdom of his sires,  
 And still from age to age the same,  
 The chase of pleasure, wealth and fame.

And who would be a slave, and dwell  
 Forever in a dungeon cell,  
 Counting the links that form his chain?  
 Such is the soul that would retain,  
 The fetters earth's dull prison binds,  
 To check the flight of deathless minds.

CORNELIA.

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**MARGERY BETHEL.**

**MARGERY BETHEL** was an inhabitant of Danvers, Mass. It is not certain that she was a native of that town, nor is the year of her birth accurately known; but in 1719, she bore such evident marks of age, that she became distinguished by the appellation peculiar to unmarried females who have passed a certain period—she was called an old maid. Such antiquated belles were much more rare in the Colonies, than Independent America—a confirmation, if any were needed, of the estimation in which liberty is held, as well by the ladies, as the gentlemen, of our country. Surely no gentleman will be so uncivil as to suggest that it is from necessity alone, a lady retains her freedom! Certainly that could not, with truth, have been said of Margery Bethel. She had been a famous beauty;—had had several admirers, and, it was conjectured, was once engaged to be married. But her lover, as lovers have often done since

the example of Phaon, proved a recreant. The disconsolate fair-one did not possess the genius or indulge the despair of the Lesbian maid: Margery neither rhymed nor raved, nor made any attempt to drown herself. She acted a much more common, and, indeed, more feminine part. She became sad, thin, and taciturn; and finally, as her beauty waned, she seemed to resign herself uncomplainingly, to neglect and celibacy. No one could conduct more inoffensively, and but for one circumstance, her life would have passed without notice, and this biographical sketch never have appeared. It is astonishing what trifling incidents often confer notoriety, and sometimes what is called immortality, on a person. A well spent, peaceful life, has no claim to such distinction. Something singular must be said, or suffered, or designed, or done; and it matters nothing whether that *something* be for good or for evil. He who burns a temple is as long and as well remembered as he who builds one. What, then, is the worth of fame? Nothing, when considered merely as the distinction of having one's name widely known and often repeated. Fame is only valuable and to be coveted when it brings to the mind of the possessor while living, a consciousness of desert; and when he is dead, exhibits a pattern worthy to be imitated.

But to proceed with Margery Bethel. She grew old, and she faded, as every fair girl will do, (beauty is only a rose, a rainbow, a meteor—gone while we are gazing and praising,) till finally she was called ugly. The once fair Margery Bethel was called very ugly,—and that too by young maidens who did not possess half the loveliness she exhibited at eighteen. But add two score to eighteen, and what female can command attention by her beauty? Woman must possess some more lasting charm than is imparted by a “set of features, or complexion,” or her reign will be brief as April sunshine—as May flowers.

But there is another evil to which women are subjected. It is to have cultivated minds, and yet be confined to a society that does not understand, and cannot appreciate their talents and intelligence. This frequently occurs. And women have so little power of varying their situation, of extending their acquaintance, that she who has taste and genius ought to think herself peculiarly fortunate if she is placed where her gifts do not subject her to envy and ill-

treatment; but if she enjoys a refined and congenial domestic circle, she should never breathe a wish for a wider sphere of display.

Had poor Margery Bethel possessed the wit and literature of Madame de Stael, or Miss Edgeworth, it would have added nothing to her popularity in the neighborhood in which she resided. There nothing was appreciated but good housewifery, a good visit, and a good talker—and unluckily Margery did not like to talk, nor to visit; and as she lived alone, and never received company, no one knew much about her management. But the less they knew, the more they guessed; till finally, as she grew older and more reserved, they first called her odd—then cross—then strange—and then a witch!

It is now matter of astonishment that any rational and christian being should ever have believed that people would sell themselves to their grand enemy on the condition of merely having power to worry their neighbors and ride through the air on a broomstick. Yet such was the firm faith of our ancestors, pious as they unquestionably were—and it seemed that, in those days, learning only made them more credulous. Cotton Mather is a melancholy proof that neither erudition, or piety, can free the human mind from prejudice and superstition. Undoubtedly nothing has so much contributed to enlighten men as the strivings for personal liberty, which have been made during the last fifty years, and the study of experimental philosophy.

But with this philosophy, the neighbors of old Margery, as she was then usually called, had nothing to do—theory was all they required, and by their hypothesis, it was very easy to prove Margery a witch. In the first place she resided in a poor old lonely house, and alone; and then she kept a large black cat, that she had been frequently seen to caress; and lastly, she had, by those who ventured to visit her dwelling, been several times heard to talk as they drew nigh her door, and yet when they entered, no one but herself was visible. These were dark and mysterious proceedings, and the more they were canvassed, the more wonderful and appalling they became.

Not an individual thought of vindicating poor Margery, by suggesting that her old lonely dwelling was the one in which her parents had resided, and which, at their decease,

she inherited—that she was, of necessity, constrained to dwell alone, having no relative or friend on earth, to reside with her—that the heart must love something, and she had no living thing but her cat to love,—and lastly, that she must talk to herself or run the risk of losing the use of her tongue, as nobody seemed willing to hold much converse with the suspected witch. Probably these reasons never occurred to the good people of Danvers; if they did, they were never mentioned,—all seemed unanimously of opinion, that there were such strong circumstances as warranted the accusation of unhallowed crime committed, or to be committed, by old Margery Bethel. It was fortunate for her, that the darkest period of delusion had passed. The bitter regret for the scenes which had been enacted under the influence of the Rev. Matthew Paris, checked the effervescence of zeal to accuse and punish, and the people practised the more humane method of accusing in order to reclaim. The case of Margery made a great bustle. Her supposed compact with the spirit of evil, was regretted, or condemned, sighed over, or inveighed against, till it was finally the opinion of all, that something must be done. Either she must confess, and abandon her wicked ways, or be dealt with, and dismissed from the church, of which she was then a member. The minister, the two deacons, and two of the most influential and pious men belonging to the church, were chosen to visit her, at her dwelling, and propound certain questions; and, from her answers, it was concluded, the full proof of her guilt, which no one doubted, would be obtained. It was near the close of a gloomy November day, that the formidable deputation proceeded towards the house of Margery. She was totally ignorant of the honor intended her, as it had been judged expedient to take her by surprise, as the most likely method of eliciting truth from one whose study was to deceive. Her house did, indeed, stand in a lonely place, and to reach it, you had to pass half a mile through a thick wood. The gentlemen had been delayed longer than they intended, settling preliminaries, and night was gathering as they entered the shaded path. The trees increased the darkness, and the wind, which had all day been very high, seemed to gather furious strength as it swept over the decaying forest, and scattered its leaves by thousands. It is not strange that those men should imagine the wind was uncommonly furi-

ous, and that darkness came on with unusual rapidity. They did think so; and when, emerging from the wood, they came suddenly upon the house they sought, not one of the five but wished himself five miles off. But honor and conscience alike forbade their retreat. The abode of witchcraft was before them, and a whole community were eagerly awaiting their report. On, therefore, they proceeded; the minister, as in duty bound, some steps in advance. As he softly and silently drew near the door, he heard a sound within. He paused, then motioned the party to advance, and they all cautiously crept forward, and all distinctly heard the same noise. It was not like mortal conversation; it was a low, but continued, and monotonous sound, such as none of them ever recollected before to have heard. They all trembled. At length, as it did not cease, and as there was no window on the side they stood, through which to reconnoitre, the party was obliged to enter, in order to discover the cause of their alarm. The minister laid his hand on the latch—the boldest deacon stood near to support him. They opened the door with the swiftness of lightning, and stood before the astonished eyes of Margery. She showed surprise at their sudden appearance, but no dismay. Why should she? She was at the moment reading that consoling promise of the Saviour,—“Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.”

The minister was a pious, and usually a very sensible man. Neither did he wish to increase his influence over his people, by encouraging their superstitious fears. The whole transactions of former years rushed at once upon his mind, and it seemed as if a sudden light was imparted. He became instantly sensible that the circumstances against Margery were the offsprings of imagination; he was convinced of her innocence, and before leaving her house he had the satisfaction of knowing the whole party were of his opinion—namely, that Margery Bethel was not only not a witch, but a very good and humble christian. It was sometime, however, before the prejudice against her entirely subsided; a prejudice that but for the spirited exertions of one rational, as well as religious man, would have brought her to ignominy, if not to her grave.

Such is the force of credulity, and the propensity to scandal.

## TO ELLEN.

Good night !—good night ! how from my heart  
 Gushes the prayer—good night !  
 O ! that a poet's wish had part  
 In some great Spirit's might,  
 That with the swelling of his love,  
 His power might hold increase,  
 So he might bend thy couch above,  
 A firmament of peace.

So he might pour the 'freshing showers  
 Of dreamy blessings o'er thee,  
 And lift sweet fancy's store of flowers,  
 And breaths of heaven before thee,  
 Making the night's dull glance to give  
 The light of Hope's bestowment,  
 And quick'ning years of joy to live  
 In space of sitting moments.

Yet, no !—he hath no spell—the leaf  
 On which his power is writ,  
 But giveth him to chase a grief,  
 When happier thoughts were fit,  
 When life's sad follies and dark ire  
 O'ercloud familiar eyes,  
 To light his torch at nature's fire,  
 And bid her incense rise.

A heaven of heart so pure as thine,  
 His reaching shades might dim,  
 The love that is thy spirit's shrine,  
 Were echoless to him.  
 A will more strong than his, is forth  
 To guard thee and to bless,  
 And canopies with goodlier worth,  
 The couch thy cheek shall press.

Then hie thee to thy rest loved, one,  
 Wearied with pains of earth,  
 And when the morrow's golden sun  
 Gives out his good and mirth,  
 So may'st thou rise, to share the wealth  
 Of his reviving light,  
 And cheerfulness, and seraph health,  
 Be o'er thee—good night !

IMLAC.

## FEMALE PIETY.

FAIR Reader ! do not startle at this subject, nor turn the leaf over in disgust. We are not going to preach ; and if we prose dully for a few moments, we will not make war upon your smiles, nor exhaust our rhetoric on the thankless task, of inducing you to lay aside your cheerfulness. By piety, we mean not monastic severity, nor the resignation of those pleasures which render life agreeable. We are not of that tribe of ascetics who centre piety in seclusion, or who recognise a devotional spirit only in penance and prayer. True piety has a wider field for exertion ; is altogether unmixed with that bitterness of feeling which vitiates the sweets of life. It is not necessarily at war with the temperate indulgence of the appetites, or the propensities of our nature. It aims not at encroachments upon their proper confines, and attempts to restrain them only when they threaten to evade those limits which God and nature have assigned.

Piety is not the feeling of a moment, the temporary effervescence of enthusiasm, nor the fitful rhapsody of a heated imagination. It is a calm, a steady, and a sober feeling,—sober, though it smiles,—steady, although, in the hurry and bustle of life it may not be seen,—calm, although it is by no means dead to the deepest sympathies. Its seat is in the heart, and the heart, therefore, is the proper field for its exercise. It is cheerful,—it is not unwilling to be gay, but it is not thoughtless, it is never inconsiderate. Having its seat in the heart, it is the deepest, the fullest fountain from which the streams of benevolence can flow. Although it cannot wholly control, its business is to regulate the affections, and to assign to every object its due share of estimation and regard.

One of the chief sources from which the female sex derive their highest enjoyments, is the gratification of those tender sensibilities with which, by nature, they are endowed. Their love once placed upon an object, is as immoveable as the insect that grows upon the rock, which dies in the struggle to retain its hold. The nice susceptibilities of the female heart, render it peculiarly open to the cultivation of those feelings, which spring from the indulgence of the

best affections. That these affections were implanted in the bosom, for the best of purposes, none will doubt,—that their indulgence is accompanied with the most unalloyed pleasure, many have experienced, and all will readily admit; and that the degree of pleasure experienced from the indulgence of these affections, is in some respects commensurate with the worthiness of the object upon which they are placed, is a truth, which, although some may be disposed to doubt, no one will be so hardy as to deny. If then the indulgence of the affections is considered, as it undoubtedly is, one of the sources from which our best pleasures are derived, and the intensity of those pleasures be increased by the worth of the object on which they are concentrated, there must be a pleasure in piety, inaccessible to those whose desires are confined to the perishable things around them.

The duties of the female sex all concur in enjoining the cultivation of a pious and devotional spirit. To them is confided the helplessness of childhood, the trials of sickness, and the infirmities of age, and it is necessary therefore, that they should feel and appreciate their deep responsibility. The pillow of sickness is softened by their endearing attentions; the troubles of the world are alleviated by their affectionate offices; and it is from them that the tender minds of the young are to receive their first, their most lasting impressions. If the pleasures and the gaiety of the world have wholly seduced the female mind from the contemplation of those subjects which show that she is a responsible being; if the round of fashionable pleasures be a fountain in which, by dipping, she is drowned, she must be dead to the discharge of those silent unobtrusive offices which tend to develop the charms of her moral nature, and awaken that intensity of interest, which most highly endears her to our hearts.

The softer, has often been called the weaker, sex. The term is doubtless intended to imply a want of physical, rather than of intellectual strength. And if she is thus weaker, there seems a peculiar motive for confidence in that Being by whom the weak are made strong.

From a consideration, also, of the intensity of her affections, a powerful argument is derived, to show the peculiar fitness of devotional feelings to her moral temperament. The cares and troubles of life, which crowd in denser suc-



cession upon the stronger sex, may overwhelm the consideration of lighter disappointments and wean the heart from preying upon itself, even when thwarted in the objects of the strongest desire, or when the dearest possessions are wrested from them. But to woman, secluded from the bustle of life, the rivalry of fame, or the prosecution of personal aggrandizement, there is no retreat from the gnawings of disappointed love, the agony of misplaced affections, or the wasting corrosions of domestic calamity. Her solace must be all within; and that, too, a powerful antidote to the poison of affliction. Where then, can her soul find refuge, but in those devotional feelings, which teach her that the sorrows of this world are not to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed.

But there is a consideration stronger than any to which we have yet alluded, which, while it applies to mankind, in general, will be found of peculiar application to the female sex; since their affections are not only stronger, but more ductile, than those of the other. The perishing objects of earthly pursuit will, sooner or later, have an end. The pleasure derived from the pursuit of those objects must naturally perish with them. But the heart, in which the desire of those pleasures reside, being thus cut off from a fruitful source of its happiness, remains forsaken and solitary. The other avenues of enjoyment and satisfaction having never been opened, allow no entrance to additional pleasures, and the old channels having been drained and dried, the supply which had once been afforded, fails, and nothing remains within the heart, but itching desires, and uncontrolled passions, doomed never again to be satisfied. Hence in the language of inspiration, "they who sow to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption." To those whose enjoyments are sensual alone, to those whose moral feelings have never been cultivated, to those who by the indulgence of benevolent feelings, and the discharge of moral and religious duties, have acquired no foretaste and relish for the felicity of the blessed above, God has promised no future reward—heaven can furnish no happiness. So that the misery which inevitably attends a sinful and inconsiderate course of life, is not so much the punishment inflicted by Divine justice, as it is the necessary and unavoidable consequence of such a course. As well may the husbandman,

who sows his field with tares, expect to reap the most valuable grain at harvest, as one who has neglected the culture of moral excellence, may expect to enjoy the happiness in reserve for those who excel in righteousness—a happiness not so much the reward, as it is the necessary consequence, of a virtuous course.

We have alluded to the peculiar application of these considerations to the female sex, principally on account of the ductility of their affections. The wordliness of the mind of man, hardens him against the impressions which take such strong hold of the female heart. The pride of his nature revolts at the idea of dependence, and renders him more regardless of the consequences of his own obduracy. Far different is the case with woman. Her domestic occupations are attended with none of those engulfing cares, those deep anxieties, into which, the other sex are often plunged. In the midst of her industry, her mind is at leisure, her heart is free to indulge those meditations, which, as they produce, so also do they render pleasant, the feelings of devotion. Hence we find that the sex is distinguished above the other, for attention to the duties of religion, and that the number of attentive worshippers at the altar, among them, is far greater.

We have alluded to this subject, as one which, above all others, promotes the happiness of this life, verifying the saying of inspiration, that Godliness has the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. It is true that the pleasures of mirth and of merriment will be lessened, because it is seen that their foundation is slender;—that the passions must be in some measure subdued, because, when their barriers are broken down, they will let in a flood of evil—but the happiness of the heart is increased, and the heart must be the fountain from which all solid enjoyment is derived. In concluding this subject, we cannot refrain from introducing those beautiful lines of the poet, naturally connected with the remarks we have just made:

—“ Never man was truly blest,  
 But it composed, and gave him such a cast,  
 ● folly might mistake for want of joy ;  
 A cast unlike the triumphs of the proud;  
 A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.”

P.

**THE FULL BLOWN ROSE.**

ANNA ! see that full blown rose,  
 Resting there in calm repose,  
 Blushing like the early dawn  
 That tells another day is born,  
 And to the air around bequeathing,  
 Perfumes sweet as thy own breathing.

Anna! wait but one short hour,  
 We shall find that blooming flower  
 On the ground neglected lying,  
 Faded, withered, drooping, dying;  
 Then pluck it whilst 'tis worth thy care,  
 And let me weave it in thy hair.

Learn a lesson from the rose;  
 Pleasure's ever near its close,  
 Youth and joy are on the wing,  
 Age brings cares and suffering;  
 Pluck betimes then, pluck the flower  
 That blooms and withers in an hour.

H\*.

**THE GRAVE OF MORAN.****A TALE OF MY GRANDFATHER.**

THE spring of the year — opened unusually late. The first week in April was cold and stormy. The sides of the mountains were not divested of their snowy covering, and scarcely a verdant spot appeared to distinguish the season from the dull and tasteless monotony of winter. Lake Sunapee, a large collection of water in the highlands of New-Hampshire, had just broken up and dissolved the ice, which for more than three months had spread a passable bridge over its surface. The finny tribes began to forsake their deep habitations in the middle of the lake, and approach the shores, presenting lures to the sporting angler. About to quit the land of my fathers, with all its endearing de-

lights, to be conversant with new scenes, and engage in new duties, I resolved once more to indulge myself in the favorite amusement of the hardy and industrious sons of the mountains. On the 7th of April, the morning chilly, but serene, in company with a select companion, I set off for an excursion to this "lake of the hills." We followed for several miles the wanderings of a limpid stream, denominated by the Aborigines, "Sugar River"—a name conferred, some say, on account of the peculiar color of its waters—others, because of the abundance of "sugar maples" in its vicinity. The ascent of the ground along the banks of this "sweet stream" was considerable—in some places precipitous, and the current rapid. The water dashing from rock to rock occasioned a spray, that rising, had congealed upon the overhanging branches of hemlock and fir. These branches thus encased in icy crystals, hung pendent over the foaming waters, and glittered in the sunbeams with more than prismatic brilliancy.

After seven hours of pedestrian toil, we safely reached the head of the outlet, and having procured a light canoe from a poor family near the spot, we embarked upon the lake. Not a breath of wind ruffled the bosom of the waters—not a living creature was to be seen—not a single mark of human industry cheered the surrounding waste—all was the wildness of untamed nature. Night was approaching, the shadows of the mountains lengthened on the surface of the lake, and gave a double blackness to its measureless depths. After rowing leisurely about three miles, having indulged our fancy by sketching some of the boldest scenes, we landed on a projecting point, made fast our bark to the limb of a prostrate pine, and commenced preparations for passing the night as comfortably as possible. A fire was kindled, and a mattress of evergreens spread upon the rock. We opened our little store of provisions, and feasted with an appetite that gave the highest relish to the coarsest fare. The whole shore of the lake, on the north side, was lined by rigid masses of granite, crowned with the poplar, white birch, and pine. Among these rocks, and under the thick canopy of these dwarfish shrubs, the waterfowl that frequent this lake are accustomed to build their nests, and nurture their young. No sooner had the sun withdrawn his beams from the summits of the high-

lands, than these fowls commenced their screams in all the hoarse modulations peculiar to aquatic animals. But as the shadows of night deepened around, their cry was gradually hushed, and our ears were saluted by one still more piercing and dreadful. Three wolves had taken their station upon a cliff above us, about one hundred yards from our encampment, and prevented from approaching nearer by a dread of our fire, had set up the most fearful howlings, as if ravening for our blood. In the mean time a light wind had arisen and given to the surface of the lake an undulatory motion. Small waves broke among the rocks with a lonely, fluctuating dash—our “fire of sticks” shed a glimmering and fitful glare upon the dark face of the waters, imparting to the surrounding shades a threefold gloom. For a moment all was silent as the tomb of nature, when a sound, as of a distant human voice, broke upon our ears. Soon we perceived on a point opposite to us, about three fourths of a mile across a bay, a fire kindled like ours upon the rock. Knowing that the spot was never occupied for angling, we were not a little alarmed, and the more, as we had heard that a party of Indians had been annually in the habit of hunting in the deep forest on that side of the lake. Scarcely had we time to collect our agitated thoughts, when we heard the sound of paddles, and saw by the flickering of our light upon the water, an object like a canoe approaching us. Our fears returned—but we knew not what course to pursue. Should we take to our boat and launch out upon the lake, we should be in danger of rocks and shallows—should we retire into the forest behind, the wolves, which we had just heard growling on the crags, would perhaps feast themselves upon our blood. The strange canoe came up to the rock, and out of it rose a tall, emaciated figure, beckoning to us to approach. Assuring us that his intentions were pacific, he exclaimed—“I am Moran, the grandson of Moran the aged, who killed the chief of the bloody Narragansetts, at the foot of Mount Hope. I am the son of peace, and the friend of the white man. Come to my wigwam, and learn wisdom from a man of the forest.” Getting into our boat, we followed, rather doubtful as to the result, fearing we might be decoyed into an ambush. But our hearts beat high for adventure. We had always admired the Indian character, and were gratified

with every opportunity of discovering its native simplicity and grandeur. We therefore resolved to pursue the enterprise. Following our guide, we soon arrived at the point where we had seen the fire. He led us a short distance into the forest, and we entered his rude and lowly habitation.

Here, after imparting the best refreshments that his wigwam contained, he gave us a detailed history of his life, as a hunter and a warrior. In early life he had enjoyed some advantages for education. He had learned to read, and had acquired a knowledge of the principles of the christian religion. He appeared to be intimately acquainted with the truths of the Bible, a copy of which, of Elliot's translation, he showed us, and to the sale of which, he could be induced by no terms to consent. But to the world and its changes he was an utter stranger. Ever since the wars of the English and French, he had lived in that forest, subsisting wholly by hunting and fishing. He was clad in the skins of the bear and otter, and his bed was of the same materials. His wife died in —, and his children had followed the tribes in their wanderings toward the setting sun. Moran was now evidently near his end—he was sustained by the hope of the Christian, and awaited death with patient composure. We tarried with him till morning—joined with him in devotion to the Great Spirit—and entreated him to accompany us to the abodes of civilization and plenty. But he was inflexible. For — years he had lived alone on the banks of the Sunapee,—and there he would die.—“I am an aged hemlock—I have seen more than a thousand moons. The winds of ninety winters have whistled through my branches. I am dead at the top, and my roots decay. Soon the tempest will come and I shall fall. I shall soon leave this wigwam of my body and go to my blessed Jesus. Moran will soon be gone.”

A few years afterwards I returned to New England, and being on a journey into New Hampshire, I resolved to visit the spot where dwelt this Christian hermit. But the white man had made his encroachments—the forest had “fell and faded”—the ground was cleared—and over the tomb of Moran, a field of grain was waving in the western breeze.

## LINES ON A SEAL.

Device—*Two boys tilling.*—Motto, "*Telle est la vie.*"

Sport on, sport on in childish mirth—  
 How like the changing scenes of earth  
 Their thoughtless glee !  
 Reverses are the lot of man—  
 Since first his pilgrimage began,  
 "Telle est la vie !"

Drive not yon beggar from your door—  
 What though his lot may now be poor—  
 What's that to thee ?  
 Tomorrow's sun may see him shine  
 In richer robes, proud man, than thine—  
 "Telle est la vie !"

Upon the ocean-wave, a bark  
 Rides fearless in the gale—but hark!  
 To the booming sea !  
 Before the wind how swift it goes  
 Tost by each fitful breeze that blows—  
 "Telle est la vie !"

And such, my friend, is life—while gay,  
 And cheered by morning's sunny ray,  
 We fondly see  
 Nothing but pleasure, sunshine, mirth,  
 Before us in our path on earth—  
 "Telle est la vie !"

T. C. O.

## THE MOON.

I am not about to write a dissertation concerning the moon, as some might possibly infer from the title of this article, neither shall I engage in any discussion respecting the probable number of inhabitants residing on that planet, their customs, character, economy, &c. Such ingenious and useless researches are the undoubted province of the visionary philosopher, and, thanks to the star that ruled my

birth—I am not a visionary philosopher. Nor shall I attempt to explain the mysterious influence which Luna holds over the mighty ocean; an influence as despotic as ever a proud beauty exercised over an obsequious lover. The patient observation and minute calculations necessary to determine the various phenomena of the tides, require the persevering spirit of the mathematical philosopher, and, I care not who knows it—I am not a mathematical philosopher. Nor is this paper to be devoted to an investigation of that curious theory which makes the human brain, in some cases, dependent for its operations on the moon's phases. The physician, attending an asylum for lunatics, might, perhaps, find such an inquiry interesting; but I write to display the workings of the human heart, and my story is intended to warn the young and beautiful of the danger of indulging that selfish capriciousness which, if inspired by Luna, certainly proves her not at all friendly to female happiness.

Reader, are you credulous? I do not ask whether you believe in the existence of witches, and the appearance of ghosts; but few, in our land of light and liberty, would acknowledge themselves in such dark bondage. But do you place any reliance on dreams, omens, and those thousand lucky or unlucky signs which are still reported as having an influence on human destiny? If not, you will feel little interest in the fate of Laura Stanley. Laura was very pretty, and, as such very pretty girls too often are, was very vain, and very much inclined to be a coquette. Yet she had been strictly educated, had a kind heart, and sufficient rectitude of principle to condemn insincerity in others, and often to resolve to correct it in herself; but she was fond of admiration, and did not seriously consider the injustice and cruelty of encouraging hopes she never meant to gratify. At beauty's shine there will always be worshippers, even when they know their adoration is vain; and the fair Laura had such a crowd waiting her smiles and wearing her chains, that she might almost be pardoned the little value she attached to a devoted heart. Many were the reports of her intended marriage with some one or other of her suitors, but the rumor always proved unfounded; the lover, after dancing attendance as long as his spirit would permit, departed chagrined, and the inconstant girl was as gay as ever. At



twenty-one she declared she had never loved, but she had not then seen George Harris.

There was, at a short distance from the village where the father of Laura resided, a romantic meadow, not a smooth, level, monotonous green, but diversified with undulations, and tufts of bushes scattered over it, as if purposely designed for the quiet retreats of those little birds that there built their nests, and breathed their glad songs, all the summer long. And there too rose many a tall elm, throwing its fantastic branches, in all their greenness and gracefulness, abroad to the summer wind. And there, also, the old maple, like some ancient of the forest, towered proudly, its huge trunk and gnarled arms seeming to bid defiance to the attacks, both of time and men. That meadow was the favorite promenade of the villagers; they formed seats beneath the shade of those pleasant trees, and often, during the long summer months, the youths and maidens resorted thither, and drank tea, and enjoyed all those amusements that are so congenial to the hearts of the young, gay and innocent.

One fine afternoon there had been a large party on the meadow, and just at that delicious time when twilight, with its soft dews and balmy winds, comes, like the spirit of tranquillity, to hush the cares of earth, Laura, with her arm fast locked in that of George Harris, prepared to return home. It was just such a time as a romantic lover would choose to breathe his vows, and flatter himself his lady would listen. And George had been, all the afternoon, intending to breathe his vows the first favorable opportunity, and Laura had been intending to lend a favorable ear to the declaration, which, from the attentions he had paid her, she had reason to expect. They sauntered slowly on, engaged in some trifling discussion by which neither was interested, till they reached the margin of the little willow-fringed stream that flowed through this charming interval. There they paused and stood facing the west; the new moon, like a bashful bride, was just trembling forth in her loveliness, her soft beams scarcely more radiant than the bright star that shone by her side. It was the hour of soft emotions; George pressed the hand of Laura closer to his heart as in a half whisper he pronounced her name.

She did not reply.

"My dear Miss Stanley," he reiterated. But no word.

nor look, nor even an inclination of her head, protracted attention. He saw she was intently gazing on the moon, and that her lips moved, though no sound was heard; and half wondering, and half vexed, he did not again address her, till she turned towards him with such a smile as instantly atoned for her apparent carelessness; but he was, by the arrival of their companions, prevented again attempting to begin the theme of his love.

“Cousin Mary,” said Laura, the next morning, while she was performing her toilette—“Cousin Mary, you are going away, and have not yet inquired whether George Harris proposed himself last evening.” Mary Smith was not a beauty, but she was an interesting, delicate looking girl. She cast down her blue eyes at the address of Laura, and her usually pale cheek was crimsoned while she replied—“Your smiles, dear Laura, argue happiness, and”—she hesitated.

“And George Harris will make the woman he loves happy,” added the gay Laura. “That I suppose is what you were intending to say; you are always so eloquent in his praise. Indeed, I think him a very excellent young man, and shall, perhaps, in due time accept him, but I mean to make a little trial of his temper before suffering him to think I cannot help loving him.”—“Beware, Laura, he will never be trifled with.”

“So you have always said, ever since I confessed to you I liked him; I have been as candid and demure as you would have been yourself, and thrown all my arts to the wind. But I should like to tease him, because he always has, till lately, appeared as if he suspected I was intending it, and therefore kept his own heart cased in adamant. But I am now certain of marrying him.”

“He has then offered you his hand,” said Mary, in a subdued tone. “O, no”—replied Laura, laughing as she adjusted the glossy curls on her beautiful forehead. “But I believe he actually commenced his speech, only as I was just then worshipping the moon, and did not appear to heed him, he would not go on. However, I can’t much regret losing the offer, for I learned my destiny.”

“Indeed! How did it happen you were permitted to unseal the book of fate?”

“O, you must know George and I were standing on the

bank of the stream, just beneath that large willow, when I saw the new moon, directly before me, and then the rhyme that aunt Ketty once told us, when we were little girls, occurred to me. You remember it?"

"No—pray repeat it."

"Why, it will sound silly enough for me to say it over, while you are looking so grave and wise. Pray smile and you shall have it. There, now I'll teach it you, and I beg you will say it yourself the first time you see a gentleman you wish to marry.

New moon, new moon,  
Hail unto thee;  
When to sleep I bow my head,  
Let the man I am to wed,  
In my dream, smile on me.

You must repeat that rhyme three times, without looking off the moon, or speaking, and you will, the very same night, in your dream see the man you are to marry; aunt Ketty says she never knew it fail."

"If aunt Ketty spoke from her own experience," said Mary, half laughing, "she could only bear *negative* testimony; as I suppose she did not pretend ever to have seen a smiling lover."

"O, she never was married, to be sure, but then she knows all the spells and arts of love. Well, I said the rhyme three times over, without looking off the moon, or speaking, though George was then addressing me, and as I verily believe, to break the ice for his declaration. I did half regret, after returning home, that I did not answer him; but I had a delightful dream that has dispelled every doubt. I dreamed of George all night; and we walked and talked and laughed together, and I am now certain I shall marry him." "And yet you are intending to vex him?"

"No—not really vexing, only teasing. I shall chat with Captain Drummond a little more familiarly than I have dared to since I really wished to please George. You know he calls the Captain a fop, and dislikes him exceedingly. And it will be so amusing to see Drummond simper, and George frown. But pray don't frown yourself; I am not intending to make George angry, only a little anxious; and that I think I have a right to do, as he does not now seem to entertain a doubt but that I am his just when he pleases to ask."

“You must not manage thus, cousin Laura,” said Mary, seriously. “I have long known George; his character and merits entitle him to the esteem of our sex, and to honorable treatment. He is one of those few men, whose mind is noble as his countenance. The “bold, broad seal of virtue” that he “bears upon his brow,” is the type of his heart. If you wish to marry him, you are planning a hazardous scheme; George never will submit to be your dupe, though I believe he—loves you.”

“I shall test his affection,” said Laura, playfully tossing her head.

“I should like to hear the result,” said Mary.

“That you shall; I will write every particular in a few weeks.” Mary departed to her home in a distant part of the country, and many months elapsed before she did hear the result; she learned it then from George Harris.

It was fourteen years before the cousins again met. Mary was then the happy and beloved wife of George Harris, and the mother of four lovely children; and Laura Stanley, notwithstanding her thousand admirers, and her *delightful dream*, was—a disappointed, dejected, discontented old maid.

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It was a beautiful turn, given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered, that she had hidden him. The confession caused her to be brought before the governor, who told her, that nothing but her confessing where she had hidden him could save her from torture. “And will that do?”—said she. “Yes,” replied the governor, “I will pass my word for your safety on that condition.” “Then,” said she, “I have hid him in my heart, where you may find him.” This surprising answer charmed her enemies.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

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**Charlotte's Daughter : or, the Three Orphans. A sequel to Charlotte Temple. By Susannah Rowson, Author of Rebecca, The Inquisitor, &c. &c. with a Memoir of the Author. Boston: Richardson & Lord. 1828. pp. 184.**

MRS. ROWSON has lived to enjoy considerable celebrity as an instructress, and a writer. Her works, composed, as they professedly were, with strict reference to the moral improvement of the young of her own sex, make little pretensions to the graces of style, nor can they support a claim founded on depth of research, or the extent of literary and scientific attainments. She walked abroad in the rich gardens of nature, not to cull the beauties of figure and color, but to seek those simples which afford strength and nourishment. She sought not that fragrance or those perfumes which feast the sense, but those medicinal virtues which heal the sickness and diseases of the soul. If her labors, therefore, were humbler, they were not the less useful. If her excursions were short, they failed not in the accomplishment of their aims. If her paths were not strewed with flowers, we may look for the reason in the consideration, that nature is not lavish of her gifts, and seldom bestows the charms and the luxuriance of figure and color where she has already conferred a medicinal efficacy.

But with these concessions, to those who have accused her of tameness, and of want of spirit in her narratives, we maintain that her delineations of female character are achieved with singular felicity. It is not under the influence of strong motives, or in the agitations of passion occasioned by extraordinary occurrences, that character can be most faithfully portrayed. The artist who would copy the beauties of nature, would not seize the moment when her features are distorted by the violence of the tempest, or when she is contending with her own mighty energies. It is in the interval of rest, when the bosom of the lake is smooth, when the verdant foliage has ceased its obeisance to the breeze, and nature's laws are in harmonious, though in silent operation, that the mimic skill of his pencil is most faithfully exerted. And so too in the delineation of character,—it is in the moments of retirement—in the domestic circle—in the seclusion from the noisy tumult of life, that those traits are discerned which make up that whole, which we call *character*, and which, like so many springs in action, influence the whole conduct of the individual.

It requires talent of no common order to portray such traits, without the appearance either of tameness or of bombast. Such a task is more fitted to the vivacity of female powers, which gives them that decided superiority in epistolary writing. For a judgment of the success of Mrs. Rowson, in these respects, we appeal to the approbation so lavishly bestowed by the public upon some of her former productions. We are compelled to admit that there is a want of *finish* generally in her writings, which has undoubtedly given rise to the charge to which we have already alluded. But it is not a peculiarity of her sex to *elaborate* their literary productions. The

remark which Johnson has made in reference to Dryden, may be applied with peculiar pertinency to the efforts of female genius. "What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave;" while the parallel remark in relation to Pope, may, with equal justice, pertain to the exertions of masculine talent. "His dilatory caution enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply."

It is a singular fact that by far the greater proportion, both in number and usefulness, of the publications intended for the young, are the productions of the softer sex. Their nature peculiarly fits them for the task. Consequent with the earlier development of character, their keener vision enables them to discern those nicer shades which are beyond the observation of our own sex. And as they have the talent to discern, they have also the inventiveness to apply what is wanting to measure those almost imperceptible traits, or smother them if they are found of ignoble birth. Their influence therefore upon the early mind as writers, is second only to their agency as mothers, in pointing out the commendable qualities of the heart, in teaching the tendency of natural bias, and in warning the young of the dangers by which they are surrounded, from the operations of feeling and passion.

The work before us, appears before the public under all the disadvantages of a posthumous publication; it is not therefore surprising that we find in some passages an unusual looseness of style, and occasionally a grammatical error. But the story is interesting and is well told; and as a sequel to Mrs. Rowson's best and most finished production, it must excite peculiar interest among those young persons in particular, who have already become acquainted with the unfortunate history of Charlotte Temple. There is an additional charm imparted to the story from its intimate connexion with facts. We are told in the preface that the circumstances are not all fictitious, and that the author could follow some of the characters whom she introduces, in real life, until within a few years.

We have already spoken of Mrs. Rowson's felicity in the delineation of female character. If the dialogue in her posthumous tale is in some parts stiff and artificial, and at times, bordering too much upon common place topics—still the characters are drawn with much clearness, and it requires little stretch of the imagination to see her personages in all the reality, and the business of life. She has not the scientific tact of Miss Edgeworth, who could mingle philosophy with pastime, and satisfy the scrutiny of reason while seeming only to answer the inquisitiveness of childhood; but she can present virtue in an engaging dress, and fill the young mind with an abhorrence of vice. On the whole, we think that the little volume before us will be a valuable addition to the library of the young, and will increase the obligations to which her sex, particularly the younger portion of it, are under to Mrs. Rowson.

BEAUTIES OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. S. G. Goodrich, Boston, 1828.

Not a few critics have objected to selections of this kind, as injurious to literary taste in the community, by the facility which they afford for acquiring a smattering of *belles lettres*, instead of an intimate acquaintance with authors individually. Such objections are commonly made too much at random, and in a mistaken zeal for the interests of literature. Selections have their uses, as well as the larger

works from which they are taken. There are spare moments in the life and occupations of every person, when a book of extracts is very acceptable; and when a full work would be out of the question.

A pocket volume such as this, is invaluable as a companion for the vacant intervals of a journey; and there are but few persons, we believe, who have not in this way relieved the tedium of a steam passage, or the monotony of a canal boat.

It is not so much with reference to these more common objects, however, that we now advert to this selection. We would mention it as one peculiarly adapted, to circles formed for the purpose of spending an evening in the agreeable and interesting entertainment of social reading. All who have experienced how difficult it is to find any one volume which can furnish appropriate matter for such an object, will value a book which abounds in the happiest efforts of the most distinguished author of our times, whose style is so happily adapted, by its easy and natural expression, to form an animated and graceful manner of reading, and the interest of whose scenes winds up the mental sensibilities to the highest pitch of dramatic fascination. The habitual reading of these Beauties would do more to remove monotonous and suppressed tones of voice, unnatural inflections, and artificial cadences, than the use of any book of rules on elocution, though ever so diligently studied.

Of the volume itself, to which we have now invited the attention of our readers, it would be unnecessary to say much; it presents in a portable shape the finest passages of the Waverly Novels; it possesses the attractions of beautiful typography; and comprises a large quantity of matter, without any deduction from the distinctness of the execution, or the fairness of the page.

Parents who are desirous of aiding their children in acquiring a lively and interesting style of reading, will find the volume a valuable assistant, if occasionally employed for the occupation of an evening hour in the family circle.

THE LEGENDARY.—The public have been sometime looking forward to the appearance of the first volume of this work, with great interest. We are happy to be able to state that it is in press, and will be published about the first of May next. We have seen some of the proof sheets, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it, so far as we have perused it, to be a work of very high order. Among the contributors we notice the authors of Hope Leslie, and Hobomok; Mrs. Sigourney, H. Pickering, I. McLellan, J. H. Nichols, J. Pierpont, Grenville Mellen, E. C. Manley, the editor, Mr. Willis, and several others. Some of the pieces are among the happiest efforts of these authors; and in the anonymous articles, we imagine that we discover traces of genius not less distinguished than the most gifted of those we have named. We shall have another opportunity to notice this work, and therefore content ourselves with expressing a lively interest in the same, and a conviction that it must prove one of the most acceptable productions which the American press has given to the public.

# LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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VOL. I.

MAY.

No. V.

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## FEMALE CHARACTER.

It is related of Diogenes, the ancient philosopher, that seeing a number of females hanging on the branches of an olive tree, he exclaimed, "Oh that every tree would produce such fruit." The Cynic undoubtedly intended his exclamation as a sneer, and his want, not to say of charity, but of respect for the sex, induces us to concur in opinion with those who have thought that his tub would not bear too close an examination. Indeed we may naturally and honestly suspect any one's motives in an eccentric course of life, who like Diogenes, have been expatriated for coining false money, or who subsequently endeavor to palm off oddity for genius, or brutal indifference for philosophy.

There are not wanting, in our own days, those who have thought lightly of the sex, and who from the obliquity of a few have inferred the general delinquency of the whole. We will not be so sparing of charity, even to the uncharitable, as to suppose that their opinions are predicated wholly on prejudice, or that their estimation of the sex, has not been compounded with study and observation. But while we concede that there may be many instances of depravity, —of turpitude,—nay, even of wretched imbecility, from which such sentiments may with apparent honesty have been deduced, it will be our endeavor in the few remarks we have to make, to rescue the sex from the stigmas and false accusations which have been so illiberally and wantonly thrown upon them.

We are not of the number of those, who in their fulsome flattery, or their unfettered enthusiasm, indiscriminately



heap eulogium and panegyric upon the sex. Nor would we commend ourselves to their smiles by turgid hyperbole, or terms of unqualified commendation. They have their failings and their weaknesses, as a sex, and the perversions of habit or of nurture, may swell them to bloated dimensions. But in general those failings are not too large for the cloak of charity, and their very weaknesses, from the constitution of our nature, are the bonds by which they are peculiarly endeared to us.

There is one essential trait in the female character, that enters largely into her loveliness, without which, a masculine tone appears, which is wholly inconsistent with natural delicacy. We shall be anticipated in the remark, that this is an amiable disposition. We know that mankind in general, consider this trait as entitled to faint praise, because the quality has often been ascribed to those who have little else to recommend them; and to say of a person that he is an amiable man, has been construed into a tacit concession that the powers of his mind are either naturally weak or have accidentally been impaired. The injustice of such a conclusion, we are not called upon to discuss—it will readily appear to all, who take into consideration the particulars which render the disposition such as we have mentioned. It is not a single virtue, residing in the heart, from which, like so many native streams, the benevolent feelings of our nature flow, but rather a congregation of virtues, regulating the judgment, the temper and the feelings. The hasty and the passionate, the malicious and the revengeful, are hurried into excess, by an obedience to the suggestions of phrensied feeling, and a forgetfulness or disregard of that inward monitor, whose voice is stifled by the uproar of contending emotions. But the folly, as well as the fatal effects of passion, is abhorred by those who take into the account the motives of men, and are willing that charity should see misguided zeal, where passion can behold nothing but intentional error. Indeed, the whole virtue of an amiable disposition, consists in a sort of clear sighted charity, which is more ready to suspect the accuracy of its own vision, than to view the actions of mankind through the optics of malevolent feeling. And thus we find that the sex in whom this quality (called frequently, but falsely, a weak minded virtue) preeminently resides, are less willing to lend a ready

ear to the hints of hatred and suspicion, to the suggestions of envy and jealousy, and to the exaggerated tales which teem from a perverted understanding or a misguided heart.

From the view we have taken of this quality, so essential to the perfection of female character, it will clearly be seen what confidence is to be reposed in the opinions, and what deference is due to the motives of those, who represent an amiable disposition, as the offspring of imbecility of mind. Shall we call the monarch of the forest weak, because he renders at best but a surly obeisance to the breeze, while we dignify the pliant rush with the characteristics of strength and excellence, because it "bends its body if the wind but carelessly nod on it?" It is the amiable in disposition, who, like the oak, are unmoved amid the storm of passion; while the angry and the passionate, like the rush, are bent from their uprightness by every gust of temper.

The female sex have long been the acknowledged possessors of a sort of mental quickness and intellectual acumen, or rather sharpness of vision, which may be better understood by the term sprightliness of imagination, which has enabled them to discern, or at least to recognise those smaller springs of action that regulate the conduct of mankind, which, from their supposed insignificancy, have escaped the notice of the grosser sex. This is undoubtedly to be considered as the compensation which nature in her justice has awarded to the sex, when she denied them the disposition for studied research and laborious investigation. It is this, that gives them that decided superiority in the lighter departments of literature, especially in epistolary writing. And in this too we are to recognise one of the remoter causes of benevolent feeling, and of amiableness of disposition; since this fertility of the imagination is constantly producing palliatives for error, or excuses for failure in moral obligation.

That there have been, and still are many disgraceful exceptions in the quality we have ascribed to the sex, history obliges us to acknowledge, and our own experience of the world compels us to confess. It is true that when the female descends the scale of moral excellence, instead of rising in it, as nature intended, it cannot with certainty be foretold where she will stop. Depravity in the sex, is of a deeper and a darker cast, as the strongest acids are obtained from the sweetest base. But it is as unjust to visit individual turpi-

tude upon the sex in general, as it would be to infer the asperity of winter from the darkness of the summer cloud, or the deformity of nature from an occasional deviation from her laws. The agents of nature are often at work in apparently open disobedience to her laws; and thus we find that the violence of the breeze is often seducing objects from their affection to the stronger and more stable law of gravity. But it would be credulity, not wisdom, to conclude from such facts, that nature is not steady in her operations. And so too if the agitations of passion, the desire of personal aggrandizement, the jealousy of love, the rivalry of beauty, and the thousand contending emotions that struggle for vent, in the human breast, have hurried their unhappy victim from the paths of rectitude and principle; if the violence of untamed temper and the phrensy of unsubdued feeling, have plunged their wretched possessor into an abyss of guilt and consequent misery, it would be weakness, not wisdom, to infer that such were the characteristics of the species.

It is a remarkable fact, and one very much to our present purpose, that in all the tales invented for the amusement or adapted to the instruction of mankind, *woman* bears a conspicuous part. She is there arrayed in all the charms of her moral, as well as physical nature, and seldom fails to add not only an interest, but the chief interest to the relation. The selfish misogynist bends in rapture over the story of her excellence, no less than the experienced in conjugal felicity; and although his professions and his practice appear to be predicated upon a light, or a hasty estimation of the merits of the sex, he cannot but confess to himself and to his heart, that truth requires some concessions from prejudice, and that the decisions of the will, ought in justice to be reversed by the determinations of the judgment.

Intimately connected with that characteristic which we have ascribed to the sex, and upon which we have dwelt at some length, is, sensibility of heart. The world and its business is continually effacing the impressions received by the other sex, from objects of affecting interest, until the powers and feelings of sympathy are blunted or impaired. But here is the peculiar sphere of woman, and it is in this light that her character shines with the most distinguished lustre. The ardor of maternal affection, the sanctity of a sister's love, are themes upon which the poet and the orator have

lavished their sweetest strains, and have delineated with their strongest powers. What is there in the affection of a mother, or the tender relation of a sister, that derives not its best, its only charm, from that sensibility to which we allude? To whom would we communicate with confidence the trials and the vexations of life, those sorrows, troubles, and disappointments, and all those ills "that flesh is heir to?" The world is dead to sympathy. Man is too much occupied in the pursuit of wealth or fame, to lend a willing ear, or a consoling voice, to the complaints or the afflictions of disappointed hope, and blighted expectation. But there is an ear, which is open to the sorrows of man; there is a voice, whose sweetest accents are the accents of comfort and consolation. The vine that clings to the oak for shelter and protection, and supports itself by its mantling embrace, in its turn affords support, when age has destroyed the strength, or the lightning has shivered the body of the tree. So woman, who naturally leans upon man for succor, in her turn supports him in adversity, when the cares and the troubles of life threaten to bear him down, or the mortifications of disappointed ambition prey upon his spirits.

If any proof were wanting that the qualities which we have mentioned are, indeed and in truth, to be predicated of the sex, we should not appeal to the experience of fashionable life, to the rival contentions of beauty and accomplishment, or to the mawkish sensibility derived from affected sentiment, and studied refinement. The beauties of nature are to be contemplated, not as she is fettered by the appliances of art, but when in the solitude of the mountain, the secrecy of the cave, or the glitterings of the grotto, she revels in her own splendors, and retires from observation, as if fearful of the officiousness of mankind. The native beauty of the flower is to be estimated not from the factitious enhancement of its value, derived from a deviation from its species, but when in its original features, it spontaneously exults in its own perfumes. And so too, we are not to look for the natural traits of the female character, among the *botanical monsters* of fashionable life, but rather in the retirement of the domestic circle, the quietness of contentment, and the freedom from excitement and restraint.

In the enumeration of those individuals in whom the virtues of the head and heart are to be justly estimated, and in

whom the character of the sex is to be most correctly appreciated, we would not swell the list with such names as the bigoted Mary, the jealous Elizabeth, the unfortunate Mary of Scotland, or any of those who have figured in story, as examples of the assumption of masculine energy, or the objects of infatuated passion. The moon appears brightest as she rolls her silver splendors over the bosom of the lake, amid the solitude of nature, or as her beams are sifted through the foliage of the forest; not as she wastes her light upon the illuminated arcade. We must follow woman, also, to the stillness, if not to the solitude of private life, and among the daily details of benevolent exertion, if we would fairly estimate her peculiar traits. If nature were continually viewed through those mediums which magnify or distort her features, we should indeed be struck with the wonders which she appears to delight in concealing. The smallest insect would be seen arrayed in the beauties of the bird of paradise, while our eyes would be dazzled with the brightness of those objects which are imperceptible to the powers of ordinary vision. But this new accession of pleasure, thus opened to us, would be dearly purchased by the horrors in which the objects with which we are conversant would be clothed. The present objects of desire, would be objects of dread, and those things which commend themselves to our wishes by their newly discovered charms, would mock by their comparative dimensions our present powers of fruition. And so too, with the female sex, when violence is done to their nature by forcing them from their proper sphere, when the faculties which are bestowed for use in private life, are prostituted to the purposes of public fame, though we may be surprized that the female powers can accomplish so much, we cannot be astonished that in such situations they please so little. In his character of Queen Elizabeth, one that he has drawn with a most masterly hand, Mr. Hume has this striking passage. "When we contemplate her *as a woman*, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished." An assertion which, while it strengthens the force of our previous remarks, must be regarded as a concession from an acknowledged and conversant judge, that the sex is distinguished for amiable feelings and softness of disposition.

Another, and a remarkable feature in the female character, naturally connected with those which we have noticed, is delicacy of sentiment. It is this trait upon which, as upon a deep foundation, is built that refinement of feeling which associates itself with the name of woman; and here too, we are to discern the palladium of female delicacy,—the bulwark which defends her from the rudeness and the violence of tempestuous and unrestrained passion. Unless the turbulent propensities of our animal nature are subjected to the restraints of reason or religion, unless the rebellious ferocity of unfettered desire is subjected to the rigidness of martial law, they have a mutinous spirit which will break down the barriers which nature has set up, and let in a flood of evil, which will efface and destroy the landmarks of decency and of virtue. Hence in her care and anxiety for the sex, nature has endued them with a refinement of feeling, or rather as we have termed it, a delicacy of sentiment, which keeps watch over the avenues to the heart, and challenges the footstep of every intruder. No lurkings of passion or of propensity can pass undetected; and so faithful are the watches of this vigilant sentinel, that even a friend cannot enter, if it appear under a suspicious or a questionable garb. Accordingly we find in the sex, except in those unfortunate instances where evil communications have corrupted good manners, or the effects of misrule and a bad education have predominated, a nicer discrimination of the proprieties of life, a stricter regard to the rules of sobriety and refinement, and a more delicate sense of right and wrong, all built as it were upon, or proceeding from delicacy of sentiment, which, as it guards the avenues to the heart, so also, it controls the course of external conduct. It is here also, that we are to look for the seat of those generous sympathies which flow so readily at the tale of misfortune, and which so deeply engage the participation of the sex, in all the sorrows of life. It may, indeed, be said that this sensibility makes them more tremblingly alive to the various evils of life, and instead of fortifying them against the trials, the temptations, and the sorrows of the world, makes them the more easy prey to anxiety and care, and thus decreases their enjoyments. But it must be borne in mind that if the capacity for trouble is increased and enlarged, that the capacity for happiness is commensurately extended; and if an increased degree of sen-

sibility can affect the number or the extent of the pains of life, it exerts the same influence over the pleasures and enjoyments. It will readily be admitted that the enjoyments of irrational existence, the pleasures, namely, of the brute creation, bear no proportion to those of which man is capable of enjoying ; and that their pains also, must be greatly removed in number and extent from those of the human race. And yet a brute may be as happy or as miserable *in his way* as is a man. Each enjoys the degree of pleasure, or of pain, of which nature has made him susceptible. Or to illustrate our meaning in a more familiar way, we may say of two vessels that one is *as full* as the other, although they differ greatly in their respective capacity. And so too with the female sex: it must be conceded that they lie more open to the inroads of sorrow; but they have this consolation, that the same constitutional temperament spreads before them a larger field of enjoyment. It cannot be doubted, then, that it was the intention of nature, or, in other words, that it was the design of providence, terms which we consider synonymous, that the sex which was formed for the diffusion of happiness, should enjoy a large portion of that happiness themselves, by the very means which they employ for its diffusion. The pleasures of virtuous sensibility are open to them ; and the intensity of their enjoyments, makes ample amends for the inroads of occasional trouble.

From the view which we have presented of female character, it will readily be seen, how much the sex contributes to the general mass of happiness in the world. We are aware that there are many who will not follow us in our conclusions, and whose opinions of the sex, founded upon narrow views, or limited and prejudiced experience, will be found to militate with that which we have advanced. It might be well to ask such persons, whether, if the same justice were meted out by the female sex, and their opinions of men were predicated upon perjured vows, inconstancy of attention, studied neglect or levity of conduct ; if their estimation of the wisdom of man were founded upon his colloquial intercourse with their sex in general, or the trifles, the gewgaws, the vanities, with which their attention is courted, it might be asked, we say, whether the imputations of weakness and imbecility would not, with at least equal justice, apply to the stronger as well as to the weaker sex.

This is a consideration well worthy of the attention of all, who are forming their opinions of woman ; and if she is indeed that vain and imbecile and imperfect creature that they represent her, it is at least the part of charity, if not of justice, to consider what has made her so. If she is treated like an irrational creature, regarded as a child, and insulted by being considered as the companion only of our lighter hours ; if by invidious epithets, current but coarse, we cramp her genius, and cool her ardour in the pursuit of knowledge ; if we ridicule her attempts to fathom the depths of learning, and drive her, as an intruder, from the temple of science ; if we stigmatize her powers with weakness, and regard her offerings upon the altar of truth with scorn or disdain, although she may not like Hercules strangle the serpents thus sent to destroy her in the cradle, she still has the strength and courage to resent her wrongs, and dignity sufficient to assert her rights, and there will not be wanting those who will recognise and respect them.

P.

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### THE EYE OF THE DEAD.

*“ You may call it weakness ;—but I feel as if his eye, though departed, still regarded my actions,—as if his spirit still hovered over those objects once so fondly loved.”*

NORTHWOOD, 2d VOL.

EYE of the dead !—Ye say its stream  
 Is frozen in the tomb,—  
 But yet I feel its lingering beam  
 My inmost soul illumine ;  
 It gleams at twilight’s musing hour,  
 Ere evening lamps are bright ;  
 It glows o’er midnight’s sable power  
 With deep, unearthly light.

When o’er the cataract’s solemn roar  
 I hang with thoughtful breast,  
 Or those deep, shadowy, dells explore,  
 Which oft its glance had blest ;



Or when its cherished plants I tend  
 With fond and faithful cares,  
 Or o'er its once-lov'd pages bend,  
 My lone delight it shares.

It meets me at the altar's side,  
 Where contrite spirits sigh,  
 And when the stars with holy pride  
 Bodeck the evening sky ;  
 'Tis bright when every star is hid,  
 And wintry tempests rave ;—  
 Why will ye say 'tis quenched amid  
 The darkness of the grave ?

H.

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## SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

### NO. V.

#### THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

THE peculiar characteristics of females, being less distinctly marked, are much more difficult to be delineated than those of the other sex. There are various pursuits by which men may hope to obtain happiness and distinction—for women there is but one path—her success in life depends entirely on her domestic establishment. Let the education of women differ ever so much in *detail*, its *end* is the same, to qualify them to become wives and mothers, and in every station the object of female ambition is to marry well. This similarity of purpose produces a similarity of thought, feeling, action, and consequently *character*, which no uniformity of training could otherwise bestow. And then, the business of married women, though varying in *ceremonials*, according to the circumstances or rank of the respective husbands, is essentially alike.

“To study household good  
 “And good works in her husband to promote ;”

and to cherish and watch over her offspring, are, in our country, the employments for life of each individual. (I

have not taken into this amount those modish ladies who appear to think themselves born only to be amused, because such a class is scarcely recognised in our Republican land—here happily, in public estimation, the useful yet takes precedence of the fashionable.) While such only are the offices and duties which women are expected to perform, it would be absurd to think they would exhibit that variety of talent, or those prominent and peculiar qualities of mind, that distinguish men of different professions and dissimilar occupations. And accordingly, we find in descriptions of female character it is usually but the manners that is delineated. Manners makes nearly all the difference between a beauty of the age of chivalry, and a belle of the nineteenth century. But what a contrast in the principles and pursuits of men since the time that Peter the Hermit first raised the standard of the Cross, and saw nations enrol themselves beneath the sacred symbol, and this age of free inquiry, of rational improvement, of useful invention! What sympathy would there be between the opinions and feelings of a crusader of the reign of Coeurs de Lion, and an enlightened philosopher of our own nation?—the one, in his mailed armour traversing the burning plains of Syria, considering the rescue of Jerusalem from the grasp of the infidels, as the greatest and most meritorious action mortal man could perform; the other, contemplating, with a calm delight that scenes of carnage never afforded, the proposed route of a rail road or canal, which, completed, would give to peaceful industry, the means of raising cities on the site of the wilderness?

Yet woman is still the same—still seeking her earthly happiness only by subduing the heart of lordly man—still endeavoring to heighten and set off her personal attractions by dress and accomplishments, that she may thus secure the constant devotion of some gallant knight.

This distinction in the pursuits of the two sexes could never have been so firmly established, and so long and uniformly upheld, in every country and among every people, by mere human authority and custom. In designating woman as “a helpmeet” for man, the Creator marked her destiny; and to fit her for the task, mercifully infused into her soul deep attachment for home, enduring tenderness for her offspring, and to the “one she loves,” that constancy in affection, which rarely decays till her heart is cold in death.

She cannot break these bonds if she would. It is idle to talk of the "Rights of Woman," if they are made to consist but in placing her in a station manifestly contrary to the intentions of Providence. It is worse than weak, it is wicked to say she is degraded by fulfilling those duties nature assigned her; because the *mind* is not circumscribed by *time*, or confined to earth; and in the promises of eternal glory, woman participates equally with her "lord." Indeed were not all boasting excluded she might claim the advantage—the Saviour of the world was peculiarly her seed, and the honor of having the One who brought life and immortality to our fallen race named of her, establishes at once her claim to a full participation of mind; of soul, of that portion of our being which is destined for immortality. It is then absurd for woman to complain that her sphere on earth is less honorable than that of man, because it is different, or imagine that the privilege of commanding armies or convincing senates would add to her importance, usefulness and happiness—because it must be evident to all who consider the subject, that such was not the part assigned her by Him who directeth all things in wisdom. The great effort therefore of female education, should be to qualify woman to discharge her duties, not to exalt her till she despises them; to make it her ambition to merit and display the character of the most amiable and intelligent of her sex, rather than aspire to emulate the capacity and conduct of men. In our country, where, under the mild light of christianity, free institutions guarantee freedom of thought, of expression, of action, the full and free development of mind may rationally be expected; and here, if in any country on earth, women may hope to take their true, their most dignified station, as the helpers, the companions, of educated and independent men. And while our citizens are endeavoring so to improve their inestimable privileges, that the men of future ages may be better and happier for their labors, have women no share in the important task? Their influence on the manners is readily and willingly conceded by every one; might not their influence on the *mind* be made quite as irresistible, and far more beneficial, and that, too, without violating in the least, the *propriety*, which, to make their examples valuable, should ever mark their conduct. The business of *instruction* is one of vast interest, because fraught with such

important consequences to Americans. It is necessary that *all* our people should be instructed, as universal education is the main pillar that must eventually support the temple of our liberty. It is therefore a duty sacredly binding on our legislators to provide for the instruction, during childhood and youth, of every member of our republic. But while there are so many pursuits, more lucrative and agreeable to active and ambitious young men, there will be a lack of *good* instructors—of those who are willing to make it their business. Let, then, the employment of *school-keeping* be principally appropriated to females. They are both by temper and habit, admirably qualified for the task—they have patience, fondness for children, and are accustomed to seclusion and inured to self-government. Is it objected that they do not possess sufficient soundness of learning—that their acquirements are superficial, showy, frivolous? The fault is in their education, not in the female mind. Only afford them opportunities of improvement and *motives* for exertion; let them be assured, that

—————“to sing, to dance,  
“To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll their eyes,”

is not all that is required to make young ladies agreeable or likely to be sought by the gentlemen—that they may converse sensibly without the charge of pedantry, and be intelligent without the appellation of a *blue*; in short, that they are expected to be rational, and required to be useful, and they will not disappoint public expectation.

But I may not dwell on the subject; my preface is already too long. Readers soon tire of prefaces, and skip them, and so the labor of writing them is lost. Writers should never flatter themselves every thing from their pens will be seized with avidity. Yet still it is, perhaps, best they should not know how slightly many passages, they imagine most excellent, are passed over; how carelessly opinions and sentiments, they consider of vital importance to the interests and improvement of society, are read. They would not persevere could the mortifying truth be fully unfolded, namely, that the chief importance of an author is in his own estimation. Yet my preface will have all the importance I wish, if it has any tendency to awaken the attention of parents, and those who have the superintendence of female education, to examine whether there be not some *end* and

aim besides a mere drawing-room display, to which the exertion of female talent may, with propriety, be directed. Yet to make such a plan effectual, it must be made fashionable—the business of instruction must be divested of its associations of pretension and pedantry, and dullness and drilling. It must be esteemed amiable, and comporting with feminine gracefulness and delicacy as well as dignity; and moreover, it must be sufficiently lucrative to insure an honorable independence, whenever such a “consummation” which I, for one, most “devoutly wish” shall occur, the character of the schoolmistress will become interesting and important; the office of instructress will not be sought merely as the resource of necessity and misfortune; but *ladies* will engage in it, more sedulous to display their acquirements and graces by the progress of their pupils, than an exhibition of *themselves*. And then the story of Elizabeth Brooks will be read with interest, and her example considered worthy of imitation. Elizabeth Brooks was a native of Walpole, N. H. Writers of fiction usually introduce the epithets “retired” or “romantic” before the name of the place where they locate the residence of their heroine. Such of my readers as have had the opportunity of visiting Walpole and its environs—who have gazed on the “Falls,” while standing beneath the overhanging mountain till fancy almost saw the mighty mass trembling as if about to precipitate itself into the gulf beneath; while the agitation and whirl of the waters, as they rush, and boil, and foam, among the broken rocks, may, by no great effort of the imagination, be ascribed to their fear of the impending crush and their hurry to escape from the threatened ruin—and then glanced on the opposite shore, where, amidst plenty and beauty, rural content seems to have fixed her seat, will not need be told that Walpole and its environs are romantic. “Retired” is a more relative term—to an inhabitant of this city, the place would be retired. When Elizabeth was born, her father was an affluent merchant in the city of Hartford—when she was seventeen, he kept a small boarding house in Walpole, lord of nothing on earth, save the affection of his wife and child. Sickness, as well as misfortune, had assailed him; he was dying of consumption, and before she was eighteen, she was fatherless. In youth we seldom yield to despondency. Life has then so many bright visions,

some must gild the path appointed us. It is not strange such fancies should soothe Elizabeth, for the star of love brightened her horizon. She was very young, only fifteen, when her acquaintance with William Forbes commenced. He was then preparing for College, and sought her society because she, more than any one, seemed to appreciate his studies. Yet it was more the complacency of her disposition, than liking for his person, that first induced Elizabeth to admit his visits. He was a scholar, rather than a lover, and she had much oftener to listen to scraps of Latin and Greek quotations, than compliments or soft words. But then he furnished her with books, of which she was immoderately fond, and he discussed with her the merits of her favorite heroes, and the beauties of her favorite poets; and translated learned mottoes, and explained obscure allusions, till finally, from finding his presence necessary, she began to regret his absence; his idea was often and oftener recurring; she thought of him, and loved to think of him—was she not then in love? Hers was not certainly romantic love—such as is enkindled by a bright eye, graceful form, fascinating manners, &c. It was the calm, confiding esteem and affection, that will last unimpaired through all the changes of human life. Wedded love must be thus rational, thus founded on esteem, or it will never endure. The raptures of fancy usually decay, if not with the first moon, with the first year.

It is usually thought those who are beloved, must be lovely—but the comeliness of Elizabeth was almost entirely owing to a fair complexion, and a kind, benignant expression of countenance, that assured the beholder of the gentleness of her heart. She was one of those girls whom the aged always praise—a sure sign of excellence—and if some of the young ladies thought her rather too fortunate in attaching a scholar and a rich man's son, yet no envy or illnature towards her was openly expressed. She was twenty-two, when William, after receiving his diploma, departed for the State of New-York, where he intended to study law, select a place of residence, and then return and claim his bride. The time of separation appeared long to them both. William openly murmured, and tears told all that Elizabeth could not speak.

“Let me find you unchanged at my return,” said William, pressing her hand.

"Time changes us all," replied Elizabeth.

"But your heart, my love, let that still be mine, and I care not for other alterations."

He was then probably sincere.

"Do you think the report of your nephew's intended marriage with a lady in New-York is really true?" said Miss Ashton to the Rev. J. Bennett, the uncle of William Forbes. "Has he entirely forsaken Elizabeth?"

"I fear so indeed," replied the worthy clergyman, with a shake of the head, and a deep, long breath, between a sigh and groan. "Elizabeth is one of the best girls in the world; but their courtship has been too long. I dislike such long courtships—I seldom knew one end happily. There is usually jealousy and quarrelling—and if they do finally marry, it often appears on the part of the man, more a sense of honor than affection, which leads him to fulfil his engagement."

"Would there not be equal danger of repentance and re-pining, were the nuptial knot actually tied?" inquired Miss Ashton.

"No, there would not—or certainly not with persons of sense and reflection. They would then feel their interests the same, and they would feel that confidence in each other, which love, only never imparted. Even the changes that time works on the fairest countenance, are scarcely perceptible to the husband who daily sees his wife exerting herself to make him and his children happy. But the lover, after an absence of several years, beholds the alterations in his intended with deep regret, if not with mortification. And the more ardent and devoted he has been, the more perceptible is the change. His imagination has been investing his beloved with an increase of charms, while time has been stealing "a tooth, or auburn lock," perhaps, and the bridegroom feels as if defrauded of the loveliness for which he had bartered his heart."

"But you forget, Sir," said Miss Ashton, eagerly, "that the gentlemen now allow us some merit on the score of *mind*, and Miss Brooks"——

"Is wonderfully improved, I grant ye," interrupted Mr. Bennett—"and she is far more deserving than when William first engaged her hand; because she has evinced the goodness of her heart and temper by good works, by usefulness—that sure, and indeed to us, only test of superior vir-

tue, and the best criterion of superior abilities. But yet, Miss Ashton, we must not expect, though the opinions of men and the condition of women have wonderfully, and happily changed during the last half century, yet we must not expect that the fancy for female beauty, which is fostered, if not in a great measure inspired, by our literature, (recollect every heroine, from Helen downwards, is painted beautiful), can be sufficiently *etherealized*, as my Sophia would say, to prefer, without at least an effort of reasoning, the graces of *mind* to the graces of *person*. I know from my own feelings, as well as from observation, that men are extremely apt to pay homage to beauty. It is true young men of sense and education soon grow weary of a fool, though ever so pretty, but not always till after marriage;—when it is too late. Such will probably be the fate of William Forbes—but his folly and injustice deserve punishment.”

“And so Miss Brooks must all her life be confined to the drudgery of school keeping,”—said Miss Ashton, compassionately. “I do think keeping school must be the dullest thing on earth. To be mewed up, day after day, conning A. B. C.—O, how I should detest it! But it may be congenial employment to the mind of an old maid.”

“I am intending my daughter Sophia to commence the business soon,” observed Mr. Bennett.”

“What, that joyous girl, who is all song, smiles and sportiveness? Why, to confine her buoyant spirit in the prison of a school room, would be as incongruous as for nature to place nightingales in Lapland, or call forth butterflies in January. ‘She never will endure it.’”

“She is eager to attempt it,” replied Mr. Bennett,—“and anticipates much pleasure in the employment of school keeping.”

“Pleasure in school keeping!”—reiterated the laughing Miss Ashton. Whoever thought of associating pleasure with school keeping!—I know indeed ladies sometimes engage in it, but I always supposed it was from necessity, for the pecuniary compensation merely,—but that cannot be your daughter’s motive.”

“Neither is it now the motive of Elizabeth Brooks. When she commenced instructing, the necessities of her mother required great exertion. But Mrs. Brooks is no more. Elizabeth has rich relations in Connecticut, who



would gladly support her, and indeed, who urge her to reside with them. She does not instruct from necessity."

"It is very strange she should instruct from choice," observed the young lady.

"And why so strange?" returned Mr. Bennett? "Do you, my dear Miss Ashton, never connect pleasure with usefulness? I should have said duty, but the word has been so often and so foolishly, if not irreverently misapplied I seldom use it. In my estimation, and I have drawn my deductions, not from studies in the closet, but observations in the world, usefulness and pleasure are much oftener allied than idleness and pleasure. By idleness I do not mean doing nothing,—but being engaged in frivolous pursuits only. There is a complacency of mind that makes the heart glad and the spirit buoyant—a feeling of gratification which is happy without effort, and gay even in solitude, that people who seek only their own amusement never enjoy."

"I am not sufficiently acquainted with Miss Brooks to allow me to judge of her feelings," returned the lively Miss Ashton—"but the loss of a lover is usually esteemed quite a serious thing with us ladies. If she sustain her disappointment with fortitude, I shall think school keeping of some importance, and advise every young lady to acquaint herself with the business, so that an affair of the heart may not make her quite helpless and hopeless. But your charming Sophia has nothing to fear from fickle lovers."

"She should fear then for herself," returned Mr. Bennett, seriously. "She should fear to indulge that supineness which is *passive* vice, if I may be allowed the term—because to be actively useful, as far as our ability permits, is the law of our being, the debt we owe for the enjoyment of life, and whoever neglects to fulfil the one and pay the other is guilty. The world may say such people live very fashionably, and very innocently—but they do not enjoy the approbation of conscience, and they cannot expect from Him whose favor is felicity, the commendation "well done good and faithful servant!" Yet I beg you will not think I have compelled my daughter to engage as an instructress. I have long since adopted the opinion that to have good works meritorious, they must be performed by a free agent. I endeavor to point out to my children the path of usefulness—I advise them to pursue it; but I allow them to decide for themselves.

Sophia, however, for her decision of character and activity of mind, is far more indebted to the counsels and example of Miss Brooks than to me. And I am proud and glad to acknowledge this, because it is paying a deserved tribute to merit, and moreover assists to establish my favorite theory—namely, that the elevation of female character must be achieved by female talent and influence. We men may frame systems of improvement, but it is the exertions of the ladies that must prepare the mind to receive them.”

Here they were interrupted by the entrance of Sophia Bennett, who came tripping in to tell her father she had received the promised communication from Miss Brooks. “And I was never more delighted in my life,” continued the laughing girl. “Do, my dear father, read it—I am sure there is amusement in the description of school keeping, however dull the business may be in actual performance.”

“Miss Brooks was requested by my daughter to draw up some rules for her direction during her first essay as an instructress,” said Mr. Bennett, turning to Miss Ashton. “Miss Brooks answered that she would willingly oblige her, but that precise rules, applicable to the exigencies of different schools, would be beyond her ability—but that she would copy some notes, taken during her first six months experience in teaching, which might give my daughter some little idea of what would be expected from her in her new vocation.”

“O, do pray allow me to hear the notes,” said Miss Ashton.

“With pleasure,” returned Mr. Bennett. “Here Sophia, you must read, I will explain, and Miss Ashton may criticize; so there will be business for us all.”

“I would ask to be excused from my task,” said Miss Ashton, “only as I find you place so high an estimate on industry, you will I suppose easier pardon severity of remark than idleness.”

“But you must recollect the writer is a female,” replied the good man—“and from the lips of her own sex, should receive courtesy if not indulgence. There is one consequence which I sometimes fear may follow the cultivation of literature, especially of authorship among women, which would tend greatly to injure their usefulness and happiness. It would be very unfortunate, should those whose thoughts

and words ought to be kind, conciliating and charitable, be, by their attainments incited to a spirit of jealousy, envy and rivalry towards each other. Indeed that lady of intelligence who does not encourage female talent, must be blind to her own interest. It is not in possessing a genius superior to her sex, that makes the true, the best glory of a woman, it is in using her influence to elevate the female character. We men do not want paragons or prodigies for wives—but rational, refined, intelligent partners—the former may engage our wonder, the latter only will attract our love. And now, my daughter, as I have prosed to the extent, good breeding will allow, although I have not half exhausted the subject, we will listen to the letter of Miss Brooks.”

Sophia's smile thanked her kind parent for the interest he took in her plans and pleasures, and she began.

“On examining my notes, my dear Miss Bennett, I found they would be unintelligible to you without some explanations; so by their aid I have taxed my memory to give you a regular history of my feelings, and the progress of my mind during six of the most important months I ever passed. I may well call them so, as their effect has ever since operated on my character and happiness; and probably will during life. It was on the first Monday in May, 18—, that I commenced my school, in a small district in the town of ————. I engaged in it from necessity, and reluctantly enough to make me quite nervous. I used to be nervous in those days, or at least indulge my *sensibility*, (the refined title for *selfishness*) till it made me very unreasonable, and very wretched; for I had been indulged till the gratification of my own wishes and whims, appeared to me the most important thing on earth. But wealth had fled, my dear father was no more, my mother was unable to provide for her own wants, and thus I was thrown upon my own resources.

I had never been acquainted with myself, and notwithstanding I had a proud idea of my own learning and accomplishments, yet no sooner did I undertake to exercise, specifically, my talents, than I shrunk from the task, and felt dismay and discouragement. Those who have been taught to estimate their acquirements chiefly by the credit they acquire on days of examination at school, and afternoons of display before partial friends at home, have little idea of any

practically useful purpose to which those accomplishments may be applied. But for me, there was no discharge. I must either use exertion, or live in dependence on my mother's relatives. I was influenced in my choice by reasons that doubtless to a philosopher, would appear of very trifling import, if not excessively silly ; yet they decided my destiny. I will tell you the whole frankly, nor do I now, in my days of reflection, and comparative wisdom, feel disposed to tax myself with egregious folly, because that in youth I was guided by the impulses of my heart. The passions, when virtuous in their objects of pursuit, are as sure a guide to excellence and happiness, as cool reason—indeed surer and far more efficient ; because of the enthusiasm they kindle, and the generosity they inspire. It is a mistake to think that passion, or feeling is, of itself, censurable. When the soul is most innocent, that is in youth, the passions are most ardent. Why then, you will probably inquire, is the suppression of passion always so earnestly urged on the young ? I think, my dear Sophia, there is a mistake in the terms used by those writers who most earnestly inculcate the necessity of self control. It is not the suppression of our feelings, but their right *direction* that is needed to make us perfect. The great Moralist, who "spake as never man spake," did not censure passion, or its expression—he only sought to direct it to worthy objects, and incite it to great sacrifices. He purified and exalted, but he encouraged—love. We are not only to love our neighbor as ourselves, but we must love our enemies—a refinement, and generosity, and warmth of sentiment which can only be compatible with a pure mind and ardent heart. These remarks are not intended to palliate any weakness of my own—because I do not think the affection I then cherished for W., was a weakness. Yet what was, at that time, the innocency of passion, would, if now indulged, be weak or criminal. But my reasons—well—New Hampshire was the residence of the friends of William—I should there, oftener than in Connecticut, hear of him and from him ; and then William had once said he thought the office of instructress, an excellent one for young ladies ; it imparted a knowledge of the human heart, he observed, which, in no other way could they so well or so safely gain ; and it also gave dignity to the manners, and a decision to the mind that were calculated to make a woman more respected

and more useful. Another, and perhaps the most efficient reason was this—I had a cousin where I was invited to reside who had expressed more partiality for me than his relationship would seem to dictate—I feared a residence in his father's family would give uneasiness to William Forbes. I might, I see, have spared this detail of circumstances, and said at once, that partiality for the man I then expected to marry, was the true reason which induced me to make those exertions which have been crowned with success, and I hope not deficient in that usefulness which merits success. I have not mentioned my mother, because she would with apparent cheerfulness, have yielded to the solicitations of her friends, and lived in dependence on them; yet I know she was afterwards, far happier in reflecting she owed her support and comforts, to my filial love and successful industry.

My school house had been recently built, and was scarcely finished, and moreover was situated in a place which any young lady, romantic or rational, might be pardoned for calling horrid. In selecting this site, taste, if such a principle was cultivated among the villagers, had never been consulted. The only requisite was, to fix precisely on the centre of the district; and after measuring in every direction, the centre had been discovered exactly in the centre of a frog-pond. As near that pond as safety would permit, stood the school house, encircled with dwarf pines and spruce bushes; and the prospect on every side, bounded by woods or mountains, or ledges of rock. Not a human habitation was in sight, and yet, when I entered the school room, I found nearly fifty children collected. Where the little urchins could possibly live, or how they all found their way to that wild looking place, was then to me matter of astonishment. I have since learned, how highly the privileges of a free school are prized; and what exertions are made by parents, to insure their little ones the advantages of education. The first thing, of course, was to be introduced to my pupils, or in other words, to learn their names. And here commenced a ludicrous difficulty. The names of these little rustics were so high sounding and romantic, and generally so inappropriate to the appearance of the children, and their repetition awakened such associations, and indeed such ludicrous comparisons in my own mind, that it was several days before I could hear, or speak, them without laughing.

I had all the presidents and great men of America, to say nothing of foreign heroes, before me, represented, in name at least, by sunburnt, barefooted, curly-pated boys; and all the heroines of romance and song, in chubby cheeked, freckled, romping girls—and a happy circumstance did I esteem it, if only one four-syllable name was attached to one individual. Ever since that time, I have been an admirer of short, and as they are usually called, simple, old-fashioned names. But I was, on the whole, pleased with my school. There was something very gratifying in the sincere and affectionate homage these happy and innocent little creatures rendered to me. They had been taught to respect their teacher, and think learning one of the finest things they could possess; and I found them tractable, and ambitious to excel. But the unrestrained freedom of play when out of school, and the variety and cheerfulness of nature abroad, make confinement to the school room, especially in the country, a far more irksome restraint during summer, than any other season of the year. I studied so to engross and interest their minds, that they might have no leisure for repining at the restrictions I was compelled to impose, and I introduced in consequence, some new arrangements; but I found these innovations were watched with a jealous eye by the parents. Yet no murmurs of discontent reached me, excepting from two families—one sent no scholar, and the other none excepting an idiot. I have usually found those who have least interest in a school the least likely to be satisfied with its management. I boarded *round*, as they termed it, that is, I boarded with every family in proportion to the number of scholars they sent—and it was amusing to see the pride of the parents and the manner in which they managed to elicit from me praises of their children. I believe I satisfied them, certainly I was myself satisfied; for nothing they could do to make me comfortable and happy, was omitted. The best room, the best bed, the best place at table, the best fare the house afforded were considered the right of the instructress of their children—and the gratitude this treatment excited in my heart, poor and dependent as I felt myself, raised in me, an ambition to deserve it, that doubtless contributed much to make me industrious, and to give me those habits of faithfulness in my employment, which have been rewarded by success and happiness. Yes, happiness, my dear So-

Brooks, still following the vocation she had chosen, was the instructress they both preferred. She was almost adored by her pupils, and respected and beloved like a relative by their parents; and the placidity of her countenance, and cheerfulness, even vivacity of her manners, was a proof that her mind was contented, and her life pleasant as well as useful. She also was on a visit to the clergyman.

"I have lately received a letter from my nephew, William Forbes," remarked Mr. Bennett. "He is, I find, a widower."

The married ladies glanced at Elizabeth, but her countenance was unchanged.

"He says he shall be here in the course of a few months, if he can learn whether a certain lady who first engaged his affections is at liberty, and would receive him favorably," continued the clergyman.

The married ladies both smiled, and a slight color was perceptible on the mild, chastened features of Elizabeth.

"He says," continued the clergyman, "he has fortune, fame, friends, all that is necessary to make him happy, except the consciousness of rectitude, which, since violating his engagement with Elizabeth, he has never enjoyed,—and a partner to share his confidence and prosperity. He acknowledges his fault, but thinks he has already been sufficiently punished. The lady he married was beautiful, and he was dazzled by her charms, till he forgot, or rather relinquished his first love; but his wife never made him happy. He does not accuse her of imperfections, only remarks that they were unequally matched; that there never was, that there could not be between them, that communion of mind, to which he had always been accustomed in his intercourse with Miss Brooks. He was not himself aware, how much of his happiness depended on this communion, till he had forfeited it. He entreats me to intercede for him."

"What answer did Elizabeth give?"

The subject was under discussion all the afternoon. The married ladies advised her to accept the offer of her penitent lover—they probably expected an invitation to the wedding. The good clergyman told her to consult her own heart, and those excellent principles that had so nobly and effectually supported her under every vicissitude. But he hinted how much pleasure it would give him to see her married to a

worthy man ; indeed, he said he should like to pronounce the nuptial benediction himself.

“What answer did Elizabeth give ?”

I intend, hereafter, to sketch the character of William Forbes, and then the propriety of the answer which Elizabeth did give, will be apparent. Till then, every lady and gentleman, who does me the honor to read these “Sketches,” is at liberty to form and express their own opinion on the subject.

### THE WIFE.

SHE spoke—and her low accents bore  
A tone of thrilling sadness,  
That half denied the smile she wore,  
Too full of love, for gladness.

She spoke, and in her quiet eye  
There beamed the light of feeling,  
With preface of a gentle sigh,  
The full heart thus revealing.

“Sorrow and I have mingled much ;—  
My pallid looks declare it ;  
But I could brave her withering touch,  
Wert thou not doomed to share it.

When Heaven its precious gift recalled  
The boy we prized so dearly,  
My bosom rent, yet unappalled,  
But treasured *thee* more nearly.

And wert thou other than thou art—  
Less generous, kind, confiding,  
The love that lives in my true heart  
Were not the less abiding.

E'en thy neglect I might sustain ;  
’Twould chill my heart, not break it :  
Its tenderness would still remain ;  
Thy falsehood could not shake it.



But on *thy* heart should sorrow prey,  
 And doubt and fear assail thee,  
 And disappointment mark thy way,  
 And friends, 'and fortune fail thee.

These tears, these foolish tears that start,  
 Might bring relief to me, love,  
 But the long sigh that rends the heart  
 Would only rise for thee, love.

My bitter doom may be to twine  
 The shroud of death about thee,  
 To press thy senseless form to mine,  
 To live—to feel—without thee :

And even from this I would not shrink,  
 Should fate for this reserve me ;  
 But on *thy* griefs I dare not think :  
 God from all ill preserve thee !

A. M. W.

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### CANZONETTA.

AWAKE ! oh awake ! the village bells ringing,  
 Proclaim that all nature is gay :  
 Sweet odours around us the breezes are flinging ;  
 Awake to the merry May-day !

The sun, as he rises o'er yonder hill beaming,  
 Is running his ever bright way—  
 The green-wood is merry, and nature is seeming  
 To rejoice in the coming of May !

And see on the meadow sweet flowers, up-springing,  
 Are budding in fragrant array—  
 While far o'er the lawn, her airy flight winging,  
 The lark greets the coming of May !

Yon violet-bank, its beauty revealing,  
 Is blooming in azure so gay ;—  
 Then wake ye ! awake ! while the merry bells pealing  
 Shall welcome the lovely May-day !

T. C. O.

## LETTERS FROM A MOTHER.

MY DEAR MRS. B.—The first thing to be attended to in the education of infants (for infants are now, I believe, considered capable of receiving instruction—witness infant schools) is not so much the communication of ideas, as the preventing wrong impressions from those which are spontaneously, or rather unavoidably acquired. You cannot prevent a child, who has proper faculties, from gaining ideas—whether those notions shall be true or false, that is, whether the manner in which they are first presented to the mind will be most likely to incline it to good or to evil, depends, in my opinion, materially on the management of the mother, supposing, as I do, that following the order of nature, the mother is the nurse of her child. Many of our virtues arise from, or are made necessary by the relations of society; these the infant cannot be taught, nor if it could, would feel or understand the propriety of being enjoined to perform them. But there is one virtue, and the most important one, which we can impress, early, on the human mind. It is truth.—Truth, which is the foundation of all morality, may be so instilled into the heart, so blended with the feelings of the child, that the practice of what is honorable and estimable will, through life, be congenial, and thus the most effectual shield from *vice*, that *human* wisdom or exertion can impart, may be furnished; and this may be done by the mother. I would not be understood to insinuate that the misconduct of children is always caused by errors in domestic education. The mind in its progress, catches habits that perhaps ultimately decide its character, as it does ideas and principles from persons and events entirely unconnected with early impressions; yet still there is reason to hope that good seed, if sown when the heart is tender and the understanding ductile, will take root—if it do not bear all the fruit we could wish, it may prevent the weeds of vice from occupying the whole soul. And as a sacred regard for truth is one of the first virtuous impressions which can be imparted to the infant mind, it is of the utmost importance that every recollection and association that binds the child to its mother, should have impressed upon it the seal of truth. Her countenance as well as her words should always direct her.

child rightly. She should never sport with his ignorance, unconsciousness or credulity. What she promises she should always perform. What she has once refused she should never grant. But a multiplicity of prohibitions is one of the worst faults of domestic government. Legislators acknowledge that a multiplicity of laws and severe statutes have a bad effect on public morals. It is just the same in families. The fewer commands issued, the more readily and reverently they will be obeyed. To avoid the necessity of prohibitions, especially before the child can understand the reasonableness of submitting to what is required, should be the study of the judicious mother. She should offer nothing to her infant's notice that she cannot permit him to take if he chooses. She should, if possible, leave nothing within his reach to which he may not, if he wishes, have free access. But still there will be cases in which he must be denied what he covets. The reason of this denial he should, as soon as practicable, be made to understand. A child comprehends much earlier, and more easily, than many imagine; he soon learns to interpret the expression of the face he loves and with which he is familiar; from his mother's eye and gestures he takes his first lesson. To illustrate my meaning more fully.

Nothing so soon attracts the notice of an infant as a lighted candle or lamp. How eagerly and delightedly the little eyes follow the shining object, and soon the little hands are extended to grasp it. It may be kept from his reach, but it may also be submitted to his touch without danger, and if rightly managed he will gain more than one useful idea by the experiment. Let every motion to reach the light be marked by the disapprobation of his mother. He will watch her, and note the look, but he will probably disobey the warning, for he does not know that pain will be the penalty of his disobedience. He touches the blaze and feels the smart; he will afterwards connect that look of his mother's with the idea of pain, and will not dare to disregard it. But no smile of the mother should follow his disappointment, and she should never urge him to try the experiment again. He should always feel that to her he can turn for true directions, and from her find sympathy in every sorrow. Children do not, for a long time, understand the meaning of humor or irony. They expect literal truth; they understand

what is told them, either by gesture or word, literally, till they have learned from the management and examples of those by whom they are surrounded how little truth is prized and practised by the world. Many a mother, from mistaken tenderness, is guilty of falsehood to her child. He is ill and requires medicine, perhaps that which is very disagreeable. To induce him to take it without making trouble, she assures him it is good, or that it is something of which he is fond. When he finds his mistake, think you he will look to her with the same confidence? or feel the same necessity of speaking truth himself? He will do neither, and the effect of being thus treated may make an impression on his mind that will ultimately lead him to disregard truth altogether. No; compel your child, if necessary, to take medicine, but never tell him that bitter is sweet, or sweet bitter.

Are these things I have mentioned trifling? Nothing ought to be considered trifling that may have an important effect on the mind and character of a rational being. There are no great events in education; all the effects we see are produced by small causes; it is a mistake to call them *trivial*. Can those incidents be deemed trivial that are preparing a mind for usefulness and happiness—perhaps eminence in this life, and fitting it to be an inheritor of immortal glory?

Should this letter furnish one hint by which my dear Mrs. B. may be benefited, and her arduous task of educating her little ones be made more easy, I shall consider my time well employed, and perhaps at some future day again resume the pen.

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#### LAST THOUGHTS.

ON Ganges' sultry shore,  
 The pestilence held sway,  
 And mighty warriors fell, yet saw  
 No battle's proud array.

And brave men bowed with fear  
 As words of fate were heard,  
 And felt the plague had arms to foil  
 The champions of the sword.

The morning sun's red gleams  
 Had kindled up the sky,  
 When low beneath a grove of palms,  
 One laid him down to die.

The Lion banner led,  
 And he followed to the war ;  
 Yet Albion's Isle holds not his home,  
 Nor cling his death thoughts there.

Gold, honor, power—the dreams  
 That haunt our night of life,  
 How little do we reek of these  
 Amid the fearful strife !

The strife that rends away  
 Each reed whereon we trust,  
 Showing the soul that earth has nought  
 Save meteors—bubbles—dust.

Yet all is not forgot—  
 The heart has hoarded things,  
 Affection sorrow nourisheth  
 Like the green round shaded springs :

The tempest fiercer beats,  
 Freer those fountains rush,  
 Thus when the heart is steeped in wo  
 Its tenderest feelings gush.

And round that dying man,  
 As ebb'd his life away,  
 Throng'd visions of his own loved land,  
 All bright with Freedom's ray.

He saw Potomac's wave,  
 He saw the cedar shade,  
 He saw the blue Hill's summits where  
 His daring foot had strayed.

And then his own dear home,  
 Half hid by blossomed trees,  
 Just as it looked when he bade farewell  
 To roam the stormy seas.

With earnest, tender eye  
 His mother's form was there,  
 He heard his sister's laughing tones,  
 He heard his father's prayer.

And from that home of peace  
 What urged him thus afar ?  
 Where foreign accents greet his ear—  
 In a foreign cause to war ?

O, guilt was on his brow,  
 And blood upon his hand,  
 And his ears still rang with the groans of one  
 Who perished by his brand !

His friend—his earliest—best—  
 The loved in childhood's hours,  
 When the heart gives forth its feelings pure,  
 As incense from Spring flowers.

And can a hasty word  
 Cancel the love of years ?  
 Must they meet as foes in the deadly fight,  
 Who have mingled sighs and tears ?

The Druid's reign is o'er,  
 His groves and altars fled—  
 But *false* honor on our christian shore  
 Hath reared a shrine as red !

The soldier's sunken eye  
 Flashed with a joyous light,  
 As home's bright visions thronging came  
 Before his swimming sight.

Ah ! raise thy shaking hand,  
 And shade thy throbbing brow—  
 'Tis the bleeding form of thy murdered friend,  
 That rises on thee now !

CORNELIA.

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### THE DEAF GIRL.

MARIANNE WILLIS, when beheld in an attitude of meditation, was as beautiful a human being as imagination ever drew. Brow, cheek, lips, just such as a young poet would delight to describe, and burn to kiss ; and her eyelash, with its long dark fringe, shaded an eye that merited a whole Petrarch

sonnet ; and then her graceful form, rounded arm, and delicate hand, each deserved its eulogium. But a beauty who cannot speak, is no more to our intellectual beaux than a statue. And yet, where is the great advantage in having the faculty of speech, if it be only employed in lisping nonsense? Perhaps the subject has never been considered. I wish it might be proposed for a *theme*, at some of our colleges ; it would doubtless elicit as many new ideas from the young students, as a “dissertation on the comparative advantages of Greek and Roman literature.”

Marianne Willis was called the “deaf beauty,” and she was the only beauty I ever knew, who always turned a deaf ear to her own praises. Yet she was not insensible to the admiration she raised ; the ardent, enduring gaze of those who, for the first time especially, beheld her, always called a deeper glow on her cheek, and she would cast down her bright eyes, and turn away, exhibiting that modesty of feeling which is so truly indicative of the purity of the female heart.

A person born blind, raises, in the beholder, few emotions, save pity. We feel at a glance the helplessness and hopelessness of the case. It is otherwise when we see those who are deaf. There is usually more animation (*eagerness* perhaps, would better express what is meant) in the countenance of such an one, than in that of a person who can speak. There is too, a hilarity in the smile of the deaf that seems to ask amusement, not sympathy. And then the oddity of their gestures, the quickness of their motions, the restlessness of their glances, are apt to inspire a corresponding vivacity in the mind of the beholder. In short, we feel that the spirit of the deaf one is awake, and can hold converse with ours, and thus it is much less painful to contemplate a deaf, than a blind person.

But it was always a positive pleasure to look on Marianne, or rather to have her look on you ; she was so lovely, and her features always so lighted up with mirth—it was not till she turned away, and you lost the inspiration of her soul-beaming smile, that the idea of the darkness in which that soul must be shrouded, came over yours. The melancholy truth then fell so sorrowfully, that tears, even from firm men, were often the tribute of grief for her misfortune. Tears—one glance from her laughing eyes, in a moment dis-

pelled them. She was as happy as she seemed, as happy as she was innocent—she had never known a single sorrow, or privation. She had been tended and watched over from the hour of her birth, by the untiring, vigilant, and affectionate care of parents who loved her a thousand times better for the misfortune that made their watchfulness so necessary. They had taught her every thing she could be made to comprehend concerning her duties, and scrupulously did she perform them; especially in adhering to truth, she was so strict that never, even in her gayest moments, did a sign or gesture, intended to deceive, escape her.

This charming creature, much more deserving the epithet *angelic* than the fine and fashionable belles to whom it is so often applied, lived in the retirement, then almost solitude, of one of the western counties in the state of New York. Till she was eighteen, she had never been out of sight of the house in which she was born. About that time Marianne, to the oft repeated and urgent request of her aunt, was permitted to visit her, and spend a few weeks in Albany. Her beauty and the naïveté of her air, were so exquisite, that her relative, Mrs. Drew, in the pride of her heart, could not resist the temptation of introducing the sweet girl to society, and accompanying her to places of amusement, although Mrs. Drew, had promised she would do neither. Mrs. Willis had enjoined it on her sister, not to indulge Marianne in pleasures, which, as she did not know existed, she did not require to make her happy; but should she once taste them, the remembrance might give her a disrelish for those simple enjoyments that had hitherto made her bliss. Perhaps it will be thought her parents did wrong to allow her to go to Albany, and visit in the family of a fashionable lady. They always blamed themselves. And yet, why should they? When people act from a sincere motive of doing what, on the whole, they deem right, and expedient, and calculated to give happiness to others, or themselves, should a disappointment of these expectations involve self-reproach, I think not. We may regret misfortune—we should feel remorse only for guilt.

Mrs. Drew should have felt remorse, for she was guilty of violating her word—but she always excused herself from all blame, saying, “Who would have thought just going to half a dozen parties, and a few balls, and once or twice to



the theatre, could have been productive of evil consequences?

At the theatre, Marianne attracted the notice of Captain Hall, a young naval officer, who was on a visit to some friends in Albany. He was astonished, almost annihilated by the charms of the deaf girl, and determined to see her again. He was a gay, and thoughtless, but a generous as well as warm-hearted man; and the pity he felt for the misfortune of the girl whom he was pleased to style 'divine,' augmented his passion. Yet, he never dreamed of marrying her—that was entirely out of the question; but he wanted to look upon her, to talk about her, and to engross, if possible, her attention. He was not acquainted with Mrs. Drew, but as his relatives were among the Honorables of the city, an introduction to her was very easy. She was quite as much flattered by the bow, and compliment he made her on his first visit, as he was by the blush and smile Marianne gave him. Thus they were mutually pleased, and he continued to call daily, and accompany them in their walks, and to their parties, always contriving to take the hand of Marianne, and who would suppose he could relinquish it without a pressure? The only way in which he could express a tender compliment.

Marianne did not, at first, seem at all pleased with his attentions; and to flatter her by the usual modes, was impossible. She could listen to no praises of her beauty, taste, or mind—but she could feel gratitude for kindnesses; and unfortunately she ascribed to the kindness of Hall, the opportunities she now so often enjoyed of visiting places of amusement, and she was thankful for his attentions; and it was not long before, when he pressed her hand, he felt the pressure returned.

Mrs. Drew could not but notice the change in her niece. From being constantly cheerful, and testifying pleasure and interest in all she saw, she began to droop, and be melancholy, except in the presence of Hall. She watched for him when absent, she met him with unrestrained joy; and yet she would blush, and be offended, if rallied concerning him. It seemed she had an idea that her love for him must be as secret as it was sacred. Mrs. Drew saw all this, and yet she took no measures to prevent Captain Hall from associating daily with her niece.

At the expiration of a month, Mr. Willis came for his daughter, but she refused to accompany him home, and the uneasiness she testified when he urged her to go, made him suspect something besides the attractions of her aunt's house induced her wish to tarry in Albany. After some inquiries, so pointed and particular Mrs. Drew could not evade them, the father discovered the cause of Marianne's tears and emotion. Mr. Willis was a plain farmer, but a man of good sense, and some acquaintance with the world; and moreover, he had a thorough knowledge of his daughter's disposition. He knew if she could be convinced that there was no truth in the heart of the man she thought loved her, or at least, that he would pay the same attentions to any other girl, whose beauty happened to please him, Marianne would renounce him at once. Mr. Willis, therefore, waited on Captain Hall, and frankly told him the mischief his thoughtless gallantry had caused, and asked of him, as a man of honor, to make the reparation of undeceiving Marianne. "I admire your daughter's beauty and disposition," said the impassioned young man; "could she but speak, I should prefer her to any woman on earth."

"Yet, as she never will speak, you have no intention of marrying her," replied Mr. Willis, coolly. "I am not intending to upbraid you, Sir, any more than myself and sister Drew. We have all been to blame, and now that dear innocent child, who is as free from guile as an infant, must suffer. It is to shorten the term of her uneasiness, that I ask you to undeceive her. The pang of knowing she has been deceived, she must endure."

Captain Hall changed color so many times, and in spite of his efforts, betrayed so much agitation, that Mr. Willis was convinced his daughter was not the only sufferer—yet as he knew the young sailor would never marry Marianne, indeed he would not have consented that he should, he deemed it his duty to insist that she should not be left in any doubt on the subject. Captain Hall, at length, agreed to what Mr. Willis proposed.

A party was made at the house of Mrs. Drew, and while Marianne watched, with a feverish restlessness, the entrance of every visiter, Captain Hall made his appearance, escorting two very fine ladies. He attended and talked to them all the evening, paying no attention, except by a distant

bow, to Marianne. The next morning her eyes were swollen, and her cheeks pale, yet she insisted on starting for home. Her father consented. As they drove out of the city, they met Captain Hall, in a carriage, with one of the ladies he escorted the evening before. Marianne hid her face as soon as she recognised him. He turned pale, as he noticed the action, and stopped his chaise as if to speak. Mr. Willis, with a motion of the hand, and a look, so determined, yet melancholy, that Hall dared not disregard it, bade him drive on. The carriages passed, and Hall and Marianne never met again.

No allusion was ever made by Marianne, concerning her lover—and her parents hoped she would again enjoy the simple pleasures of home, and forget the disappointment she had suffered. But the charm that had made life so pure and pleasant; the charm of thinking the professions of those who expressed affection and interest for her, were sincere, was departed. She had worshipped truth—she found the world false—her spirit was not formed to endure it; and she could not have recourse to the maxims of philosophy, or what is far better, the promises of christianity to aid her to resign her hopes of felicity here, and seek her portion in that world where truth is bliss. She appeared calm, and resigned, but there was in her manner an apathy, almost a deadness of feeling, towards those objects and friends that seemed once to interest every faculty of her mind. She never complained of pain, but she evidently declined—her beauty did not fade; she retained her angelic charms till the last; and after her pure soul had departed, the clay it had once inhabited, looked too holy to resign to corruption and the worm. She was buried beneath the shade of a broad sycamore, and the white rosebush planted at her head, still droops over her grave.

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“A TALE OF OTHER TIMES.”

*The story is borrowed from a Bohemian legend, written sometime since, by  
D. Conway.*

THE rain torrents poured, and the black tempest roared,  
Adown the shivering dale—  
And the forest-trees crashed as the red lightning flashed,  
And scattered their boughs in the vale.

In the glowing light of the fire blazing bright,  
With looks composed and mild,  
Sat the aged pair and the maiden fair—  
She was their only child.

Who knocks so late at the cottage gate ?  
Some lost one our shelter has found—  
There is nothing here in the darkness drear,  
But a black and shaggy hound.

The storm howled rude through the deep solitude,  
And the mightiest trees were riven,  
And a branch of an oak, by its violence broke,  
Against the frail casement was driven.

Amid the din the hound leapt in,  
And silently laid him down,  
And he slumbered there 'neath the old arm chair,  
Till the aged to rest were gone.

And now the blast in its fury had past,  
More distant the thunders sound,  
When away they crept with noiseless step,  
The maid and the shaggy hound.

Away and away in the moon's cold ray,  
On their midnight path they sped,  
Afar and afar towards the baleful star,  
Bright Sirius gleaming dread.

They have passed the glen they have reached the plain,  
That spread in its loneliness chill,  
The hound went before to the broad sycamore,  
And beneath it they both stood still.

A youth was there with raven hair,  
And a brow of majesty,  
He was in sooth the goodliest youth,  
Fair lady might hope to see.

My beloved, wilt thou roam from thy green-wood home,  
The elfin queen to be ?  
Human ties thou must sever for aye and forever,  
“ No matter, I'll go with thee.”

Oh fairest and pure, could thy true love endure,  
 To lure thee to bitterest woes ?  
 But young as I seem, my life's early dream  
 Was gone ere this forest arose.

Mark you my brow—It is beautiful now,  
 And my light form is symmetry,  
 My dark eye is bright, but brief is its light—  
 “No matter, I'll go with thee.”

The habitants bland of the fairy land,  
 May choose their destiny;  
 If beauty and grace they enjoy for a space,  
 As deformed and uncouth they must be.

For centuries gone, I have stood alone,  
 Unrivalled in kingly pride,  
 But my glory is flown, and my sad change is come,  
 I must fearfully alter, my bride.

“Why dost thou fear that thy change is so near ?”  
 See here the assurance dread,  
 She started away in speechless dismay,  
 His hand was withered and dead !

One short day shall my glad youth delay,  
 And then I shall suddenly change,  
 Hideous and old, and foul to behold;  
 My beloved, 'tis awful and strange.

“But still you will love, and your kindness shall prove,  
 My own elfin knight, in his truth.”  
 No, I shall be old, and my heart will be cold,  
 Old age is not ardent, like youth.

Thou wilt love me no more, and the lady wept sore,  
 “Oh why didst thou woo me?” she said,  
 It was not till to-night, when Sirius rose bright,  
 That my hand became withered and dead.

And now canst thou rove from the home of thy love?  
 Wilt thou go unto misery?  
 She looked in his face, it was heavenly grace—  
 “My love, I will go with thee.”

The hound bayed loud, and a thick black cloud  
 Came over the waning moon;  
 Again it shone o'er the proud sycamore,  
 But it stood in its grandeur alone.

## LEGAL CONDITION OF WOMAN.

THE reputation of the North American Review is so well established, and its literary character so extensively known, that any eulogium on its merits will probably be deemed superfluous. It has obtained what it has deserved, praise, and patronage. It has deserved and obtained them by advocating and disseminating correct principles and pure morality, no less than by its chasteness of language and beauty of style.

The work is an honor to America, and those who conduct it should receive from Americans, at least, that high consideration and esteem which the efforts to exalt our national character and improve our taste and literature so richly merit. But notwithstanding the ability with which all the articles are written, there is, to the ladies, a peculiar interest attached to those devoted to their own sex. The last number has two articles calculated to subserve essentially the best interests of woman, and therefore deserving particular notice in the Ladies' Magazine.

The extensive information, sober sense, sound reasoning and judicious reflection displayed by the writers of "Legal Condition of Woman" and "Hope Leslie," will do much towards enlightening public opinion on the necessity of ameliorating the condition, and the advantages of improving the minds of our American women. As we intend hereafter, to notice particularly the works written by the accomplished and amiable author of "Hope Leslie," we shall not now advert to the review in the North American; except to remark, that its perusal gave us unalloyed pleasure and no little pride. How could it be otherwise than gratifying to read the praises of our own sex, so elegantly and justly expressed; and may we not be pardoned for feeling proud that those eulogiums were elicited by the writings of an American lady?

But to return to the article we were considering—"Legal Condition of Woman"—exemplifying, as its title would imply, the peculiar manner in which the laws operate on females; and the disadvantages and disabilities to which their sex is particularly exposed. The preliminary remarks are so excellent and so true, we cannot refrain from quoting them at some length.

“Poets have sung the praises of woman, throughout all ages, in strains of admiring enthusiasm, strikingly contrasted with the actual condition of the female sex. They have painted her in the brilliant coloring of love; and then raised the matchless creation of their fancy to an elevation in the ranks of life as ideal as it is exalted. Chivalrous devotion to the cause of beauty, humble adoration of the charms of person and tenderness of heart that belong to the gentle soother of human adversities, are the favorite themes of inspiration in the ardent season of youthful passion. We place her so high,

It were all one  
That we should love a bright particular star,  
And think to wed it.

But a spirit, alike destitute of manliness and of gallantry, has too often presided over the formation of the laws, which fix the rights and obligations of woman in the social scheme. These have fluctuated in different countries, and at successive periods of human history, according to the varying combinations of causes by which national character is governed.

Inquire among barbarous tribes, who earn a scanty subsistence by hunting or fishing, or among nomadic nations, who range over extensive regions with their flocks and herds in primeval freedom, and you find that man arrogates to himself all the nobler pursuits of ambition, whilst woman is degraded too frequently to the level of a domestic drudge, or made the overtaxed bondswoman of her selfish lord. War, with all its invigorating perils and its heart-stirring glory, is his; the chase, that mimic picture of war, is his; to mould infant states into the elements and proportion of greatness, to control the destinies of empire, is his; while in such uncivilized conditions of society, hers are the tamer duties of home at best, and oftentimes the severer labors of the field, which none but a savage would impose upon the gentler sex. Ascend one step higher in the scale of civilization, and follow woman amid the dazzling splendors of oriental luxury, and there you find she ministers more essentially to the refined happiness of man; but it is only as the purchased or favored companion of his hours of softness, not as the intellectual being, who is man's equal in all the best properties of his nature, his superior in some, and beneath him in nothing but those robust features of understanding and sterner qualities of character, which seldom, in the same person, harmonize with the kindlier affections of the soul. Nowhere, but in the fortunate countries which enjoy the blessing of European refinement, does woman approach in condition to that just equality with the other sex, which the sober and rational pursuit of their common felicity requires she should possess, which in the mere

contest of physical strength she probably might never attain, but which man is proud to concede and woman to receive at his hands, where both the gift and its acceptance are alike honorable to humanity."

The writer then proceeds to inquire into the duties and rights of women by the civil law. But *law*, whether *civil* or otherwise, is, as we all know, or at least have heard, a very abstruse affair: and to understand the article in question, with all its references, would require more legal reading than any lady can be expected to possess. We shall only therefore remark, that during the first ages of Rome the condition of the woman differed but little from that of a slave. She was entirely confined to domestic labor and subjected to the sway of her husband; even her life was at his disposal. But the civil law, in the days of its perfection, justly condemned these severities and exploded them. Women were then protected from personal violence, and moreover could own and enjoy property themselves, and had a better and surer provision allotted them out of their husband's estate, than females are now permitted, by the common law, even in our own free, favored country, to claim. And these concessions to justice, this exaltation of women in public estimation and privileges, that had such an important effect on their own happiness, and the improvement and character of society, were induced, as the writer observes, by the cultivation of "female taste," by the "charms of mind as well as person" which they exhibited. What a lesson and encouragement for those who are now engaged in promoting female education.

The writer then comments upon our common law and its interpretation, and very severely animadverts upon the injustice as well as impolicy of depriving married ladies of all legal rights in the property for which her husband is, perhaps, indebted to her. He calls it a "monstrous doctrine," and says,

"It is unjust, because it throws the wife and her property entirely into the hands of her husband, and leads to acts of oppression on his part, and of suffering on hers, as numerous as they are remediless. It is idle to apprehend, that to allow her any separate and independent rights would occasion domestic dissension, or impair that reasonable preeminence, which ought to belong to the master of the family. The experience of the great body of the



civilized nations of Europe demonstrates the reverse. The knowledge possessed by both parties, that each retained valuable rights, notwithstanding the union of persons, would necessarily promote mutual forbearance and respect. It is not enough to say, that because man has more experience of the world, greater knowledge of and aptitude for business, therefore woman should be deprived of legal existence. All the advantage of his superior skill is attainable by allowing him the government of his family, and the administration of all the property belonging to him and his wife. That the extent of her disability is against public policy, and contradicted by the exigencies of society, clearly appears : because, for three centuries past, the law in this respect has been constantly making progress from the barbarous severity of its original institution into an improved state, more consonant with the complicated relations of property at the present day, and with the refined opinions and feelings of a lettered and cultivated age, in which woman has ceased to be the handmaiden, and has risen up to be the choicest companion of man.

There is little danger that a wife will abandon her husband's bosom, unless she be driven from it by ill usage, or corrupted and seduced by some profligate friend, whom he himself domesticates at his fireside. And this, compared with the instances wherein a husband deserts his wife, is a rare case. She is bound to his house and his hearth by the nature of her duties, by the care of her children, by the laws of the land, and by the despotic usages of society, more imperative and imprescriptible by far than all the codes in the universe. Her functions are domestic ; her education is domestic ; her temper is domestic ; the constitutions of Providence have made her domestic ; her happiness, her pride, her glory, all that exalts her in estimation above the other sex, lies in the round of endearing charities, which enliven, bless, and purify the domestic circle. She may be drawn from it, for a season, to mingle in the amusements of the world, and the pleasures of general society, which occupy their appropriate place among the agents that form her character ; but it is on home, that her affections must finally and chiefly rest. It is a principle too firmly implanted in her soul to be shaken by slight causes.

Not so with the other sex. Wherever a man's heart may be, his serious pursuits and regular occupations are abroad, in his counting-room, or his office, upon the exchange, or in the forum, or wherever else the calls of interest, ambition, or duty may demand his presence. His being is not so essentially domestic. It is always in his *power* to abandon his abode, if caprice or evil passions prompt him, without of necessity losing his claims to free admission in society, certainly without fatal prejudice to his means

of subsistence and of enjoying life. It by no means follows, because he is a wanderer, that he is therefore miserable ; nor because he is homeless, that he is therefore an outcast. His sex is to him a charter of freedom ; and if he possess a few grains of the ingenious Quesnay's *poudre de prelinpinpin* he bears the universal passport, the warranty of welcome in every land. Hence it happens, we believe, and the records of justice will make good our assertion, that for one wife, seduced from home, there are many husbands, who abandon it ; and for a single case in which a husband is under the necessity of asking aid of the laws to reclaim his wife, very many occur in which the wife is consigned to more than the sorrows of widowhood by the desertion of her unfeeling husband."

On this subject we shall not hazard a remark, being aware that, even when convinced of the justice and expediency of allowing to women a more certain and secure participation of the rights of property, yet then, the men would more willingly yield it to the arguments and expostulations of their own sex than the clamor and complaints of ours.

The common law also, when relating to criminal cases, is considered, by the Reviewer, equally defective, and unjust in its operation. He says :—

"By the common law, it is no higher crime for a husband to kill his wife, than if he killed a stranger ; but if the wife murders her husband, it is considered a more atrocious act. And yet if we look to the true end and aim of all punishment, the prevention of crime, nothing is more absurd and mischievous. The husband is the stronger party ; frequently he is bred to arms ; more frequently still his profession or mode of life renders him familiar with deeds of violence. Under whatever system of laws, and in every country, the temper of the female sex is comparatively domestic, affectionate, and averse to cruelty ; whilst the male sex are not unapt to lose their relish for the kindly charities of home in the stirring scenes of war, business, or politics, and are but too prone to acquire acerbity of feeling and harshness of character amid the stormy conflicts of life. Man bears the disappointments inseparable from our lot with less equanimity than woman ; temptations to vicious excess, resentment, sickness, his failure in favorite plans, unforeseen obstacles in the path of life, the daily altercations to which he is subject in the world ; a hundred causes, from whose operation woman is altogether exempt, or which she meets with superior fortitude, all betray man into those occasional bursts of passion, which either precede or accompany the commission of violent crimes. Hence it is, that examples of the murder of the husband by his wife are extremely rare ; while, to the disgrace of

human nature, the opposite case has but too often occurred. And the inference we consider to be most plain, that if either party in the married state should be punished more than the other, for a domestic murder, it ought to be, not the wife, as by the common law, but the misguided wretch, who raises his hand to take away the life of his defenceless companion. It is the wife, and not the husband, who needs the protection of the law."

We have neither space nor leisure for more on this subject. The whole article is fraught with interest to those who consider the privileges and importance and happiness of women as connected with social improvement, refinement of manners and the moral and political character of our country. Of one thing we feel certain, that, however the laws may be penned or interpreted, public opinion is in our favor. The proof, if any were wanted, might be drawn from the fact that the ablest writers and most popular journals in our land are, in our cause, voluntary advocates.

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#### FAME AND LOVE.

THE memory of the mighty dead,  
The marble holds in trust ;  
While low beneath the grass green turf  
Reposes humble dust.

To trace the sculptured eulogy,  
The wondering crowd repair ;  
One mourner to the green grave comes,  
And weeps in silence there.

The minstrel's harp in lofty halls,  
The glorious *name* pours forth—  
With sighs the cherished *name* is breathed  
Beside the lonely hearth.

Wonder and song to Fame belong,  
Sighs, tears by love are given;  
The lowly grave, the tear of love,  
Grant me when ripe for heaven.

CORNELIA.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

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"ELIA." This volume is composed of a series of essays, first printed in the London Magazine, chiefly presenting local and domestic scenes, youthful recollections, and characteristic sketches. The Author, Hon. Charles Lamb, may not perhaps be ranked among the high order of men of genius, but is truly a man of refinement, and a pleasant and fluent writer. He has been long before the public, as a poet, a critic and essayist; and among the present collection, may be found some of his happiest efforts.

The style in which these Essays are written, is often careless, and sometimes too parenthetical, but never heavy; their pleasantries now and then idle, but never dull or pointless. They all abound in good humour, many are fraught with good sense; and we unhesitatingly recommend the volume to our readers, as one well calculated to induce cheerfulness, and to promote moral and benevolent feelings.

"ALMACKS REVISITED, OR HERBERT MILTON," is, of its class, a good novel: bearing but little resemblance to its predecessor, Almacks, either in style or material. Without equal vivacity of dialogue, perhaps, it has more continuous interest; and without the same sketchy brilliance, the characters are quite as well sustained, their traits as deeply marked, and as finely developed. On the whole, we think Herbert Milton the better and more pleasing book of the two; for, while the gilt vices of high life, are stripped of their false dazzle, and its grave follies arrayed in their proper caps and bells, the reader is at the same time regaled with pleasant scenes and worthy characters, in truly "Good Society." The work is easily and agreeably written. One fault in the plot, which would seem the fault of a first attempt, is that too many personages are crowded into it; so that they have not room to display themselves to our satisfaction. The authorship is attributed to 'Col. Leach.'

"THE CHILD'S BOTANY.—S. G. Goodrich, Boston." We have looked over the pages and plates of this little book, with much pleasure. We have long thought Botany a study in which children would be much interested, could it be simplified, and adapted to their capacities. It is a study congenial, in many respects, to their habits and feelings. The delight with which they roam the fields, and pluck beautiful flowers, would be enhanced by knowing there was some importance attached to the objects they were pursuing. Though the restraints of school are often irksome, yet it is a positive pleasure to children to acquire ideas, to learn—and the book that furnishes hints by which a walk in the garden may be made a lesson, is not only adding to their knowledge but their happiness. The study of Botany, at an early age, will also have an excellent effect in familiarizing children to the *terms* of that science; the *hard names*, that often appear so formidable to older persons, would be acquired by them, if not with facility, at least without disgust.

The little work at the head of this article appears to be written and arranged in a manner calculated to answer its design—that of pleasing and instructing children.

“SAYINGS AND DOINGS; THIRD SERIES.” We speak of this work only to condemn it. There is scarcely a redeeming excellence in the whole two volumes, to be arrayed against their numerous and glaring faults. The style indeed is vigorous, as that of Mr. Hook’s former works, but equally unpolished; rapid and brilliant in some instances, but exceedingly incorrect, (a manner which the novelists of the latest fashion are sadly addicted to.) The stories are both of them disagreeable and immoral. The first, *Cousin William*, in which the pathetic is intended to predominate, exhibits little else than unnatural depravity; and that so glossed over as to take the air of slight and common aberrancy. Both hero and heroine, are *unfortunately* base, and unhappily guilty of the foulest crimes. The second story, which is meant to be humorous, is so at the expense of all delicacy and true wit. The characters are in general coarse and detestable; the incidents low, and the scenes vulgar. There is one passage particularly bad, showing at once the absence of good taste, and good feeling in the author. We mean the mad-house scenes, in which that most solemn and fearful of human maladies, madness, is made the subject of incipient wit and bold humor.

To sum up all, the third series of *Sayings and Doings*, presents but an assemblage of vicious characters, and loathsome incidents; which can as little subserve the cause of morality, as that of refinement; the perusal of which will confer no pleasure, and can be productive of no good.

Yet in the faults of matter, as well as manner, Mr. Hook’s work is not alone. Too many of the writers of the late fashionable fictions, whose object is professed to be to reform society, by the exhibition of its defects, seem to have forgotten that as many are likely to be allured to the right path, by the smiles of virtue, as are driven from the wrong one, by the grimaces of folly and vice. The mother, when she saw her child on the brink of a precipice, presented her bosom, and it sprang back to the safety of her embrace.

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#### A CARD.

The editor of the *Ladies’ Magazine* acknowledges with gratitude and pleasure, the voluntary assistance which has been rendered her, while she was necessarily detained from a personal superintendence of the work she had engaged to conduct. That the pages of the *Magazine*, owe much of their interest and excellence to the contributions of some of our most gifted literary ladies and gentlemen, the editor is happy and proud to confess. She indulges the hope that their assistance will still be continued—it will be needed—it will be appreciated and remembered.

To the patrons of the *Ladies’ Magazine*, the editor returns her thanks for the unprecedented encouragement they have given her. The task which she undertook with diffidence—almost despair, is now, by their favor, pursued with that hope of success, which gives confidence and energy to the mind, and stimulates industry to exertion. To merit the patronage she has received, will be her pride and study.

# LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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VOL. I.

JUNE.

No. VI.

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## DRESS.

“The world is still deceived with ornament.” So said William Shakspeare, and two centuries have made, in this respect, little alteration. There seems to be, in mankind, a propensity to display, to prize outward show, to look with favor on the wearer of a fine suit, rather than on the merit of him who deserves one.

But such remarks have been made by every cynic since the days of Antisthenes, and I did not commence with the cynical intention of railing in “good set terms” against the modes and customs of the world. I believe, with the melancholy Jaques, that

—“Who cries out on *fashion*  
That can therein tax any private party?—  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
Till that the very, very *means* do ebb?”

This ebbing of the *means* is one of the most disagreeable drawbacks on a life of dissipation and display. Yet it is often salutary in its operation. When the tree is bowed by the fury of the storm, if, instead of sinking beneath the shock, the roots entwine and fix themselves more firmly during the agitation, then, when the tempest is over, that tree will rise again more healthy and vigorous. Just so the mind that has basked in the sunshine of prosperity, when the glitter is withdrawn, strengthens itself to withstand the storm of adversity, and gains in the conflict that experience and energy that qualify men and women for more extensive usefulness. But this result rarely occurs, except the person suffering reverses has in early life been

judiciously educated, or is possessed of a reflecting mind and good sense. The vain, ignorant trifler, whose whole happiness is dependent on the opinion of "the world," and that world only the *fashionable* one, would, by the loss of fortune, become helpless and hopeless; poverty would as effectually deprive him of all ability to maintain his rank in life, as the loss of *caste* would incapacitate a Bramin of India from presiding at the worship of his gods.

The temporary importance, which the advantage of appearing richly arrayed gives to the vain, and even to the vicious, is one of the most unfortunate consequences that attend the increase of wealth, and the cultivation of taste in a republic. It is unfortunate, because it prevents many, of both sexes, who have respectable talents and amiable dispositions, and who, were there no easier way to rise in the estimation of the world, would endeavour to improve in knowledge and goodness, from exertion. When a few "outward adornments" may be substituted for intelligence and virtue, or at least give a passport to "good society," those who lack strength or decision of mind, are usually found following that path to fame which seems the least laborious.

It is, however, very weak to imagine *sin* attached to any particular form of apparel, always premising that decency and delicacy are not violated, or any peculiar kind of ornament. It is only the methods, by which dress is obtained, and the motives for which it is worn, that makes the good or evil. Perhaps there has seldom been a more gorgeous display of ornament than the apparel of the High Priest of the Jews, presented, and the pattern was appointed by the Most High. The circumstance would seem to justify the paying of strict attention to our personal appearance, indeed impose the suitableness of wearing our best clothing when appearing in acts of public worship; yet if the only motives that govern us, while thus arrayed, are to exhibit ourselves, gratify our vanity, or make an impression on some human heart, we can hardly feel innocent, much less appear so in the eyes of Him, who "looketh not on the outward appearance, but on the heart." But though the wearing of jewels and rich ornaments by those who can afford them may be perfectly proper, perhaps laudable, yet the young and lovely would do well to recollect that

simplicity has a charm beyond the "reach of art." The sentiment that beauty is "when unadorned adorned the most," is so eternally quoted that were it not *both true* and pleasing it would disgust. Yet it never does. We hear it, read it, repeat it, perhaps for the thousandth time, with enthusiasm. There is something so pure in the thought and its expression, that it always reminds me of the innocence of our first parents in Eden. Then I picture to myself a sweet girl of sixteen, arrayed in a robe as white as her own bosom, and "unadorned," save with a single rose twined amid her dark hair. Look on her—mark her bright cheek, fresh lip and sparkling eye. Does she need diamonds and pearls, laces and feathers to make her lovely, or beloved?

But the plain in feature—how can they please without the aid of fashion; and how shall the ravages of time be repaired without art and adventitious circumstance? Art and Fashion! the deities of Almacks—must these be worshipped by republicans? There is an elevation of soul imparted by superior virtue, intelligence and piety, that requires no trappings to invest its possessor with a dignity and grace which will never fail of gaining the esteem and respect of the world.

"It is the *mind* that makes the body rich."

J.

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### BURIAL OF A MOTHERLESS INFANT,

ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF ITS BIRTH.

SWEET bud of love, too bright to fade!—  
 Thy day of birth  
 Returns,—but lo, thy cell is made  
 With mother Earth.

One slumbers there, who would have sigh'd  
 O'er thy crushed head,—  
 To think how soon grim Death espied  
 Thy cradle-bed:—



But she hath scap'd grief's torturing wound,  
 And tearful eye,  
 Broke from thy twining arms, and found  
 A cloudless sky.

Perchance she bade thee haste to join  
 Her upward way ;  
 And thou, with wailing lip, didst pine  
 Her word to obey.—

Say,—didst thou know that mother's face,  
 So pure and mild ?  
 And did her angel arms embrace  
 In Heaven, her child ?

H.

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**TO ELLEN.**

THE Days are rolling by, love,  
 Beneath the eye of Spring ;  
 The blush and the smile  
 Of her youth, the while,  
 Their paths are brightening.

The Summer's breath is nigh, love,  
 It cometh on the deep ;  
 She treadeth the seas  
 Of the forest trees,  
 To wake the Valley's sleep.

I see her robes afar, love,  
 Float in the deep blue sky ?  
 On the snow white cloud,  
 As a queen is proud,  
 I know her riding by.

O'er happy hearts and eyes, love,  
 Riseth the morning Sun ;  
 And few may grieve  
 At the falling eve,  
 When his glorious race is run.

From all the echoing Earth, love,  
 Gusheth a grateful voice ;  
 And Wood and Hill  
 And leaping Rill  
 And sounding Sea rejoice.

Yet alas, before mine eye, love,  
 The Days roll dark along ;  
 The Heaven for me  
 Hath naught of glee,  
 The wakening Earth no Song.

So dim without thy smile, love,  
 To me, the Spring-Sun's ray ;  
 The Summer's breath  
 So the chill of death,  
 Since thou art far away.

IMLAC.

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## SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

### NO. VI.

#### THE POOR SCHOLAR.

Nor *intellectually* poor, but few however would be guilty of such a mistake. Most men, and indeed women too, consider poverty merely as the lack of worldly goods, chattels and possessions ; *poor* therefore would never, by such, be applied to *mind*.

But I like to define my meaning so clearly that there shall not be the possibility of mistake ; and accordingly I feel bound to declare that George Torrey had, from infancy, exhibited an uncommon aptitude for learning, and that kind of inquisitiveness concerning the nature and design of every thing he saw, that marks the reasoning child. These qualities always argue a tendency of mind that requires only right cultivation to insure eminence, or at least, scholarship, to their possessor. " Knowledge may be acquired by study,

but genius is the gift of God," is, I believe, a quotation, and had the writer of the apothegm, known George Torrey, he might have mentioned him as an illustration of his proverb, since it seemed impossible his inclination for study should have been fostered either by example or precept. I shall relate the childish history of my hero minutely, that those who feel interested in the subject may have an opportunity of tracing the operations of his young mind, and then they can better decide on the propriety of styling him, as he often was, the "scholar of nature." The father of George died before he was born, and his mother, when he was eighteen months old; and then the boy would have been on the pauper list, but for the benevolence of an aunt, an old maid, but who was nevertheless such a good, kind hearted creature, that it was always a matter of astonishment to the gossips why aunt Jemima was never married.

When aunt Jemima thus voluntarily burdened herself with the charge of an infant, she was rising of forty years of age, very poor, obtaining her livelihood solely by spinning. She was, however, as expert in the business of the distaff, as ever were the ladies of Rome; but as she never attempted to dignify her employment by any classical allusions, it is probable she had never heard the name of "Lucretia." Yet she had pride, and it would be no disparagement to the Roman ladies to say aunt Jemima's was Roman pride; certainly it was laudable ambition, for it stimulated her to honest exertions for her own support and the maintenance of her little nephew, without appealing to the cold charity of her prosperous neighbors, or the colder charity of the law. She kept George with her till he was eight, and then a farmer offering to take him and learn him the "mystery of agriculture," she deemed it her duty to place the boy with Mr. White. But the separation cost her many tears, and she often declared that "if she had not thought it best for the child to go, she would have worked her hands off before she would have parted with the dear little creature."

George had never been at school a single day while with his aunt; she thought she could not provide books for him, and moreover, she lived two miles from the school-house, and was afraid to trust her darling to go so far alone.

But when she read in her Bible, which was regularly every morning, little George was permitted to stand close

by her chair, and encouraged to find and tell the large letters. When he had thus learned them, his curiosity seemed increased; and his aunt willingly answered his inquiries, because she really loved him and dearly loved to talk, and so he learned the small letters, and then it was not long before he could read a verse intelligibly. By the time he was four years of age he had read through the "Gospel according to St. John."

Though aunt Jemima thus fostered the "young idea," she was herself as destitute of those acquirements that confer on a woman the character of a *bas blue*, as any of our fastidiously fashionable young beaux could desire. The most sensitive of the tribe of dandies might have conversed with aunt Jemima without the least dread of being shocked by a Latin quotation, or *bored* by a learned phrase, or a reference to books of which he never before heard the titles; neither would he have run any hazard of being urged to write in an "album," or tell his opinion of the "last new novel," or admire the last "charming poem." Aunt Jemima knew no more of novels or albums, than she did of Greek or Arabic; indeed it is not probable she had ever read a whole volume of any kind, (the Bible excepted) during her life. Her library, besides the "Scriptures," consisted of but two books, both of which she inherited from her grandmother. One was a sermon, preached somewhere in Connecticut, at the funeral of an Indian who was hanged for murder. This sermon, aunt Jemima said, "though she never had had time to read it all, she thought very edifying." Indeed she prized it so highly that she did not like to trust it in the grasp of a careless child; but the other book, labelled "Wonderful accidents and entertaining Stories," she permitted George to use as he pleased. The volume had once contained some interesting articles, but time, smoke, and the hands of "unwashed-artificers" had made its pages nearly as dingy and illegible as a Herculaneum manuscript. The story of "Alnaschar the Persian Glassman," being in the middle of the book, was tolerably entire, but it was much abridged, ending with the breaking of the glass. The plate representing the overturn of the basket pleased little George, and he soon learned to read the fable; he read and reread it till he could repeat every word, and then he reasoned with aunt Jemima on the subject till he made her quite pet-

tish at answering his inquiries about so silly a story ; and then he considered the matter himself in silence, till he learned to understand the meaning and the moral more judiciously than would many a grown man. Perhaps that story determined the bias of his mind, for he was, even in early youth, noted for the directness with which he sought and comprehended the effect of any romantic project, always seeming to distrust every thing illusory, and to feel that exertions, not idle wishes or visions, were necessary to success.

There was also another circumstance that contributed to fix an impression on the mind of George that perseverance would be rewarded, and that he might, if he took proper methods, hope to obtain some consequence in the world. Though aunt Jemima paid little attention to the story of 'Alnaschar,' yet she was proud of the proficiency her favorite made in reading the scriptures. Whenever the clergyman of the parish called to see her, which duty he usually performed regularly every year, she always dilated on the progress her nephew made in learning, telling how many chapters he would read in the bible of a Sunday, &c. (she never mentioned the story book) usually concluding with the observation, "that for her part it seemed to her that the boy was born to be a minister."

To please her the good man once requested to hear the child read, and was himself very much surprised at his performance, because he read so understandingly. He called the boy to him, and laying his hand on the uncombed, curly hair of the poor, destitute orphan, gravely said, "My little man, you have no father on earth, but your father who is in heaven still watches over you. He will take care of you if you are good, and you must look to him, and love him, and serve him. You can learn, I see, and you may, if you try, be a scholar, and perhaps a great man. You must always depend on God, but remember and do all you can for yourself."

That lesson was never effaced from the memory of George Torrey. He had never before received notice or encouragement from any mortal except his old aunt, and the soothing expressions of the minister fell on his ear like a sacred promise from some exalted being.

The farmer to whom George was bound was a man of some property, and reputed honest and industrious ; but he

had no education. Indeed both he and his wife, (would there were none other such couples to be found in our country,) were profoundly ignorant of every thing pertaining to literature, excepting that they could read, and write their names; and had not the boy enjoyed the advantage of attending the district school, he would in no wise have been mentally benefitted by his change of abode. But it was stipulated in his "Indenture," that he should be "sent to school two months every winter till he could read, write and cipher through the Rule of Three." Such is the vigilance with which our laws watch over the interests of the poor and destitute; none here are deprived of the benefit of instruction, none need be ignorant.

The first winter that George Torrey attended school, his proficiency astonished his instructor, and made Mr. White declare "he did'nt believe the lad would ever be good for any thing at farming." But a judicious person who had been acquainted with the operations of his young mind, and the peculiar train of ideas he had imbibed, might have calculated the result. Though aunt Jemima did not expect it, yet she was highly delighted, and took much credit to herself for the manner in which she had instructed the child.

Ten years passed, and George Torrey was in stature a man; in understanding and learning, he was far superior to the men among whom he resided; but his modesty and the retiring diffidence that usually accompanies genius when self-taught, prevented him from assuming those airs of superiority that frequently bring envy and ill will to the possessor of extraordinary abilities. The business in which he was engaged could not be supposed congenial to his feelings, yet he labored faithfully for Mr. White; and that man, destitute as he was of taste and literature, paid great respect to the talents of his indented boy, employing him to keep his accounts, consulting him in all his bargains, and frequently allowing him leisure for reading which seemed incompatible with his own interest, and which would not have been expected from a person of his habits. But in a country where there is no privileged class, genius and industry may attain the highest honors; and thus a value is stamped upon talents, which carries a conviction of their worth to the minds of those who make no pretension of possessing them.

The winter succeeding the eighteenth birth day of George was an important one to him, as it was then he first formed a fixed resolve to obtain an education. At that time, the clergyman, who had listened to the Bible lesson of George, heard his attainments spoken of as extraordinary for his opportunities; and on inquiry being satisfied of the truth of popular report, he proposed the youth as a teacher, in the clergyman's district, for the winter school. The worthy parson felt glad to assist George, and he felt a little proud too, that the prediction he had uttered concerning him, seemed likely to be fulfilled.

Mr. White was persuaded to allow George to go, yet he said he "needed him at home, but as the young fellow seemed so set upon the business, he could not disappoint him. Learning he knew was a fine thing, though he never could get it, for he never loved his book; but George loved to study better than he did to eat—he had known him leave his dinner many a time to read a newspaper, or any thing that had letters on it—and so," he continued, "it is for his good I consent to let him go."

Mr. White thought of his own interest, notwithstanding these professions; George had offered, if he might be allowed to keep the school, to give every cent of his wages to his *legal* master—and it would be more than he could earn by labor. The youth expected only more leisure, and books, and better society—that was all he then coveted, to make him blessed. He boarded with the clergyman, Mr. Dorr, who was not long in discovering his talents and thirst for learning. Mr. Dorr, was one of those really benevolent men, who delight in doing good, and diffusing happiness;—yet he was not a visionary. His sound judgment and acquaintance with the world, served to correct that enthusiasm, which the warmth of feeling, necessary to make a philanthropist, often raises to an effervescence of zeal which destroys, or renders ridiculous, the cause or object it is attempting to serve.

Mr. Dorr weighed deliberately the present prospects, and what might be the future expectations of the poor scholar. He conversed with George freely, and faithfully on the subject; represented to him the struggles he must make, the privations he must endure, the mortifications to which he would be exposed, if he left the vale of humble life, where he was

born, and had been raised, and aspired to rank with the rich, and mingle with the gifted.

"I can do it all, I can bear it all," eagerly replied George Torrey, "if I may but escape poverty of mind—this sense of my own ignorance that oppresses me, whenever I approach or attempt to converse with an intelligent person; I have," continued he, rising and walking the room with quickness, "I have frequently laid down the book I was reading, and wept to think I should never be qualified to write one."

"Onward, then, must be your motto," said Mr. Dorr. "Onward; the path will sometimes be rugged, but a prize cannot be won without labor. Industry is, in our land, the grand lever that exalts to eminence. I will cheerfully give you all the aid I can. If you succeed, your own pleasure and the praises of the world will be enhanced by reflecting on the obstacles you have surmounted; should you fail, you can comfort yourself, that your object was praiseworthy. It is motives, not triumphs, that make the merit of our character."

George Torrey immediately commenced the study of the Latin; and when his school was finished, had read six books in Virgil.

"You must now return to your labor, to the plow," said Mr. Dorr, to George, as he extended his hand to him. "I am not able to assist you in purchasing your time, neither do I think it best to attempt it. Young men are prone to be restless and impatient of restraint, and genius is peculiarly restive under fetters; but lessons of self-denial are rarely injurious to a mind like yours. The dull require the spur, the ardent need the rein. I advise you to serve out your time as the law directs—but there will be intervals when you may, without wronging your master by eye service, pursue your studies. Improve such moments, and come to me, as freely as a son to a father, for instruction whenever you wish."

There is nothing on earth so valued by the young, ingenuous mind as kindness, as those expressions that seem dictated by a sympathy for our feelings and situation. The eyes of George were full of tears, and his heart throbbed with emotions of gratitude, as he turned from the door of the man whom he considered his friend. He felt for him a love,



a veneration, which no pecuniary gift could have excited; and the first effort he ever made to scribble poetry, was to celebrate the virtues of his benefactor, which he did in a long ode.

Mr. White made George a present of five dollars out of the money he had earned, and the youth was quite thankful, because he was enabled to purchase some books he sadly needed; but he never bestowed on Mr. White so much as a distich in praise of the deed.

The success of George is doubtless anticipated; and to detail all the particulars, the carefulness with which he improved every moment, the shifts he made to obtain books, the distances he would walk to his recitations, and the joy he felt when the law pronounced him *free*, and Mr. Dorr pronounced him fitted for College, would make my story too long. Any young man, let his station be ever so lowly, who feels the same ardor in the pursuit of knowledge that kindled the mind of my hero, may satisfy himself, if he will only make the experiment, that success is possible. When a name and a praise may here be obtained by talents and industry, who that feels the "god in him" will be contented in ignorance and obscurity?

But though George Torrey was fitted to enter College, he had not the means of supporting himself there a single day. All that his master was bound to give him, when he was twenty-one, was two suits of clothes and a Bible. Mr. Dorr again volunteered to assist him. "I will," said the good man, "advance you a sum sufficient to defray the expense of your first term, and wait these ten years, if necessary, for payment. But that is all the pecuniary aid I can promise you—you must thenceforth provide for yourself. I am acquainted with the President, and one of the tutors is my intimate friend. I will write to them, and make such representations as will, I think, induce them to deal favorably by you, and grant you periods of absence, which you must employ in keeping school. If you are industrious—no, that is not enough, you must be *laborious*, you can pursue your studies and retain your station in your class, though absent six months in the year. Depend on yourself. Never solicit charity if you can possibly avoid it, though when kindly offered, I would not advise you to reject it. But the spirit of our government, of our people,

is independence; and the mind of an American, that will cringe and fawn to obtain patronage, or indeed that will eagerly accept pecuniary aid, I always mark as grovelling, as deficient in that delicacy of pride, that nice sense of honor which always accompanies true genius. Never, my young friend, forfeit your own self-respect; for your heart will not be satisfied with the applause of the world, unless you feel it is deserved."

Fortified by such advice, and furnished with a little cash, George departed; and perhaps when it is considered that his most ardent wishes seemed likely to be fulfilled, it may be imagined he went joyfully. But it was not so. When a person has been accustomed to a large society and frequent changes of his acquaintance, his feelings become, in a manner, *generalized*, and he contemplates, without much emotion, a separation from his old friends or an introduction to new. But the warm-hearted youth who has, whether from diffidence or necessity, confined his thoughts and affections to one set of objects, feels, on quitting them, as though the world were a desert; as if all, beyond the little paradise of his love, were a wilderness; and he should meet, instead of the flowers, which, humble as they were, had still blessed his path, beasts of prey at every step.

Much of this melancholy dread of the world mingled with the triumph of being enabled to pursue his studies in the heart of George Torrey, when he bade farewell to the man whom he esteemed above every other person on earth, and loved the best—aunt Jemima excepted. None of his ambitious hopes had effaced from his memory the kindness and affection of her whom he considered his mother, and those hours that young men usually devote to the society of young ladies, or clubs of their own sex, he had passed in the lonely and lowly apartment of his poor old aunt, telling her his progress and his plans, or perhaps reciting some of his lessons which, though said in whatever language they might be, were still "Greek to her," she yet liked to hear, "because," she observed, "he could say his lesson so fast." And she was constantly boasting to every person she could make listen to her, of the marvellous acquirements of her nephew, declaring she "did not believe there would be a scholar in College who could read faster."

Neither was her admiration of learning an inactive prin-

ciple ; all the assistance she could render her own boy, as she called George, was eagerly done. This however only amounted to the giving him a few articles of clothing, (her own manufacturing of course, and in her opinion much the better for that,) and a vast deal of good advice ; in particular, she charged him not to waste any time in vain company, for she knew the evil of it, having been, when very young, too fond of dancing ;—and then he must always rise early, she found it the best for her own health ; and above all, not sit up too late at night, it was very bad for the eyes. “ I find,” continued she, with a half sigh, “ I have set up too late myself ; not studying to be sure, but working for you, George, and my eyes begin to fail a little already.”

She was past sixty ; but when did a single woman ever willingly think herself old ? Though the sensitiveness which is sometimes betrayed on this delicate subject is certainly a weakness, yet if we examine the principle which causes that susceptibility, we shall, at least, acknowledge it an amiable weakness. There have been,—the sentiment is fast losing advocates,—but there have been opinions industriously propagated, that those ladies who lived to a certain age without worshipping in the temple of Hymen, were not always as women should be—“ soft, mild, pitiful and flexible.” In short, old maids have been considered unlovely and unloving, and what true woman but recoils with instinctive horror from such a conclusion ? and deems the denial of her age venial when she would otherwise be subjected to the imputation of being fastidious, malicious, envious, illnatured ? It is an intuitive sense of the worth and beauty of goodness, and an abhorrence of the qualities which unfeeling satire or stupid misapprehension have stamped upon the name of *old maid*, that make the term one of reproach and dread.

These remarks, considering the relation in which aunt Jemima stood to the poor scholar, can hardly be called a digression. Had he known his character was to have been sketched, he would have insisted his kind relative should have occupied at least half the space allotted for his portrait. He loved her sincerely, and always, during his life, vindicated the neglected, yet useful order of *spinsters*, from the unmerited calumnies with which they are too often assailed.

A few weeks after George had departed, Mr. Dorr received from his friend, the tutor, a letter, which will better delineate the appearance of the youth and the impression he made on the minds of his new associates, than any description I could myself give. I have therefore obtained leave to transcribe what related to him. It is somewhat long, but will not, I hope, be found uninteresting.

“Your young friend is quite an original; and were there not one here to “divide the crown” with him, we should consider him a prodigy. As it is, he excites much interest with us tutors, and some envy, I fear, among the students. But our opinions appear to have little effect upon him; he goes forward, without asking admiration or heeding ridicule, seemingly determined to master every science, and feeling the acquisition of knowledge a sufficient reward for all his pains. This I think to be the effect of the solitary manner in which he has hitherto pursued his studies. His mind has thus acquired an aim, and the habit of depending on itself, on its own resources and reflections for those sensations of pleasure, that it is usually thought can never be enjoyed except in communication and participation, that is, in social intercourse. His reserve, which the young wits in the class are, I find, quite disposed to ridicule, is, in my opinion, as much the effect of his mental independence, as of that diffidence which you say he always exhibited. His fine talents are disciplined, not discouraged by adversity, and his judgment so cool and regulated, that did not an occasional flash of spirit betray that warmth of temperament which circumstances have made it necessary for him to suppress, I should think him born a Quaker. But he is now an excellent specimen of the puritan character, in which shrewdness and simplicity, ambition and humility, patience and activity, fervor in spirit and prudence in action, were so blended or so admirably balanced, that the minds thus actuated possessed a decision which rendered them invincible. It is this regulation of the passions which constitutes that self-control so necessary to freemen, to those who govern themselves; yet it is only a strong mind that is ever endowed, in an eminent degree, with this decision; and it is only a cultivated mind that makes it appear amiable.

“But it sits amiably on George Torrey, because he has so much modesty that you would not, without close investi-

gation, imagine him such a determined character; and thus his extraordinary progress is attributed more to his superior industry (which excites, you know, but little envy) than to his superior genius.

“It is gladdening to see how talents will surmount difficulties, but it rejoices me more to behold their triumph over temptations. The youth whom I mentioned as likely to prove a formidable rival to George in the classical race, is a fine example of this triumph. He is from Virginia; his father, as I understand, is a very rich man, one of the proud aristocracy of that proud State. Robert Simonds has, therefore, been from infancy accustomed to every indulgence and elegance that wealth can purchase, and all that adulation that follows prosperity and high rank. But this flattery has not enervated his mind; it has only modified his manners. He has all that boldness of imagination, that brilliancy of genius, that is elicited by culture and commendation. I do not think he has more confidence in his own powers, more of what we will call pride, than George Torrey has; and yet his display of himself is so very different, that a stranger would call one haughty, the other humble. The original constitution of the minds of these young men was doubtless very similar; had the children been changed in their cradles, as fairy stories have whilome related possible, they would probably with their names have completely changed characters. There is, however, always a sympathy between such spirits, unless jealousy of each other's attainments should keep them aloof,—but this jealousy Robert is too noble to indulge towards one, who, like George Torrey, (I have related to Robert the whole history of his rival,) is struggling for an education as the means of support; and on the other hand, the principles of George are too well regulated to permit him to harbor jealousy or envy against any person. So these youths are already warm friends, and I encourage the intimacy, because I think they will reap a mutual advantage from the intercourse. I admire to see them sitting side by side, at their recitations, or walking, arm in arm, to their recreations,—there has been such a contrast in their brief histories, and yet there is such a similarity in their feelings, that it affords much food for my philosophy, to trace the causes which have thus brought the mind of one nursed in the lap of

luxury, and that of a poor parish child on a perfect level. These causes must be sought in our free institutions, in that perfect equality of birth which our laws declare to be fixed in the nature of things, and therefore unchangeable. While our Constitution remains inviolate in this article, neither the corruptions of luxury, nor the debasements of poverty, will ever degrade the minds of our countrymen to an extent that shall have much perceptible effect on public morals, or render precarious the preservation of our freedom; because there will be a redeeming influence in the talents and virtue, that our impartial institutions will call forth from both extremes of our population—the rich and the poor. Equality of birth, and the necessity of universal education, are principles never before recognised or acted upon by any government; till these are relinquished, our republic is safe. They may tell of the corruption of statesmen and the violence of party, but the majority will, after all, go right; and though vice and ignorance may sometimes be exalted, yet open admiration and unhesitating suffrage will not be given except to intelligence and virtue. These thoughts have been forced upon me while reflecting upon the favorable influence which the principle of equality has had on my two favorite pupils.

“It has stimulated them both to exertion, and will probably be the means of making them ornaments to their country. It taught Robert Simonds that his father’s rank and wealth could never be his passport to high consideration,—he must himself deserve the fame he coveted. It encouraged the destitute orphan, while toiling for his bread, to cultivate those talents he felt he possessed, by showing that the prize was within his reach. It has thus directed and impelled two minds of uncommon powers to the attainment of knowledge and the love of excellence, that appear likely to qualify them for extensive usefulness; and thus, if we do not subscribe to the opinion that ignorance is bliss, we must believe the sum of human happiness is proportionably increased.

“I am told that there are some, even in our republican land, who attach great importance to a pedigree, and imagine a kind of refinement of blood is imparted to the individual whose ancestors have, for two, or three generations, laid by their working dresses. I should like to have such

title-loving people look upon my specimen of nobility and of peasantry. They would feel proud of both. Robert Simonds commands attention, and George Torrey engages it. No person can behold either with indifference. They positively are the finest looking young men I ever saw. I often examine their features to decide which of the two is the handsomest, but I never yet could. Still there is no resemblance between them, except that their height is the same. The figure of George, though perfectly proportioned, shows the strength of bones and sinews that have been "strung by toil." Robert is more slender in form, and the richness and nicety of his apparel, combine to give him an air of effeminacy, especially if you regard his hand, which a lady might envy; it is so small, taper-fingered and delicate. George, on the contrary, is always plainly arrayed, and his hand, you know, is enlarged by exercise, and hardened by the plough. But the moment you look in his face, you forget that labor has any effect but to beautify. His active employment has strengthened his constitution, and imparted such a fine, healthy glow to his complexion, that it really makes one feel younger and happier to gaze upon him; even his midnight vigils cannot destroy his bloom. But Robert will do to enact the "pale student," except when his spirit is kindled, and then the blood rushes to his face till his cheeks are died like scarlet. Whenever I see Robert alone, I always think *black* is much the most beautiful color for the eye,—that such have the most expression—the most soul. But the moment George enters, his bright blue eyes, flashing with the consciousness of ideas, or animated with eagerness to gain them, I alter my opinion,—or at least, I think *the color* of the eye is of no consequence. In short I am, as you have doubtless discovered, enthusiastic in my admiration and my expectations from both these young men."

It is not my purpose to describe minutely the progress of George Torrey, and the exertions he used while obtaining his education. The four years passed,—he had struggled with many discouragements, and spent many melancholy hours, but, aided by the counsels of his old friend Mr. Dorr, and, whenever he would accept it, by more tangible tokens of regard from his young friend Robert Simonds, and always exerting his own abilities to the utmost to help himself, George had succeeded. The "poor scholar," had

won the highest honors of the college. The "Valedictory" was the part assigned him in the exercises of the day; he would willingly have relinquished it in favor of his friend; indeed, he declared that of right Robert Simonds should have had it; but that generous young man replied;—"I do not pretend, George, to disclaim all ambition to have that appointment; it would have gratified my vanity, but it is not essential to my interest. If I have, as you kindly intimate, the learning that would entitle me to it, all I need is obtained; but to you, my friend, it may be of more benefit. *Honor may be profit,*" continued he smiling, "and though your independence of spirit has given me trouble enough, yet I admire it, and hope that the time is not far distant when you will bask in the smiles of fortune."

"Yes, but then I must lose those of my friend," replied George. "O, this is a sad world I think, since the saddest of all poets so often expresses my feelings,

"Our very wishes, give us not our wish!"

That is now precisely applicable to my mind; I have often thought, that could I reach the station in my class, which I may at this moment call mine, I should be perfectly blest. But after this pageant of vain glory, this Commencement is over, then will come the real sorrow, the parting with you."

"Why need we part?" asked Robert. "Why will you not conclude to accompany me to the south; my father—ah, I see the haughty curl on your lip, giving its veto against dependence. You must earn your own livelihood. You may do that in Virginia as conveniently as here. Nothing will be easier than to find employment as an instructor. I will write and recommend you to some of the first families; after they are acquainted with you, no recommendation will be necessary. My parents will make the companion of their son as welcome as a relative. We have warm hearts for our friends, George, and some lovely girls too, that will, I hope, make your heart warm.

'Were you with these, my friend, you'd soon forget  
The pale, unripened beauties of the North.'

"I always understood that bloom and brilliancy of complexion, were on the side of our northern beauties," said George.



"But you will find, according to the quotation I have just made, and indeed from the whole speech of the old Numidian Chief, that such a conclusion must be erroneous. You are an excellent critic on facts, and if you think Addison committed a blunder in placing his "glowing dames" beneath a vertical sun, you ought to expose him. This you may have an opportunity of doing if you will only go with me. Virginia is sufficiently far to the southward to commence your observations. Will you go?"

"In the course of a year, perhaps;—if you still desire it," replied George.

Robert did continue to desire it, and in less than a twelve-month, George Torrey found himself domesticated in the family of Judge Simonds, one of the most distinguished men of Virginia. George had anticipated much pleasure as well as improvement from the conversation of the old Judge, whom his son had represented as very eloquent, and intelligent, and communicative. His mother too, in the opinion of Robert, was the very best woman in the world. He had said but little of his sister—very little,—never had shown George any of her letters, nor endeavored to excite his curiosity about her. George knew, to be sure, that Robert had a sister Delia, and he thought she had a very pretty name for a pastoral poem, and that was all he had thought of her till he was introduced to her. But he soon had many other thoughts. If there is a young man who has loved, tenderly and truly, and loved too, one who he fancied would think herself above his sphere—loved in doubt and almost in despair, he will very easily divine the meditations of my hero. He will know why George trembled to meet Delia, and sighed to leave her; why his pulse quickened at her name, and why his heart and his brain throbbed when any other man approached her. Why he watched for her smile as though it were a law to guide him; and why every word she spoke he considered important, and worth treasuring.

And if there be a beautiful young lady, who has seen she was beloved by a man of worth, of mind, intelligence and refinement,—one whom she was satisfied would ever be to her that kind, constant, judicious friend, which woman so much needs to guide and support her through "this world's rough wilderness;" if she has felt gratitude for her lover's preference of her, and esteem for his character, increasing

with every interview; if she has blushed to name him, trembled lest her partiality should be suspected,—watched for his coming, and yet faltered while attempting to welcome him, she may be sure her sensations have been very similar to those felt by Delia Simonds, after a few months acquaintance with George Torrey.

Why cannot reason and education free the mind from the dominion of prejudice? Robert Simonds knew the worth and talents of George Torrey, and he loved him like a brother. To have him marry Delia, had long been his favorite wish. He saw their mutual affection, therefore, with joy, and his favorable representations had induced Judge Simonds to treat the young New-Englander with a partiality that was, at least, flattering.

George had been permitted to hope, and but one circumstance prevented Robert from acknowledging, with pride, the favored of his sister. Some of the young Southern gentlemen had doubted the courage of the Yankee, doubted whether he would have the spirit to resent an insult like a gentleman, to accept a challenge if sent him, and these doubts had reached the ears of Robert. He did not mention them to George; he knew his principles on the subject, and he perfectly agreed with him that to fight a duel, when not to fight was considered a disgrace, was no test of courage, but rather a proof of moral cowardice. But reasoning and feeling are very different things. Robert did feel sensitive on this point; he did wish to have the fame of George established, have him deemed a man of honor,—(That honor which may be claimed by the veriest villain on earth, if he only is a good shot and has killed his adversary.)

There was in the neighborhood a gentleman, so styled, who had offered himself to Delia Simonds, and been rejected. This circumstance created no surprise with those who were acquainted with the parties, for Arnold Dixon was very ugly in person, and disagreeable in manners, such a being as no lady could love, and Miss Simonds would never marry for riches. But riches, especially if joined with a certain assurance, will often keep a man in a station to which neither his mind or morals entitle him.

Arnold Dixon was thus by sufferance allowed to mingle in good society; yet he knew he was disliked, indeed, detested

by the ladies, and he grew cross, and envious of every gentleman younger, or handsomer than himself. George Torrey especially he hated, and it was from him that the insinuations against the character of the Yankee mostly originated.

Robert Simonds despised Dixon, and intended to have no communication with him; but they happened to meet one day at a dinner party, and Dixon, when warmed with wine, threw out reflections against the northern people, mingled with such inuendoes against George Torrey, that Robert's blood was up in a moment, and he repelled the charges with such terms of scorn, as provoked his adversary to fresh accusations, till finally the company interposed, and insisted that the affair should be postponed to a more fitting time and place.

Burning with indignation against Dixon, and yet angry with himself for suffering the low malice of such a man to disturb him, Robert Simonds retired from the party. He knew that, according to the code of honor, some expressions Dixon had used, must be considered too offensive to be borne by an honorable man; that a challenge was expected to ensue; and since the affair must proceed, he thought he would turn it to the best account possible. He argued that if George Torrey would consent to be his second, it would in a great measure establish his reputation, because he would be found to act with decision and spirit, as he always did in the prosecution of any plan he thought sanctioned by principle. In short, he knew George was possessed of that daring, determined courage, that would, at the call of his country, or in defence of freedom, have prompted him to solicit the post of danger, to stand in the "imminent, deadly breach," or lead the forlorn hope. But he knew, also, that George regarded duelling and its laws with abhorrence and contempt; that he thought it degrading to a civilized man, and horrible for a christian to engage or be concerned in an affair of—murder.

"And yet," said Robert to himself, "he cannot, under all the circumstances, refuse to be my second in this affair, and that will satisfy the world of his courage. O, if his firmness of mind was only known, his courage would never be doubted."

“You intend to challenge Dixon?” said George Torrey, after he had listened to his friend’s story.

“I do—I must. You smile, and I know your opinion, and I know it is right,—but we must, while we live in the world, be guided by the customs of society. Who can endure the “dread laugh” of derision, that among us follows the man, who is pointed at as a coward? I cannot, I will not, let the consequences be what they may, I shall challenge Dixon. I know he is a mean villain,—I despise him; and yet I shall give him a chance to acquire honor to himself by killing me. I shall do this in obedience to custom,—to a custom that I condemn, and wish was annihilated,—But I shall follow it notwithstanding. Will you, George, be my second?”

The discussion that followed cannot be given at length, but the conclusion was, that George Torrey, finding he could not reason his friend out of the belief that there existed no necessity for the duel, determined to take the quarrel and the danger on himself.

“If,” said George, “this affair cannot be overlooked without incurring disgrace, I will send the challenge. The matter properly belongs to me. It was my section of the country that was vilified; it was me he intended to insult. You generously defended me at the table when I was absent; but that is no reason why you should fight for me when I am present. I repeat it,—if there must be a challenge I will send it, and you may act as my second.”

This arrangement was finally adopted. Robert felt some compunctious visitings of conscience while the challenge was penning; but he was so anxious to have his friend, his future brother, considered a man of honor, that he felt glad the affair was to be so decided. He knew George was an excellent marksman, and cool in spirit, and had the perfect command of his muscles. Dixon too, was expert at shooting, but he was often intoxicated either with passion or liquor, and—who can answer for the thoughts of his heart when under the dominion of violent prejudice? thousands have been as culpable as was Robert Simonds, when he eagerly anticipated seeing Arnold Dixon weltering in his blood, slain by the hand of George Torrey.

What did George Torrey anticipate? He did not dare reflect on all the consequences that might be the result of

this rash affair. He thought it his duty to send the challenge and meet the foe, rather than permit Robert to fight. But he hoped the matter would be accommodated; that Dixon would decline, as he might, without the imputation of cowardice, by alleging that he had not intended to insult the party who challenged. And then George flattered himself a little discussion would satisfy all parties.

But George was disappointed; for Dixon not only accepted his invitation to "meet him, &c. on the ensuing morning," but he exultingly added, that he wished to have the affair decided immediately; that he had a friend with him, and they would be on the spot in half an hour, where "all preliminaries, &c. might be easily settled."

"He is drunk," said Robert, his eyes flashing with joy; "your victory is secure."

"My escape may be more probable," replied George. "I will meet him, and stand his shot as your code of honor directs; but I will not return his fire. I risk my own life to satisfy what I consider a wicked prejudice; but I will not risk having the blood of a human being upon my conscience."

The two friends proceeded, arm in arm, towards the place of appointment. They walked in silence, both wrapped in different, but painful reflections. They had nearly reached the spot, when George, pressing the arm of his friend, said in a low, but distinct tone—"Robert, if I fall, say to Delia—"

"You will not fall, you shall not," interrupted the other, impetuously. "George, I fear I have done wrong in this business—I have been too sensitive, too hasty. If you are injured, I shall never forgive myself. But you shall not stand but one shot, if, when Dixon finds you are determined not to return his fire, if he does not then feel satisfied, I will fight him, and I will return his fire. Do not give me any farewell messages, I cannot hear such melancholy things."

They reached the spot; an accommodation was proposed to Dixon, if he would disclaim the intention of insulting George; but this he would not do, and he ended with some sneering remarks about the Yankees that made Robert's blood boil, but which, had it not been for the feelings of his friend, George would no more have heeded than the idle wind.

The ground was measured, and they took their stations.

"You can kill him George," whispered Robert Simonds.

"I shalk not attempt it," replied George. "I am not seeking revenge."

"But you ought to endeavor to preserve your own life."

"Then I ought not to have come here. But this is idle now. Give the word."

The word was given—Dixon fired—and George Torrey fell. Robert sprung to him, raised him—a stream of blood gushed from his right side. "It is all over," said George faintly, as he recovered a little from the first shock. "I am dying. I must leave the world just as it begins to smile upon me. I must leave Delia and you. O! I have lately dreamed of great things—I have thought that, blessed with Delia's love and your friendship, I should use such exertions—I should be so indefatigable, that success would be mine. But it is all over—I must die before I have done anything—I must die and be forgotten—Die as the fool dieth."

"O! George, George," said Robert, with tears flowing fast down his cheeks—"What shall I do? How shall I comfort Delia? Why did I allow you to send the challenge?"

George attempted to reply, but the effort overcame him, and they thought him dying. But he revived again, and was conveyed to the house of Judge Simonds. He lingered twelve hours, and during most of the time, was able to converse.

The clergyman who attended him, was struck with his conversation—so penitent—resigned and calm. He acknowledged his fault and prayed for forgiveness—and may we not hope it was accorded him? And then how kindly he strove to allay Robert's remorse, and sooth Delia's regret; and how affectionate, yet solemn, was the last parting kiss!

George Torrey was laid in the family vault of Judge Simonds, and before the year had expired, Delia slept beside her lover. Robert Simonds, agitated with grief for the loss of his friend, and indignation against Dixon, could hardly be said to be in possession of his reason, when, three days after the burial of George, he challenged his murderer to meet him. Dixon was so elated with his success over poor George, that he exultingly accepted the challenge of Robert.

They met ; and at the first discharge, Dixon, was shot through the heart.

Robert Simonds still lives, but he is a melancholy, misanthropic being. Alone in the world, and continually brooding over the memory of those dear friends he accuses himself of destroying.

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### REMEMBERED WORDS.

How various, 'mid life's busy rounds,  
The words that greet the ear !  
And yet, how few are treasured sounds  
We pine again to hear !

The measured compliment, still dealt  
To all the passing crowd—  
The formal sympathy—unfelt—  
The gratulation loud—

Who hoards within his secret soul  
Such tinsel'd things as these ?  
And when escaped from earth's control,  
Undimmed their lustre sees ?

But there are words that come with power  
In love's unchanging tune,  
And to the gloomiest midnight hour  
Impart the joy of noon.

Her children's lisping words, in thought,  
Still cheer the mother lone ;  
And still to manhood's heart is brought  
That mother's tender tone.

The whispered vow of love, first breathed  
Upon the maiden's ear,  
Comes, and life's wastes with spring flowers wreathed,  
To woman's eye appear.

The word, half checked, that softly came  
And chased the lover's fears,  
'Mid earth's loud chants—gold, power and fame—  
Still that low word he hears.

But there is one dear sound, that wakes  
 In every soul a chord ;  
 The rudest language music makes  
 With one remembered word.

Go, where proud realms have bowed to time,  
 Or through fresh countries roam ;  
 Man's heart, in every age and clime,  
 Thrills to the sound of home.

CORNELIA.

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### FEMALE INFLUENCE.

THAT few events occur either in the moral or physical world, without an evident and assignable cause, is a truth, which needs no elucidation by argument or comment. We may extend the assertion more generally without fear of contradiction, and declare that the most trivial and apparently isolated circumstance, though to human investigation it may appear absolutely independent, and unconnected, can still be traced to an adequate, though perhaps a remote cause, by an eye that can embrace the whole compass of nature. This truth has a peculiar pertinency in the study of mankind; and although the causes of human action are perhaps intricate and obscure, compounded as they manifestly are, with weakness and infirmity, with feeling and passion, with reason and rashness, with wisdom and with folly, yet as in those mechanical contrivances which the skill of the artist has invented for the computation of time, there is always some prevailing principle of action, which, however it may be regulated or controlled by the agency of minor causes, is that which gives activity to the whole.

In looking abroad over the wide field of rational existence, we see mankind engaged in various pursuits, actuated by various feelings, prompted by various motives, and impelled by various desires; pursuing the paths of fame, climbing the steep ascent to the hill of science, toiling like muck-



worms for wealth, or affectedly despising the acquisition of riches, and striving to excite admiration by the short-hand method of eccentricity. Could we lay open each individual bosom, and inspect the operations of the internal man, we should see a sort of intellectual machine, which, although unsubstantial, is strictly analogous to the mechanical contrivances to which we have already alluded. We will analyze one for the sake of example, by which the idea that we wish to convey will be more easily comprehended. We see, for instance, one man, with whose actions and propensities we have been made acquainted. These are but the marks for the minutes, seconds or hours on the dial plate. A close investigation of his motives, will show us the wheels, by which his actions and propensities are from time to time regulated and brought into view. A deeper study of those motives, will show one controlling cause which gives activity to those motives. This is the weight or main spring by which the machine is set in motion.

These observations premised, we may now extend our remarks under the same figure; and since the motion of these mechanical contrivances is caused principally by two particular powers, the weight or the spring, so also we may consider mankind as influenced by two principles, the desire of wealth, and the desire of distinction. But as in the case of the watch or the clock, the weight of the spring, have each a more secret cause by which they are enabled to operate, as for instance, this by its elasticity, that by the attraction of gravity; so also in the principal causes of human action there is a remoter and original cause which leads to the desire of riches or to aspirations for fame. What that cause is, it is not intended in this paper to assert. We shall present a few remarks which may perhaps enable us to assign a name to that remote cause, however modified, or under what form soever it may appear.

In whatsoever age, station or country, we view the condition of man, we must be struck with the remarkable fact, that the admiration, the love, or the approbation of woman, has excited him to the accomplishment of undertakings which no other cause could prompt him to commence. His pride is most peculiarly gratified when he has secured her favor, and his self complacency is more pleasing in its operations when he is secure of her esteem. We need not

to turn over the pages of history for the confirmation of our remarks. We have them so near at home and around us, that it would be superfluous to enlarge upon the assertion. If riches are the object of his pursuit, the use which he makes of the acquisition is, to use the language of rhapsody, which, in this case is the language of truth, to lay them at her feet. If fame be his desire, it is in order to lay claim to her praise, as the sweetest to his ear. The old and the young are influenced alike by this desire, though perhaps in different degrees. The ecstasies of youth become frozen in age, and the remoter causes of action are forgotten in the prevalence of habit. Hence the desire of gain, which in early life may have been a laudable principle as founded upon the desire of female approbation, becomes, by the force of habit, an original principle, as the seed which produces the tree, becomes original, so far as the individual plant is concerned, although it arose from a more remote cause. The desire of fame and distinction, also commendable as an excitement to laudable exertion, springing as it undoubtedly does in early life from the desire of estimation with the gentler sex, may in age become an original principle, as the Scion will take root of itself when detached from the parent stock.

If such sentiments be correct, and we have little doubt of their truth, and the desire and esteem of the female sex be the remote cause of the ordinary actions of men, it can be readily seen how extensive, how important, how valuable is the influence of female character,—an influence which, as it is regulated and controlled, may produce the happiest or the most deplorable effects. We wish not to strengthen our remarks by forced considerations which are neither general nor common. We will therefore waive the notice of female influence in society which has not enjoyed the advantages of cultivation and refinement, and confine ourselves to the scenes and the circumstances of the enlightened world.

They certainly are guilty of injustice, if not of misrepresentation, who deny the influence of female character, from considerations drawn from the experience or the conduct of misogamists and woman haters. It is not among the scenes of polished life, that the manners of man can be estimated when separated from the influence of woman.

We must follow Crusoe to the island of Fernandez, if we would estimate society as it exists when deprived of her control. Although she may not have directly influenced the temper or the destiny of an individual, because he has secluded himself from her society, or avoided the opportunities for cultivating a knowledge of her character, still he finds it difficult, nay absolutely impossible, to escape from the influence which she exerts upon society in general, which is as it were reflected upon him. If the light of day were secluded from all things which are denied the direct reception of the rays of the sun, many of the most pleasing objects in nature would be involved in continual obscurity, and consequently be entirely unknown. But the laws of nature and of philosophy, as well as daily experience teaches, us, that the genial influence is generously diffused, and that light, like its benevolent creator, will shed its lustre and its beauties upon all things which are open to receive it, although averted from the glaring gaze of "the powerful king of day." And so too in society, the influence of woman, reflected from those scenes where it is most immediately exerted, affects the individuals also, although perhaps in less degree, who, from their retirement or seclusion, may at first be supposed to be exempted from its control. Imitative as man is by his nature, it cannot be but that he must be influenced by the manners and customs around him. Now there is no circumstance in the philosophy of history so striking, as the fact that woman has done more for the amelioration of society, than has been effected by any other cause. How this indeed has been produced, we shall leave for future consideration, intending only to suggest at the present time the operation of a cause, the partial effects of which have universally been acknowledged, but the general and certain operation is not, perhaps, generally known. Whether we are correct in our position, we do not pretend to assert; but if any one doubts the extended influence of woman, let him be governed by reason, experience and reflection, before he condemns the opinion.

## STANZAS.

In still reflection's peaceful atmosphere,  
 The countenance of holy truth  
 'Tis sweet to see;

To hold communion with those spirits dear,  
 Beauty and uncorrupted purity :

But oh, it half renews our youth  
 To meet them freshly, in the way of life,  
 Amid its cold corruption, apathy, and strife.

I saw a youth, on whose unclouded brow  
 Enthroned, sat these three divine ;

And with full heart,

I registered in Heaven a mother's vow,  
 That, with God's blessing, I, a mother's part

Unto those sinless babes of mine,  
 Religiously would act ; so hoping yet to see  
 In them these precious germs of early piety.

The silent rapture of a mother's breast !

To see the boy she nurtured, and upheld  
 'Mid hopes, and fears,

Joys, mingled with keen sorrows unexpressed,  
 Walking uprightly, toward the vale of years,

With spirit that hath not rebelled  
 Against those tender lessons of his youth,  
 That breathed into his bosom purity, and truth.

A. M. W.

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 CATHARINE TALBORT.

I think I never saw a more striking face than Catharine Talbort's. Her rich and glowing complexion, the most brilliant of brunettes ; the *overhanging* forehead, so full of intellectual expression ; the peculiar fire and animation of her very black eyes ; the classical contour of her head, with its rich glossy curls : these were a rare combination of charms. Her features were all finely formed, yet so strongly marked, as give less of softness than dignity to her countenance. Some thought there was not enough of delicacy in her beau-

ty ; be that as it may, altogether it was a fine face ; a study for the painter and the sculptor—a head for Gall and Spurzhiem.

So much for the casket. Could one securely place “ a trust for the contents on such a case ? ” It contained some pearls of great price, but there were also false stones, which Catharine mistook for real diamonds.

Left early an orphan, Catharine was almost entirely self educated ; her character was not formed on any model, but had a freshness and originality that was generally delightful. Like most characters so formed, she had much of what is termed *independence*.

She had also a mind of the highest order, with a just confidence in her own fine powers, and moreover, a decided and fearless manner of expressing her thoughts and opinions. She was feelingly alive to all that was beautiful in the natural and moral world, and had equally as quick a perception of all that was ridiculous. She had a fine cultivated taste for painting and for music, and was sometimes guilty of writing poetry. With such endowments, it is not surprising that she was stigmatized as a “ *bas blue* ” by many of her acquaintance, and regarded by her grandfather, aunt, and cousin, who formed her domestic circle, as something rather superior. But although they were proud of her beauty and talents, yet there were some endearing traits in her character that conciliated their love. Catharine’s manners at home were the reverse of many less highly gifted, for *there* she was uniformly cheerful and affectionate ; if to any she was ungracious, it was not those who had the most claims upon her attention.

She was not insensible to the sublime truths of revelation, and was conscientious in the discharge of all she thought her duty, and unwearied in her endeavors to root from her heart “ the tares which the enemy had sown.”

But ah ! if our evil propensities assume the garb of virtue and deceive even veterans in self-knowledge, is it surprising that at eighteen Catharine mistook pride for self respect, and that selfishness and selfsufficiency lurked under the guise of independence ?

“ Did you assign a previous engagement as a reason for not attending Mrs. Williams’s party, cousin Catharine ? ” said Ellen Ware.

“ Oh ! no, Ellen, for that would have been an untruth. I merely declined the invitation, without assigning a reason !”

“ But, why not go, my love ?” said her aunt Talbort.

“ Simply, because I should derive neither pleasure nor benefit from the visit; while, at home, I should receive both. I cannot endure the tedious formality of the mistress of the ceremonies, and *ceremony*, it truly is,—then, I am weary of her never-to-be-forgotten, yet never to be understood speeches, with each measured word falling from her mouth ‘ like minute drops from off the eaves,’ so long, that one quite forgets the commencement, before she arrives at the conclusion—so complimentary, that one feels ‘tis all ‘ satire in disguise’—Oh ! ‘ my ear is pained, my soul is sick !’ ”

“ But, Catharine”—

“ Spare me, dear aunt, the long catalogue of Mrs. Williams’ virtues which I see you are preparing—very good, she may be,—very disagreeable, she certainly is—which is ‘ high treason against virtue,’ you know.”

“ She truly has excellent traits of character, but you would find those, also, at the party, whose manners are elegant and winning.”

“ No, aunt, in Mrs. Williams’ circle they are all spell-bound,—her power is as potent as any magician’s of a fairy tale. Ellen fears not this magic circle, for George Grant is her good fairy, and love the talisman that, wherever he is, converts the dullest hues to *couleur de rose*.”

“ Ah ! neice, I cannot agree with you, and many of your sentiments I must think erroneous.”

“ Convince me that I am wrong,” said Catharine, “ and I yield most willingly. Indeed, I sometimes have sad misgivings as to the soundness of some of my opinions. Do you think I should attend the party ?”

“ With your views upon the subject, I cannot say that I do.”

“ But you think my views are wrong.”

“ I am old-fashioned in most of my opinions, Catharine, and was educated by a rule, so unlike whatever has found favor in your sight, that my opinion would have little weight with you. Not to be *singular*, and to do like

others of my age and sex, was a lesson enjoined upon me?"

"Then I suppose, said Catharine, laughing, that, in your day, females, like the king, could do no wrong, else methinks, you had not a very safe rule for conduct. But 'to go or not to go,' was my question, aunt, and as you have not given me any good reason for the contrary I will give the evening to those I love and value."

Catharine remained at home, and in playing chess with her grandfather, exercised at least the virtue of self-denial, when (knowing his dislike to be beaten, at his favorite game, by a woman) she forbore to take advantage of a move which placed the game in her power. She then, at his request, read aloud a sermon of his favorite Saurin; and, in an animated discussion of the merits of this eloquent divine, the evening passed so rapidly that she was surprised by the return of Ellen, who looked so cheerful and happy that she exclaimed—"Ah! lady fair, this evening has not been the dullest of the dull to you."

"Oh! no, Catharine, our party has been delightful, don't look so incredulous—it is true the Montagues were there."

"The Montagues!" said Catharine, coloring with surprise and pleasure.

"What," inquired her aunt, "she, Mrs. Montague, who has so long secluded herself from society to educate her children?"

"The same," said Catharine, "but she again mingles in society for the sake of those children. The son, who is a clergyman, has lately returned from Europe; the daughter is exceedingly lovely and intelligent"—

"And so affable and unpretending in her manners that one cannot but be charmed with her," said Ellen. "She expressed much disappointment at not meeting you last evening, Catharine; and Mrs. Williams said something very complimentary about Miss Montague's inducing you to leave your seclusion and deceiving your friends with your brilliancy;—in her usual style"—

"Oh! I can imagine it," said Catharine, mimicking Mrs. Williams manner. "Miss Montague will confer an additional pleasure on the inhabitants of our village, if she will induce Miss Catharine Talbort to emerge from her seclusion, and cheer, with the bright beams of science and literature, the dull night of their stupidity!"

“Well done, Catharine,” said Ellen, laughing, “as like Mrs. Williams as possible—her very self.”

“Not, *well* done, Miss Ellen,” said her aunt gravely, “it is never *well* for a young lady to mimic the peculiarities of her acquaintance; it is unfeminine and unlady-like, Miss Catharine; I think it unchristian.”

“I acknowledge my error, aunt, and will endeavor to subdue this wicked propensity,” said Catharine.

I cannot say that Catharine’s toilet was made with more than usual care the next morning, but she certainly was very neatly and becomingly attired and looked very lovely. So did Ellen—but hers were charms that dress could neither heighten or disguise, she was

“A glancing, living, human smile  
On nature’s face that plays.”

Arm in arm they pursued their way to Mrs. Montague’s. Ellen’s slight flexible form, rather below the middle size, her delicate rose complexion and frank animated blue eye, formed a beautiful contrast to the full proportions of Catharine’s tall figure, and the peculiar brilliancy of her dark eyes and complexion.

The ladies welcomed the fair cousins with much cordiality—Charles Montague was pleased with the quiet dignity and simplicity of Catharine’s manners, and with the total absence of all affectation—a peculiarity, which is becoming exceedingly rare in a pretty girl.

A summer passed in the village, and an almost daily enjoyment of each other’s society, increased the admiration and esteem of Charles to a serious attachment.

Catharine at this time appeared to much advantage. She thought Charles decidedly superior to all the gentlemen of her acquaintance in talents and attainments, and in purity of mind and principle. She attached much value to his opinions,—and her almost unconscious desire and doubt of pleasing, gave to her hitherto decided and fearless manner, a modesty and diffidence peculiarly interesting.

But Mary Montague saw with surprise, that Catharine was not generally beloved. She did not regard the half uttered innuendoes of her young companions. She knew the clashing interests—the quick sensibilities—and jealous rivalries of those of equal pretensions too well, to deem



them unprejudiced in their opinions. And the more open attacks of such ladies as had sisters and daughters to dispose of, she also disregarded, for she thought Catharine might have been an undesigning yet dangerous rival;—but she heard those whom she deemed impartial in their judgment speak of “Miss Talbort’s arrogant manners, severe remarks, and careless disregard to others’ feelings.”

Mary heard this with pain, for she was warmly attached to Catharine, and could not sufficiently account for the charges against her.

“Why is it, Mamma,” said she “that, with so many attractions, Catharine is not a more general favorite?”

“Her great independence of character,” said her mother, “prevents her using any endeavors to conciliate the regard of those she thinks ignorant; or illiberal in their views, or of such as she does not highly value; these form a large portion of society—then she is imprudent in frequently expressing opinions which, though not erroneous, are continually wounding their self-love. By others she is deemed intellectually selfish in devoting her time and talents too exclusively to self, without considering, as has been justly said, that ‘we owe to society a tithe of every thing we possess, our time, labor and affections, our ability to please as well as to profit.’ Catharine is not aware that, while despising the man whose sordid soul makes an idol of his mammon, she is almost equally faulty in hoarding mental gems and brooding over them. Neither are we so constituted as to be entirely independent of others, for we are continually depending on those around us for almost every thing that conduces to our physical enjoyment, or contributes to our intellectual pleasures.”

“Very true, mamma,—but I have always admired in Catharine, an absence of all little arts to gain applause or fix admiration.”

“Still admire it, Mary, but this ingenuousness is perfectly compatible with an honest desire to please our fellow beings, which I almost think woman should make a duty, otherwise she loses much of her influence in society, and consequently both her usefulness and respectability are impaired.”

“But do you not think, mamma, that much of the dislike to Catharine arises from envy of her superior talent and beauty?”

“Some of it, undoubtedly, but most of it from the faults of character I have mentioned, which, far from considering faults, she cherishes as virtues, and nothing but her own experience will convince her that she is mistaken. She belongs not to that class of *happy* beings who learn from the experience of others; those who learn from their own are said to be the *wise* ones. When she has so learned, Catharine will be a pattern for her sex, and I shall rejoice in her as a daughter.”

Mrs. Montague little thought how soon Catharine was destined to grow wise by experience, and her character to become purified by adversity. The sudden death of her grandfather, and the failure of her guardian, deprived her of a home and the means of support.

It is true that from her friends, aid and sincere offers were made of all that was desirable, and that the affectionate heart of Ellen was pained by Catharine's resolute refusal to share with her the home which, as the wife of Mr. Grant, she hastened to offer.

But Catharine was firm in her decision to depend upon her own exertions—and the most eligible plan that offered was the instruction of youth. Here began her discipline and consequent improvement. It would not be pleasant, though it might be useful to follow her through all her trials. Suffice it to say that they were such as corrected her erroneous sentiments, strengthened her piety and gave her “a soul resigned, a will subdued.”

Mrs. Montague has now the happiness of beholding her all she wished, the wife of her son, and a pattern for her sex.

Exemplary in her conduct, conciliating in her manners, humble in her piety, useful, active in her domestic relations, the parishioners bless the day when Catharine became mistress of the parsonage at S.———

8.

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THE morning of life and the morn of the year  
 Alike in their blooming and briefness appear—  
 But never regret that as fleeting we see  
 The rose on the cheek as the rose on the tree,  
 Nor mourn, though stern Time bear man's beauty away,  
 If his freshness of heart, his pure feelings but stay.

8.

**FILIAL TRIBUTE, ON A BIRTHDAY.**

PEACE, that the world doth not bestow,  
 Peace, that it passeth man to know,  
     Thy blessing on this morn !  
 Fly, earthborn sorrow, human care;  
 Mem'ry, thy fading tints repair,  
     And this thy day adorn.

Ye infant joys, ye dreams of youth,  
 Visions of hope and love and truth,  
     That win the unpractised mind,  
 Return, as when at first ye rose,  
 Again the heaven on earth disclose,  
     Ye promised it should find.

As rushes by the torrent, past  
 Must changeful flow its wave as fast,  
     Still following pleasure, pain ?  
 Think—every vain regret subdued,—  
 When, lost in trial's tangled wood,  
     Thou sought'st the light in vain :

When sin ensnared, when suffering pressed,  
 When pain and sickness frightened rest—  
     In all thy various lot—  
 How resignation soothed the hour,  
 How o'er thee watched the Guardian Power,—  
     That eye which slumbers not !

And does the dark array of grief,  
 Banish the forms of pleasures brief,  
     That laughed in mem'ry's train,  
 And, leading pensive thought aside,  
 Where rests a heart in friendship tried,  
     Give *thine* to bleed again ?

Death upward wings the soul that's just,  
 To wean the sufferer from the dust,  
     While mercy wipes the tear :  
 When they with whom 'twas death to part,  
 Are heavenward gone with half the heart,  
     Oh ! who would linger here ?

One feeling in the soul lies deep,—  
 The first to wake—the last to sleep,—  
 And dear as life's warm tide :  
 The transports of the best it swells,  
 In cold and cruel hearts it dwells,  
 Where all is dead beside.

It turns to childhood's little ring,  
 Gathered beneath the parent wing:  
 Recalls love's earliest smile ;  
 Its "graver countenance" renews :  
 Who earliest taught the right to choose,  
 The wrong reject the while :

Who knit the the band with laws of love ;  
 Who bade them pray to God above,  
 And counselled them to bear  
 This solemn thought within the heart,  
 'Remember, wheresoe'er thou art,  
 Allseeing God is there !

Who taught the Holy Book to read,  
 And in its pleasant paths proceed,  
 Where duty walks with peace :  
 Who raised to heaven hope's early eye,  
 And pointed first to joys on high,  
 Which never, never cease.

New-fledged, the wanderers of air,  
 Still to their native bough repair,  
 Drawn to the first known scene :  
 So, when from wisdom's path we stray,  
 This feeling to the safer way,  
 Conducts with cords unseen.

Words are too weak to tell our hearts,  
 And earth, too poor, no meed imparts ;  
 Yet conscious peace is thine :  
 This world must fade before thine eyes,  
 But treasures wait thee in the skies—  
 A recompense divine !

## THE GOOD MATCH.

IF the promotion of happiness between two human beings be considered necessary to constitute a *good match*, then no speculation on earth is so uncertain as the matrimonial speculation. There can never be any precise rules laid down by which we may estimate the qualities of mind, and ascertain how any two souls when compounded and united into "one flesh," will harmonize together. And, worse still, there can be no precise limits, assigned to the passions and whims, no boundaries to prevent their clashing, where we can say "hitherto will they come, but no farther."

A man may buy a house, or farm, or cotton manufactory, and if he be a judicious man, and examine thoroughly, and calculate the cost, and consider all the local circumstances, he may feel pretty secure of making, at least an *even* bargain. But with all his judiciousness and foresight he may be egregiously hoaxed when he comes to make that contract that only death can annul.

A lady may have an excellent taste, and select her silks and muslins, ribbons and laces, feathers and fans, without committing one blunder in the *matching*, and yet when choosing that *one* beloved, for whom all this array of fashion was selected, she shall be guilty of a mistake, in the fitness of character to secure her own happiness, which neither art nor fashion can remedy.

Perhaps it is the difficulty which attends the investigation of the qualities of mind and heart—the character—that makes most people entirely neglect such things when choosing their partners. It requires thought, and they hate to think—it demands reflection, and it is so dull to reflect. But every gentleman can *see* that a lady is pretty, and every lady can *hear* that a gentleman is rich. It was solely this *seeing* and *hearing* system that decided the destiny of the lovely and accomplished Miss Caroline Anderson. In preferring the man she did for a husband, however, she only followed the bias of her education, since it had been, from her childhood, industriously instilled into her mind by her mother that she was very beautiful, and though she was poor, yet her charms would entitle her to expect to marry a rich man; and that her happiness, the happiness

of residing in an elegant house, and having elegant furniture, and elegant dresses, and above all, living elegantly without being obliged to *work*, depended on her marrying a rich man.

How unfortunate it is for the real happiness of young females, that since to understand "household cares" is such an indispensable accomplishment for women, that it cannot, be rendered a fashionable one!

Though Caroline Anderson longed to be mistress of a fine house, she disdained to be burdened with any of those domestic cares that ought to be assumed with pride and pleasure by every mistress of a family. And so she consented to accept a man who had offered himself, because she thought he was rich enough to maintain her like a lady. The term lady, meaning in her vocabulary, a woman who dressed extravagantly, visited or received company continually, and did nothing at all. The sentiment that good and evil are always mingled, is not more trite than true. Caroline Anderson realized it, when, in the midst of her ardent anticipation of the felicity which the riches she was about to possess must confer, one shocking idea would continually intrude to mar the picture.

It was not that her intended husband was thirty years older than herself, and very plain—gold reconciled her to these objections. But oh, he had such an unsentimental name! Often and often did she wish it had been Belville, or Delville, or Melville, or any name that ended in *ville*; or Dumont, or Beaumont, or Bellamont, or some name that ended in *mont*! But it was nothing but Crump! If he had only had a title, either civil or military; been addressed as Major Crump, or Nathaniel Crump, Esq. she thought she could have endured it; but to hear him called Nat Crump, nothing but Nat Crump! oh, she did think it horrid. "What's in a name?" Poor Caroline thought there was much; and when she put on her bridal dress, formed of materials most rare and costly, and surveyed herself in the glass which told her she was a most charming bride, beautiful enough to be a *novel* heroine, she turned away shuddering at the thought that she must, so soon, be called Mrs. Crump!

Mr. Crump was not aware that his young wife possessed such a delicate sensitiveness (it is difficult to describe her

feelings with *one word*) of nerve, and he immediately commenced calling her Mrs. Crump, Mrs. Crump, without mercy.

● It was in vain she hinted to him that "wife," or "Caroline," would please her better, and was all the fashion; he insisted it was not so dignified—and the very day after they were married, they both become highly irritated, she, that her husband would call her by a name she disliked, and he, that his wife would not like the name by which he thought it proper to call her.

Mr. Crump was one of your pains-taking, penny-saving, proverb-loving people. He had acquired a large property by a very small way of traffic, and in proportion as his stores had increased, it seemed as if his mind had contracted; at least so his neighbors insinuated. But pray never attempt to gain credit as a prophet by predicting what a man will do, or will become, especially in our free country, where, as soon as he has the means of living genteel, the blockhead may set up for the gentleman. Nat Crump found he was rich, and he built himself an elegant house, only he took care to build it as cheap as possible; and he purchased an elegant suit, only almost every garment had to be made a little too short, or too tight for the fashion, because the patterns were too scanty; and then he thought if he could marry a young, handsome, accomplished girl, he should be a happy man and a gentleman. He offered himself to Miss Caroline Anderson for no other reason in the world, but only that she was called beautiful and fashionable; in short, quite a belle. He did not love her; he loved nothing on earth, save his money and himself and his bay horse; but he thought he was old enough to have a wife, and that he should be considered more of a gentleman, and invited to parties, &c. and so he determined to marry. And he offered himself to Miss Caroline Anderson. The world said it would be a good match for Caroline; her friends said it would be a good match, and she thought it would be a very good match. It is true she had some demurs on the question. One was, that she did not like Mr. Nat Crump; and another was, that she did like a gentleman who was younger and more comely. But then she had been educated to expect to marry a rich man, and the one who pleased her, though industrious and respecta-

ble, happened to be poor; in short, he was not a good match; and so Miss Caroline accepted the offer of Mr. Nat Crump, and became Mrs. Nat Crump. "And what's her history? A blank?" A blank indeed of happiness and usefulness—a blank of conjugal affection, domestic quiet and rational felicity. Mr. Crump wished to be thought a man of fine taste, and he collected pictures and ornaments, for his spacious apartments, and invited large parties, that he might have the pleasure of hearing his taste and pictures and ornaments admired. But there was, in all the efforts he made to be distinguished, that perpetual struggle between magnificence in idea, and meanness in detail, that so certainly makes the ridiculous in effect, and this was much heightened by the manner in which he and his wife displayed their characteristic qualities. While Mrs. Crump was delightedly expatiating on the beauties of a picture, by some of the great masters in the "art divine," her husband, to her great vexation, would be sure to point to some defect or damage in the piece which enabled him to obtain it at a little cheaper rate. And then, though he wished to make a display, he never parted with a cent of cash, even for necessaries for his family, willingly; and this, as she had married him only for the pleasure of spending his property, she resented highly. And she called him mean; and he called her extravagant—she wished she never had seen him, and he wished he never had married her. He was old and fretful, and she was young and wilful; he wished his dinner at one o'clock precisely, and she never would dine till two; she wished to ride to church, though it was only a five minute's walk, and he never would permit the horses to be harnessed on Sunday, because he wished to keep the day holy, and therefore had rather quarrel with his wife than indulge her in any sinful extravagance—and in short, in less than a year from the day they were married, they agreed in no one thing, save regretting the transaction of their wedding day. The friends of Mrs. Crump are very sorry that she should live so unpleasantly; but yet as she resides in an elegant house, and dresses elegantly, the world will still say she made a—*good match*.



**THE AGED CHRISTIAN'S DEATH BED.**

CALL my children and my childrens' children round me here,  
That I may bless them now; for death has come at last,  
• And I have waited for his summons till my frame is weak.

I'm weary with my journey,  
For its pathway has been rugged; yet not dark,  
Gpd's word has been my lamp, his promises my staff,  
And they have brought the traveller to his resting place.  
Kind friend, I have no time to talk with thee;  
I thank thee, for the watch thou'st kept with me  
The restless night I've past.

My children, look upon me now! care and age have traced  
Deep lines upon these withered lineaments;  
These eyes will sleep in death's dark night, but they shall wake  
On glory's morning, with new lustre bright,  
Ne'er to grow dim again.

My voice is faltering;  
It will cease on earth, but shall strike up  
Loud songs of joyful praise in heaven.

"Love not the world," my children;  
Love your God. "Lay not your treasures up on earth,  
But lay them up in heaven." Meekly and humbly  
Follow duty's path; and those fair things, your infants,  
Nuture them for Heaven.

I die! "But I shall live again!" Jesus has passed  
The dark and dreary mountains, and he stands  
And beckons me to come. "Death has no sting,  
The grave no triumph."

'Tis good to stand by such a dying bed.—  
Mortal, woul'dst thou die like him?  
Then like him live.

Surely God has made us to be blest;  
And what are all the trifling cares and sorrows  
Of this life so brief, to "that eternal weight of glory".  
That awaits the Christian, when his race is run.—

"Lord, what is erring, sinful man,  
That thou art mindful of him" thus?

ELIZABETH.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

• "THE LEGENDARY.—May, 1828. S. G. GOODRICH."—The first number of this work has just been published. The *Legendary* will be continued quarterly or half yearly, and its design is finely described in the preface to the present volume—"It is intended as a vehicle for detached passages of history, romance, and vivid description of scenery and manners, materials for which exist so abundantly in our country." If this plan is well executed, the publication cannot fail of becoming very popular in America. The progress of events which, in the space of two centuries, have converted this vast country from a wilderness, where savages roamed unsheltered, into a land of pleasantness and the abode of a free and civilized nation, has been too rapid to admit of those minute descriptions which are now demanded by patriotism as well as curiosity. American talents cannot be so suitably employed as in collecting, or elucidating the records and traditions of our own eventful history, nor will American taste fail to patronise the effort to exalt our national character by entwining the majestic temple of our Freedom with the wreaths of genius.

The articles in the volume before us, are, with few exceptions, well written, and interesting, and there are some pieces of exquisite beauty. The poetry is mostly of that high order which we should expect in a work edited by one of our most gifted Bards. His own productions are, however, the "charmed things," which will attract the reader at once—they need no recommendation. Among the other poems, "The Valley of Silence"—"The Clouds"—"The Notes of our Birds," and "Columbus," are too excellent to be passed over without naming, though that notice is all the praise we have time or space to allow at present. But the reader of those pieces will doubtless find leisure for a more lengthened panegyric.

In the prose articles, especially those which delineate the scenes and manners of our own country, there is much to praise.

"New Oxford," by Mrs. Sigourney, is full of glowing description and those sentiments of tender and exalted piety, which harmonize so well with the character and situation of the Huguenot exiles, who, "though they had been accustomed to the comforts of a luxurious clime, went forth to their daily labour amid tangled thickets, and retired to their rude cabins, an everlasting hymn within their souls"—contented to dwell "where God might be worshipped free from the tyranny of man."

"Romance in Real Life," written by the deservedly popular author of "Redwood," is an excellent story. The sketch of Yankee manners, especially the delineation of the innkeeper and his spouse, is exquisite. The only fault in the story, if fault it have, is that the heroine, though born and bred in our country, is not *truly* American. She is such a sweet being, it seems wholly unnecessary to invest her with any superiority, save that imparted by nature and education. Indeed to us she would have been more interesting as the *real* daughter of the good hostess, than

as "an ornament to her noble family." We admire those who are, like young Ellison, "thorough republicans."

"The Indian Wife," by Miss Francis, is beautiful—written with the skill of true genius. The interest, awakened at the opening of the legend, never for a moment flags till we weep over the fate of the "Startled Fawn," and her beloved boy, when "they went to the Spirit Land together." It is stories told like this, with power and pathos, without circumlocution or intricacy, or the introduction of unnecessary characters to divert the interest from the principal actors, which appear best calculated for a work like the *Legendary*.

There are several other prose articles exceedingly well written, but we are not sufficiently skilled in the art of criticism to hazard a decided opinion on the particular merits of any, excepting those written by *ladies*. The authors of "The Palisades"—"Unwritten Poetry"—"The Rapids," &c. will doubtless be satisfied to know we have read and admired their productions, without attempting to analyze or describe the reasons why they imparted pleasure.

And here we should finish our remarks on the prose, were it not, that, in some of the anonymous pieces, there is a fault which deserves to be remarked and censured, especially in a work issued with the ostensible design of the *Legendary*, namely, "to illustrate American history, scenery and manners."

It is expected that descriptions of "lords and ladies" will form a prominent feature in European works of fiction, but for our republican writers to imitate such example, is preposterous. It is a reflection on our own state of society, our institutions, our national character, to introduce, *rank*, that pageantry of corrupt governments from whose oppressions our ancestors fled, and from whose thralldom it was their pride and is ours to have broken, as imparting true greatness or dignity of mind to individuals who happen to be distinguished by what is called "high birth." And yet we have a class of writers, who, to judge from their productions, seem to imagine a story cannot be elegant, or interesting, without at least, one *titled* personage. "The Sisters," is a good illustration of this nobility mania. Had the author, instead of the "young Marquis," introduced a young *farmer*; and for the vain, arrogant Theresa, and the lunatic nun, given us descriptions of our own lovely and intelligent young women, there is no doubt his or her taste and talents would have produced a sketch of which we should have been proud.

The splendor of the throne gives lustre to a monarchy, but it is the character of the people that must impart glory to a Republic; and no nation on earth was ever richer in those men whose minds, and deeds, and virtues are an inheritance to their country, than America. It is the portraiture of these that should employ the talents and genius of Americans. We need no titles conferred by kings, to make our illustrious citizens eminent—they hold their patents of nobility from a higher and purer source.

"A king can make a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that—  
But an *honest man's* aboon his might"—

These remarks may be thought tedious, but they will not be deemed irrelevant, when it is considered how much influence the ladies are reported to possess, and how often it is urged that they use their influence to encourage *pretension*, rather than

true merit. But when it is known that the ladies of America are enthusiastic in their admiration of a republican simplicity of address, and prefer *Mr.* before the title of a *duke*, as their cordial approval of the sentiments contained in this article will doubtless demonstrate, there will be little danger that our gentlemen will ever "sigh for ribbands," or wish to be "stuck o'er with titles."

We cannot forbear making one selection from the poetry—an article from the pen of a lady, whose chaste and elegant productions have frequently graced the pages of the *Ladies' Magazine*. The beauty of the poem will justify our taste and choice; yet we may be pardoned for adding, that the scene so admirably described is one familiar to us, and therefore peculiarly interesting.

### ASCUTNEY.

BY MRS. A. M. WELLS.

In a low white-washed cottage, overrun  
With mantling vines, and sheltered from the sun  
By rows of maple trees, that gently moved  
Their graceful limbs to the mild breeze they loved,  
Oft have I lingered; idle, it might seem,  
But that the mind was busy; and I deem  
Those moments not misspent, when, silently,  
The soul communes with Nature, and is free.

O'erlooking this low cottage, stately stood  
The huge ASCUTNEY. There, in thoughtful mood,  
I loved to hold with her gigantic form  
Deep converse; not articulate, but warm  
With the heart's noiseless eloquence, and fit  
The soul of Nature with man's soul to knit.

In various aspect, frowning on the day,  
Or touched with morning twilight's silvery gray,  
Or darkly, mantled in the dusky night,  
Or by the moonbeams bathed in showers of light—  
In each, in all, a glory still was there,  
A spirit of sublimity; but ne'er  
Had such a might of loveliness and power,  
The mountain wrapt, as when, at midnight hour,  
I saw the tempest gather round her head.  
It was an hour of joy, yet tinged with dread.  
As the deep thunder rolled from cloud to cloud,  
From all her hidden caves she cried aloud;  
Wood, cliff, and valley, with the echo rung;  
From rock and crag, darting, with forked tongue,  
The lightning glanced, a moment laying bare  
Her naked brow, then, silence—darkness there!  
And straight again the tumult, as if rocks  
Had split, and headlong rolled.

But Nature mocks  
At language. These are scenes I ne'er again  
May look upon; yet precious thoughts remain  
In memory's silent store; and in my heart  
Still, mid all other claims, that mountain hath its part.

"*Coming Out and the Field of Forty Footsteps*, by JANE and ANNA MARIA PORTER."—On these volumes, for several reasons, we are disposed to pass favorable judgment. First, because we like the authors. We entertain a pleasant partiality for the names of the Miss Porters; partly arising from cheerful recollections of interest and amusement drawn from their rich stores in past times, and partly from an accustomed respect for the simple truths and good principles with which many of their works abound.

"*Coming Out*," is a lively and interesting Novel; the scenes of which are laid in the English fashionable world of the present age, although not exactly of the present time. This last characteristic we deem a recommendation, inasmuch as the effect is quite pleasant of thus turning back a few pages of time, from the ridiculous and offensive twaddle with which the *Hooks* of the day are besetting our tables, under the name of pictures of high life at the present day. This novel is certainly more pleasing, more moral in its tendency, and we think more true to nature than most of the late publications of the sort. To analyze the plot of it, would occupy more room than we could spare; we can only recommend it to our readers, as a book which they may peruse without weariness, and arise from with an agreeable satisfaction.

"*The Field of Forty Footsteps*," by Jane Porter, is a romance of Cromwell's time, which, without possessing the vivacity of its companion, claims considerable interest. The tale is founded on a curious tradition of a part of London, then a waste field, but now teeming with opulence and architectural splendor, which is said to have borne, as long as it remained uncovered, the print of forty irregular footsteps, as if of combatants advancing to deadly strife, on the spots of which the earth remained in all seasons scathed and barren. The characters of the time are well delineated, although we must say that some of them differ widely from those which history has given us.

"*SKETCHES OF THE WALLINGTON FAMILY*."—This is the title of a little work just published by Wait, Greene & Co. intended for the amusement and instruction of young persons. The writer of these 'Sketches' is of the opinion, that the light reading of the young is rather too exclusively confined to works of fiction; and although it were absurd to doubt the utility of works of a purely imaginative character, it were quite as futile to doubt that the intermixture of historical anecdotes and sketches, with the legends and pure fictions, which abound in juvenile libraries, would improve their value. Actuated by this impression, and a desire to inspire the young with a taste for historical reading, the author has very happily introduced a variety of interesting anecdotes and stories from the history of our own and the parent country; and to mark the distinction between history and fiction, the writers of the latter are introduced among the characters of the main story. We take much pleasure in recommending the work, as it is the first effort of a young lady, whose talents we hope will be often employed in cultivating and improving the youthful intellect.

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THE Editor acknowledges the receipt of several valuable communications—  
they shall be attended to as soon as possible.

# LADIES' MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

JULY.

No. VII.

## FEMALE INFLUENCE.

IN the last number of the Ladies' Magazine, some remarks were offered under this head, with much diffidence, as was proper in the expression of individual, and perhaps insulated opinion. It is not intended at this time to enlarge upon those remarks, which were hazarded only as an introduction to a subject, of all others of a temporal nature, probably the most important to the sex, to whom this publication is devoted. Selecting from the suggestions formerly made, the responsibility of the sex, to which we adverted, for the uses to which the influence they exert upon mankind in general is directed, we shall endeavor to show the design of nature and of providence in conferring such powers upon them.

The most celebrated lyric poet of antiquity, Anacreon the bard of Teos in Ionia, in speaking of the influence of woman, has this remarkable passage, which we have ventured thus freely to translate from memory.

Nature imparts her gifts to all ;  
And every creature, large or small,  
That frolics in the sea or strand,  
Receives some favors at her hand.  
See ! how those bristling horns appear,  
Defensive weapons to the steer ;  
Uncloven hoofs protect the steed ;  
The hare rejoices in his speed ;  
The finny tribe delight to sweep,  
With besom tail, the briny deep ;  
While on their pinions, soaring high,  
The feathered songsters love to fly ;  
To man more bountifully kind  
She gave the nobler powers of mind ;  
And woman too, was not forgot ;  
Both grace and beauty are her lot,  
Whose potent influence will prevail  
When wisdom, wit and weapons fail.

We quote not Anacreon for authority, nor do we wish any aid from selfish sensualists of any age, or any country in support of our propositions. His poetry however, must be confessed to be excellent, how awkward soever it may appear from our translation, and his whole life devoted as it was to sensual indulgences, may be cited as one instance, among the thousand which history has recorded, of the perverted influence of the sex. But it is not to considerations of a voluptuous kind that we refer, when speaking of the influence of woman. We look not through the optics of blind and infatuated passion. The Tean Bard has rested the influence of woman upon the charms of grace and beauty; a foundation of quicksands which every wave of time undermines, and every gust of passion alters. Now it is by no means the case that the influence of the sex, or of each individual of the sex, is in direct proportion to the number or the degree of their physical charms. If the annals of conjugal life may be appealed to, as adequate authority in this case, we refer to them to prove our assertion. Of those who are connected in matrimonial alliances how small is the proportion of grace and beauty. Whether this arises from the fastidiousness of early life, from romance, or deliberate choice in many instances, is little to the purpose. The fact is certainly sufficient to prove that beauty is neither the only, nor the chief charm which the sex possesses, neither is it the foundation upon which their influence is built.

He, who is visited by sickness in a foreign land, who recalls the tender scenes of domestic enjoyment at home, whose eye is wearied by the coldness and indifference of a stranger's courtesy, and remembers with longing regret the tender attentions of maternal solicitude, or a sister's affection, may perhaps tell us where the foundation of female influence lies. He then perhaps may teach us to feel those beautiful lines of the poet,

‘The treasures of the deep are not so precious  
As are the concealed comforts of a man  
Locked up in woman's love.’

He then appreciates that devotedness of love which woman shows, not in empty or sounding professions, but in sedulous attention, watchfulness and anxiety, and he then feels, that the boisterous energy of masculine regard possesses neither the comfort, the pleasure or the tenderness of female love.

There is something intuitive in the heart of man that induces him to respond to that impassioned exclamation of the bard.

‘ Who that bears  
A human bosom, hath not often felt  
How dear are all those ties which bind our race  
In gentleness together ; and how sweet  
Their force ; let Fortune’s wayward hand the while  
Be kind or cruel !’

Nothing gross or sensual mingles in his response. Feelings that hold no alliance with voluptuous delights are formed and fixed by nature in the heart, in the indulgence of which man discovers the instruments of the only solid enjoyment conceded to his inferior state, an enjoyment allied by kindred, if not in degree, to that which is promised when “this mortal shall have put on immortality.” Now it must be confessed that these feelings may, in a degree, be indulged among individuals of the stronger sex ; but they are necessarily compounded with passions and propensities of a jarring nature, interfering with the freedom of their exercise, and often endangered by the rivalry of distinction, the hopes of aggrandizement or the fear of disappointment and loss. Where many are running the same race and all are eager for the prize, there is little room for courtesy, especially if the course be circuitous or circumscribed. Even the Hesperian apples dropped by the way, have little charm for competitors in the paths of fame, nor can it be expected that amicable alliances or Platonic regard would dampen the ardor of those who have entered the lists with any prospects of success. But towards the softer sex there is no obstacle to the full exercise of the benevolent affections—affections that like the concealed fire in the bowels of the earth must have vent. The strong sympathies which characterize the sex lead them warmly to espouse the views which are taken by the objects of their peculiar interest, and enable them also to direct and control the ardor of pursuit when it is difficult or dangerous. There is no suspicion of rivalry, no fear of envy, no dread of enmity, no anxiety for the continuance of a pure and steadfast affection. The allegation that woman is fickle or inconstant in her affections, has no foundation in truth. Her feelings it is true are ductile, and docible, but they are not like those plants whose branches readily form roots for themselves when detached from the



parent stock. They may be won, but they cannot be changed like the face of the mirror, as different objects are presented before it. But as the vine that throws its tendrils upon the surrounding objects for support, or may be trained to embrace the highest or most distant props, while it draws its strength and its nourishment from the original soil, where the root has been invigorated and increased; the affections of woman also may be drawn from her home, her kindred, or her country, to twine themselves about any deserving object that courts their embrace.

Experiencing, as man necessarily must, the unsatisfactory nature of the things around him, his heart naturally turns for enjoyment to the gratification of those feelings which make up so large a portion of his resources from the cares and the troubles of life. The amiable disposition of woman courts his approbation, while her virtues secure his esteem. His pride is gratified by becoming her protector, while his attentions are rewarded by the domestic enjoyments of social feeling, softened by the delicacy of female sensibility, or sweetened by the charms of congenial sentiment. The ferocity of animal nature is subdued, the depravity of natural bias is ameliorated, and the heart is rendered susceptible of those pleasures for which it looks in vain amid the paths of honor and fame.

From the view which has now been taken of the subject, the design of nature and of providence in conferring upon woman the moral strength, power and influence, which has been denied to her physical nature, cannot be mistaken. It is not only the compensation made for that denial, but it has a higher and a holier effect. The provision made for the spiritual and intellectual nature of man, is even greater and more liberal than that which has been so bountifully bestowed upon his corporeal necessities. The ferocity of natural propensity, and the phrensy of untamed desires, are mollified and restrained by the softening influence of female character, the heart is softened and the temper is subdued. Nature is thorough in all her works. We never behold, amid the profusion of her actuating principles, any gigantic force exerted, without some regulating power to control its impetuosity; and it is in imitation, though in distant and inferior imitation of her plans, that in the most stupendous works mechanical ingenuity some regulating

check or balance is introduced to tame the violence of mechanical power; or to put an instant stop to dangerous motion: They who have examined the complicated arrangements and applications of the powers of steam, must have been struck with the genius that devised, and the skill that has contrived the wonderful operations. To see the irresistible force of the expansive fluid extended or decreased by the mere movement of a single lever, swayed by the hand of a child, as the different parts of the machinery are severally accelerated or arrested in their movements, creates a degree of wonder at the power which nature has surrendered to man. And yet this is but the bauble of a child when compared with those mighty energies which she has reserved for her own use,—those stupendous agencies which she sways not only in her animal and material operations, but in those more secret, but not less important influences also, by which the moral world is actuated and controlled. Wherever we use the word *nature*, we mean not that blind chance, which some have inconsiderately elevated to divinity. The laws of nature we consider only as the uniform method which the Deity has been pleased to prescribe to himself in the government of the world. Nature therefore, in our acceptation, is but another name for the *consistency of God's operations*, controlled by settled laws, and susceptible of being set aside when they interfere with his sublime purposes. It is in this light that we view the subject when we speak of the *natural* influence of the female sex, an influence which was formed and settled by that great and good Being, as one of the vast moral motives by which the conduct of the half of mankind is to be controlled,—an influence which is in the moral world, what *gravity* is in the material.

Viewing the subject in this light, the reflection spontaneously arises—how responsible are the duties of the female sex! They have virtues of a peculiar character, calling loudly upon them for exercise, in reference particularly to their own sex. In addition to these they have a power to wield over the other sex, for the use or abuse of which they must be solemnly chargeable at that tribunal whence there lies no appeal. How important then, are not only the usual and the serious occupations, but even the amusements and the diversions in which they indulge. How narrow a watch must be kept up not only in their serious moments, but in

those also of lightness and levity, since it is not their own character alone which is affected by habits of dissoluteness and dissipation, but the character of those also who are affectedly called the lords of the creation. These considerations are early recommended to their attention, not merely as responsible, but as gifted beings, whose influence upon the general mass, of happiness or misery, in the world, is perhaps greater and more widely extended, than they can hope or believe.

P.

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### THE BLIND MAN'S LAY.

*“At times Allan felt as if his blindness were a blessing—for it forced him to trust to his own soul—to turn for comfort to the best and purest human affections—and to see God alway. Fanny could almost have wept to see the earth and the sky so beautiful, now that Allan's eyes were dark; but he whispered to her, that the smell of the budding trees and of the primroses that he knew were near his feet, was pleasant indeed, and that the singing of all the little birds made his heart dance within him.”*—LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

HE sat beside the fountain, on whose brink  
 A troop of blue-eyed violets oped their lids  
 To the first breezy call of early spring—  
 And there from the grey dawn till twilight's gloom,  
 Where the soft, springing moss, surcharged with dew,  
 Yielded its oozing moisture to the touch,  
 Telling the nightfall near,—he mused away  
 Long hours of silent happiness, save when  
 The soft and pitying words of love would call  
 His spell-bound spirit from its blissful thrall;  
 Then in a voice of sweetest melody  
 He breathed his unrepining, meek reply :

Though I hear thee gaily tell  
 Of the tulip's shaded bell,  
 Of the wall flower's varied hue,  
 And the violet “darkly blue,”  
 And the crimson blush that glows  
 On the rich, voluptuous rose—  
 These no longer bloom for me,  
 They never more may see.

But this gentle season still,  
 Can my heart with gladness fill—  
 I can hear the spring-winds blow  
 And the gurgling fountains flow—  
 Hark—e'en now a zephyr breathes  
 Through the balmy hawthorn wreaths,  
 Unfelt, unheard by all but me,  
 It swells so soft, so silently !

I can hear the humming-bee  
 Flitting o'er the sunny lea,  
 Wooing every bashful flower  
 From morn till evening's dewy hour.  
 All around the voice of birds,  
 And the lisped and laughing words  
 Of merry childhood, greet my ear,  
 With power the saddest heart to cheer.

When o'er earth night's shadow lies,  
 I hear thee tell of cloudless skies,  
 And countless stars that twinkle through  
 Heaven's broad and boundless arch of blue;  
 Of snow white spires and turrets fair  
 Soft gleaming in the moonlit air,  
 Whose dusky depths of shadow lie  
 Heightening the brilliant scenery.

Then beneath the pine trees tall,  
 Near yonder foaming waterfall,  
 I listen to the stock dove's wail  
 Far floating through the quiet vale;  
 Soft sighing breezes waft to me  
 The fragrance of the birchen tree—  
 And the "brawling burnie" wimples by  
 With a gush of soothing melody.

E'en all sweet sense of these will fade  
 At times—as though impervious shade  
 Like that which hides me from the day,  
 O'er each external image lay—  
 Then, many a form thou canst not see,  
 Unfolds its sun bright wings to me,  
 And deep within my silent soul  
 High thoughts and holiest visions roll.

Full many an angel messenger  
 Comes down my darksome path to cheer,  
 And all around my sylvan throne,  
 There seems to wake a dreamy tone  
 Of solemn music through the air,  
 So wildly sweet—so silvery clear—  
 So full of Heaven—no tongue can tell  
 The raptures that my bosom swell.

Not all the joys that have their birth  
 In the vain pageantries of earth,  
 Are half so fraught with power to bless,  
 So rich in pensive happiness—  
 Wrapt in these lonely reveries,  
 Serene and holy transports rise,  
 Such as we deem pure spirits know,  
 Such as from God's felt presence flow.

Thus, when affliction's friendly screen  
 Shuts out life's vain, illusive scene—  
 When thus she seals our weary eyes  
 To all its glittering vanities,  
 A gleam of heavenly light will pour  
 Our dark despairing spirits o'er,  
 And Faith, with meek and steadfast eye,  
 Far glancing through eternity.

Sees where the heavenly mansions rise,  
 Of her bright home beyond the skies,  
 Whose golden fanes sublimely tower  
 High o'er the clouds that round us lower.  
 Then welcome sorrow's shrouding shade;  
 Fade! scenes of earthly splendor, fade!  
 And leave me to that dawning ray  
 That brightens till the "perfect day."

HELEN.

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**GEMS.**

The gem of earth—the dazzling gem  
 That gilds the gorgeous diadem—  
 The gem of heaven—the gem of truth  
 Within the breast of ardent youth.

J.

## SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

## NO. VII.

## THE BELLE AND THE BLEU.

J. W. THOMPSON, Esq. was a very rich man, and a very melancholy man—one of those characters, who, seemingly blest with all that earth can give, are yet always repining and finding fault with the wind, the weather, the season; or else complaining of ill luck, or ill health—and always feeling an ill temper—but the world felt no sympathy for his sorrows. He had passed through life calculating how he might turn every incident that befel him to some pecuniary profit, and his acquaintances were now, in their turn, calculating how much he had gained, and how soon he would leave his wealth to his two daughters. Had he been a poor man and worked at day-labor to support his children, how much more his death would have been lamented! For he died—the rich die as certainly, though not always as peacefully as the indigent. His neighbors would have said, “what will become of the poor girls now their kind father is gone, who worked so hard ever since his wife died, to provide for his darlings! He is dead, and well may they weep—they will never find such another tender friend.” But when the rich J. W. Thompson, Esq. died, they said no such thing.

“I do not think, Simon, the death of Squire Thompson any great loss to the world,” said Mr. Jacob Towner, to his hired man, as he paused from his labor of mowing, and rested his scythe on the ground, while the funeral procession passed. “But yet I fear the world is a great loss to him. When a man’s heart is wholly set upon the mammon of unrighteousness, he must feel very poor when forced away from his idol. But still, Simon, we will not judge him,” continued he, raising his hand and waving it with an oratorical motion as nearly in imitation of his good clergyman as he possibly could; “we must not judge him, Simon. Nevertheless I was thinking how foolish it is for us to be so anxious for riches, when God just as willingly receives a beggar as a prince, and never shows any favor to a man because he has left a great estate behind him. Ah! Simon, what are all the things of this world but vanity? Hark! is

not that the sound of thunder ? We must make haste, or we shall certainly have our hay wet again, and then it will be entirely spoiled. Go, run, and yoke up the team as quick as possible, I will rake the hay. How sorry I shall feel to have so much lost."

"Do you think the young ladies will have thirty thousand dollars a-piece ?" inquired Mrs. Patten of an elderly gentleman, who was reported to be a particular friend of the deceased Squire Thompson, and intimately acquainted with his affairs.

"Indeed, madam," replied he, with a half smile that seemed checked by the necessity he felt of drawing a deep sigh while the coffin was lowered into the ground—"Indeed, Madam, I can hardly say—or I ought not to say ; there are fortune hunters in our country as well as in other countries ; and it is rather dangerous for young ladies to be reported rich. But this I can say, that the young ladies will have enough. Squire Thompson, though a very fretful man, was careful in business, and his affairs are all arranged. How much better it would be if men, when they know they must die, would all take care to have their papers put in order !"

"Then he did not expect to live," observed Mrs. Patten ; "Pray was he reconciled to death ?"

"I can't say, Madam, as I never heard him speak particularly on the subject. But then he was quite passed the enjoyments of this life, had no appetite nor relish for anything ; and indeed he appeared so miserable that I could not say I was sorry to see him die."

"Did you observe the crape on the Miss Thompsons' dresses ?" inquired Miss Horton of her companion, as they walked home from the funeral. "How deep it was, and what rich looking bonnets they wore ! I think *black* is a very becoming dress when the materials are rich ; but poor, grey, dirty looking crape, is abominable."

"They have a large fortune left them, and can dress just as rich as they please," observed the other.

"And will probably marry just whom they choose," returned Miss Horton. "I have heard already of three young gentlemen who are resolving to address them."

"I wish they knew it," said the other ; "I wish they knew how much speculation there is about their wealth. I fear they will be deceived."

“They cannot imagine all the attention paid them is for their beauty,” answered Miss Horton. “Lucretia Thompson is absolutely ugly, and Eliza, though, a little more passable, is a pale-faced, baby-looking thing.”

“But then, Miss Horton, only think of having thirty thousand dollars at command! What need of personal charms, or mental accomplishments, with thirty thousand dollars?”

“And this is life”—Squire Thompson was, with reason, disliked by his neighbors; he was known to be unhappy—he was unlamented at his death; and yet, because he left a large estate, hundreds of people flocked to his funeral, his two daughters were surrounded by friends offering every service, and, even in their mourning dresses, they were the objects of envy to their own sex, and of matrimonial speculation among the young gentlemen. “And this is life.” Strange that gold should have such sway over the minds of men, when they must see that its possession does not confer happiness here—much less prepare us for that change which so soon and certainly arrives to the rich as well as the poor.

The daughters of the deceased, though differing in disposition, were not, either of them, by nature endowed with any thing more than that common kind of capacity which fitted them for an ordinary station; but nevertheless, as heiresses, they were destined to figure in the *beau monde*, and the ingenuity of their dependents and flatterers was soon taxed to discover in their minds the seeds of genius or fancy talents or taste being essentially requisite for those ladies who cannot lay claim to beauty.

Lucretia Thompson (I name her first, notwithstanding she was the younger born, because she assumed those superior airs which she considered necessary to exhibit superior talents, and always would take precedence of her sister,) was a tall, dark-complexioned, bold-looking girl, with large features, and she would have had quite a sour expression of countenance, had not the consciousness that she had very handsome teeth caused her to wear an almost constant simper, which did not appear in perfect keeping with her quick eye and the frown that frequently passed over her brow when anything occurred that crossed her humor.

Eliza, though possessing a far better complexion than her sister, could hardly be termed handsomer, for her hair was a dull yellow, and so coarse, stiff and wiry, that all attempts



to reduce the refractory locks to an imitation of those sweet curls that always shade so gracefully the fair brow of a heroine of romance, proved of little use in the toilet of the heiress of thirty thousand dollars. Then Eliza had a low, narrow forehead, turned up nose, and a very short face, giving her countenance an air of conceit and *unintellectualness* (the word, if not in the Dictionary, ought to be) that redeemed her from all suspicion of being born a *blue*. Yet nature usually bestows on every form some grace, and to Eliza she had given a very lovely neck—white as a lily, and with that graceful curve that poets denominate “swan-like.” If the fine teeth of Lucretia induced her to talk and laugh unceasingly—the beautiful bosom of Eliza led her to study dress and attitude; and thus one was soon termed a *sentimental* the other a *literary* lady.

In one short year after the death of Squire Thompson, he seemed forgotten, or only remembered as a man who had toiled to lay up a hoard of wealth which would be a fine acquisition to the young gentlemen who could obtain the orphan heiresses. These ladies drew around them a crowd of company, because they really gave elegant entertainments; and as the gentlemen who frequented the house paid them great attention they were reported to have many admirers. Eliza Thompson’s elegant dresses and romantic air were universally admired, while Lucretia’s sublimely silly speeches were certainly listened to with apparent interest, by educated and intelligent men, and when she attempted to be witty, she always excited a burst of laughter, merely by laughing herself. Ought it to excite wonder, that these young ladies fancied they possessed every requisite accomplishment for females, when they saw the gentlemen thus obsequious to attend their smiles, while the ladies copied all their fashions and strove to imitate their manners? Such are the dangers to which the unprotected rich are exposed;—such the omnipotence of gold.

The apartments in the dwelling of the Miss Thompsons were all lighted up, and arrangements had apparently been made for a large party. The two sisters, splendidly arrayed, were seated on a sofa at the upper end of their drawing room, engaged in a low but animated conversation; and a person stationed at such a distance as to preclude hearing their words, would doubtless have thought them discussing

the manner in which they intended to receive their guests, or dwelling on the pleasure anticipated from the expected company. But ladies, even when arrayed in silks and decked with pearls, are not always happy; nor when about to receive with smiles a smiling throng, do they always expect gratification.

"I am sure, Lucretia, he pays more attention to Helen than her relationship to us would naturally induce," said Miss Eliza Thompson, unclasping her bracelet in affected agitation.

"Now pray, sister, show less sensibility," replied Lucretia. "I have told you it was only in consequence of the conversation I held with Mr. Howard respecting the Iliad—the name of Helen in that charming poem naturally introduced our cousin's name, and he made inquiries respecting her which I could not very well evade, and so I told him the circumstances of her parents' death, and that she was now wholly dependent on us—and I assure you he complimented us very highly for our generosity in affording her protection. From what I said I presume he thought he could not more effectually recommend himself to us than by noticing the poor girl."

"I wonder, Lucretia, you mentioned the manner of uncle Bond's death to Mr. Howard," said Eliza, attempting to sigh. "You know his tenderness of heart, and how such histories affect him, almost as much as they do me. I declare, I never think of uncle Bond without shuddering, and I have been half inclined to send Helen away, because her presence so frequently brings her father to my mind."

"Is that all the reason you wish her absence?"

"O, no—I think she engrosses the pity, and so gains the notice of all our acquaintance. And she looks sorrowful all the time—just as if she was n't happy here, and didn't feel at all obliged to us; and then I see several of the young ladies copy her style of dressing her hair, as if they thought it more becoming than mine."

"You should feel above such things," said Miss Lucretia, tossing her head with a scornful air. "I am sure I have more reason to dislike Helen than you have, but I will not let my mind be moved by insignificant trifles. It was only last Thursday when Mr. Beckman was here, and we were agreeably engaged in discussing the beauties of Mar-

mion. Mr. Beckman was trying to recal a stanza in one of the songs; I could not tell him, for indeed I only skimmed the book, just to be able to converse about it; and don't you think he asked Helen if she recollected it, and she had the effrontery to repeat every word, and then he directed all his conversation to her, and she seemed to understand all he said, though much of it was about characters and sentiments that I never heard of before? I should have been provoked with Helen, only I thought myself above it."

"It will be just so this evening," said Eliza. "You will find Helen will gain the attention of Howard and Beckman, and those are the only gentlemen we shall have that I care a straw for. I wish she was away."

Helen Bond, the innocent cause of all this disturbance in the minds of these young ladies, was the only child of a deceased clergyman. He was drowned by the upsetting of a boat, in consequence of the intoxication of one of the boatmen, as he was returning from a voyage taken for the benefit of his health, and which had apparently re-established it. He was drowned in sight of his own home, of his wife and child, who had hurried to the beach to welcome his landing. He went down with their shrieks of agony ringing in his ears; but his was the most enviable lot. Who can tell the bitterness of that sorrow with which the new made widow and her fatherless daughter hung over the lifeless remains of him, who, under heaven, had been their stay and comforter—on whom had been all their dependence for happiness and support! In such cases 'tis the survivor dies.'

Mrs. Bond, however, survived her husband only a few months, and then poor Helen had no resource but to seek her livelihood among strangers, or accept the offer of a residence with her cousins, the Miss Thompsons. Helen Bond had been as well instructed as the present imperfect system of female education will admit. But with all her "solid" learning and accomplishments, she still suffered from that radical defect in the fashionable education of young women, namely, that she had not been taught the application of her learning to any useful purpose. It is this defect which renders the educated, when deprived of friends and resources, less capable of providing for themselves than are the ignorant who have not been made delicate and sensitive by refinement of intellect and manners.

One feminine accomplishment, however, Helen possessed and improved advantageously—she excelled in fine needlework, and it was the knowledge of her expertness and industry in sewing, that induced her cousins to wish her residence with them. They had need of her assistance, for they were very indolent, and they availed themselves to the utmost of her taste and skill in the designing and finishing their elaborate dresses. But still they affected to consider Helen as entirely beholden to their generosity for a home, and she daily felt all the bitterness of dependence, superadded to the necessity of earning her own bread. She wished to break the thrall, but it required an effort of mind, which a timid and delicate young lady of eighteen, who had never been familiarized to the idea that she could, should necessity and duty dictate, support herself, would hardly be supposed sufficiently energetic, to make. But when she discovered the envy and jealousy her cousins entertained towards her, and perhaps felt a little conscious when surveying herself in the glass, that she was a dangerous rival to them, especially in their designs on the heart of *one* young gentleman whom they wished to attract, she determined to leave their roof, though she went to service to earn her livelihood. Her resolution was accelerated by the occurrences of the evening on which the Miss Thompsons gave their brilliant assembly. The marked attention paid Helen by Horatio Howard exasperated the sisters, and the ironical compliments they lavished on her, the next day, she considered so cruel and humiliating, that her spirit, subdued as it had been by sorrow and suffering, rose at once to the aid of her reason, till she no longer hesitated to follow its dictates. She applied to a friend of her late father, told him, in part, her trials, and besought him to find some business in which she might with propriety engage. With the most delicate kindness he offered her a home in his own family; but though her rejection of his generous offer was, for some time, impeded by her tears of gratitude, it was nevertheless decided.

“I cannot,” said she, “consent to live any longer in the ease of opulence, when at the best I can only enjoy it by the benevolence of friends. If I were deprived of health, or incapable of exertion, the case would be otherwise; I would then humbly accept your generous offer of a maintenance;

but I am determined never to attempt to mingle again in splendid circles, while I am dependent on charity for a support. There is, sir, to my feelings, an impropriety almost an indelicacy, in the situation of living thus without any apparent aim or present usefulness; yet I own I might not have been sensible of this, had not the unkind observations of my cousins taught me to reflect. I have learned from them that the young lady who does so live, is always supposed by the world to be anxiously watching for an opportunity of establishing herself by marrying, and that it is generally thought by the gentlemen she will accept the first good offer. They must then think her vain and selfish, if not artful. O! I cannot endure such surmises and observations"—continued she, bursting into a flood of tears—"and if you wish to make me contented and happy, pray tell me something I can do for myself."

Her father's friend in a short time procured for her a situation as Instructress in an Academy at some distance from the metropolis; and her letters soon breathed such a spirit of satisfaction, that he would have felt amply recompensed for his trouble, in the idea that he had contributed to her happiness, without the acknowledgments she so frequently and feelingly made.

"I would not," she wrote, "after passing a day of activity in my school, exchange the approbation of my own heart, while it whispers I have been usefully, rationally and innocently employed, for the opportunity of attending every party my fashionable cousins will give through the season."

"And how did her rich and fashionable cousins enjoy themselves? Did they succeed in securing their favorite beaux, when the field was left them without a rival?" every young lady is ready to inquire.

They did not, either of them, secure Horatio Howard. Yet he was very ambitious, as young lawyers, who feel a consciousness of their own abilities, are apt to be; and he knew enough of the world to be sensible that the eclat and advantage of commencing business with a capital of \$30,000 would be a mighty convenient thing. And he began his visits to the Miss Thompsons with something very much like a resolution of making love to one of them. Lucretia was the first object of his scrutiny—it could be called nothing else—but with her he was soon disgusted.

To a man of real refinement, good sense, taste and intelligence, the character of a *would-be-literary* lady is, I believe, most intolerable. The *affectation* of those whims and eccentricities, said to distinguish genius, is of all affectations, most preposterous, and always indicative of a silly mind, or weak judgment—in a man it is ridiculous, in a woman disgusting. Yet this affectation was all the claim Lucretia had to genius. She pretended to be absent-minded, ignorant of common affairs, and above all, to despise the dull routine of domestic duties her sex enjoined upon her. Then she talked loud and as learnedly as Mrs. Malaprop, and delighted in criticism and controversy, *argument* being, as she considered, her peculiar *forte*. This propensity was much strengthened by the manner in which she was treated by the gentlemen—the civility due a lady, especially a rich lady, prompted them to allow the assertions of Lucretia all the credit of facts, and so she usually gained the argument. But they indemnified themselves for these concessions, as they always do, by representing the object of their complaisance too insignificant for serious opposition. Yet they dreaded the society of Lucretia, and while ridiculing her pedantry, generally hated her person. At least so did Horatio Howard. But still he felt loath to relinquish the \$30,000, and so turned his attention on the *belle*, and Miss Eliza Thompson was, for some time, flattered with the idea that she should win him. But if he was disgusted with the affection of literature in the *bleu*, he was sickened by the affectation of sentiment and sensibility in the *belle*; and he could not but acknowledge that though learning might make a woman excessively disagreeable; yet she might be excessively disagreeable without it. But yet he was constant in his visits, while Helen Bond resided with her cousins, and listened without much apparent weariness to the “long talks” of Lucretia and the common place nothings of Eliza; and the world had decided that he would certainly marry one of the sisters. Perhaps he rather thought such would be the conclusion of the matter. However he called on the young ladies a few days after the departure of Helen Bond, and they both remarked he was in very bad humor, seemed impatient, almost irritable, while they were exerting themselves to entertain him; the one criticising the sermon she had heard the last sabbath—and the other ridiculing the

odious bonnets she had seen at church—till finally, Howard started abruptly from his seat, said something of business to be attended to, and wished them both good morning. He was seen walking hastily towards his office, his hat set very perpendicular on his head, and his lips firmly compressed ; and to judge from his conduct, afterwards, he was then breathing a vow never to risk his domestic happiness by a marriage in which gold was the only object of pursuit. From that time he devoted himself entirely to the business of his profession ; invitations were rejected and parties neglected, till finally, though he obtained high reputation at the bar, he entirely lost credit with the ladies, and his name was omitted on their list of beaux, being called a confirmed bachelor.

But there is no danger that young ladies with \$30,000 will not find husbands, though like Lucretia, they make a resolution never to wed a man that has not been liberally educated. A thoroughly selfish mind, even when polished by a liberal education, will retain its selfishness. Such a mind had John Beckman, and though he disliked Lucretia Thompson he married her. There was probably more affection on her part, yet she declared that it was only because Mr. Beckman knew so well how to appreciate her talents, that she was induced to accept him. But his estimation of her talents, after the "vow was said," she found altered materially ; he no longer consulted her opinion, before expressing his own, nor yielded her every contested point, nor expressed any wishes that his taste might be always in accordance with hers. Indeed their opinions or taste, were seldom in accordance after the first three months of their wedded life had passed. In vain she tried arguments, reproaches and railings, to convince him she was ill-treated. He would not be convinced.

"Mr. Beckman," said she, her eyes flashing fire, and her whole countenance glowing with rage, "had I known you for such an obstinate mule, one that will not listen to an argument, I never would have married you."

"Madam," he replied, with the most perfect coolness, "I am not disappointed in you—I always knew you for a fool."

Eliza Thompson married a husband more congenial in disposition to herself ; a pert, conceited fop, all fashion and

affection. The \$30,000 supported them in style just ten years, and they lived by expedients three more of showy poverty, and then all the glitter of life, and consequently to them, all its joys were over. They now inhabit a miserable garret, up three pair of stairs, dependent mostly on the charity of their relations. The bounty of Mrs. Beckman is, however, grudgingly bestowed on her sister, and always accompanied by a chapter of reproaches, under the title of advice. The answer of Eliza is generally to the purport, that she has a kind husband, and therefore is as happy without fortune as Lucretia is with.

Mr. Jacob Towner is careful to add a little to his stores every year, but yet constantly harangues his family on the vanity of setting the affections on the things of this world observing that rich men's children are frequently paupers and illustrating his position by citing the case of Eliza Thompson; always ending his remarks with the hope that some of her \$30,000 found its way back into the pockets of those poor men from whom it was wrung by her father. Mrs. Patten, likewise, often quotes the name of Eliza Thompson, when she would warn her daughters against extravagance in dress, or idleness, which she thinks was the whole cause of the misfortunes of the heiress; and Miss Horton congratulates herself she was never induced to marry, saying, "that the fate of the rich Miss Thompsons was a warning to her; if those ladies could only obtain for husbands the one a sullen miser, and the other a silly spendthrift, she is sure the single state must be the one of 'blessedness.'"

Reader, is the "Sketch" too long? It may be, and long stories are, I know full well, generally synonymous with dull ones. Public taste demands, in a periodical, change and variety, more than has as yet been afforded them in the Ladies' Magazine. The commendations so kindly and liberally bestowed on the attempt, have been most gratefully received by the editor; but considered more as an *encouragement* to exertion, than the *meed* of desert. To merit such praise would indeed be her pride; but on the "good and gifted" contributors to the work she must, and does depend for aid that will give interest to its pages. Should they fail. —

To return from this digression, to the *denouement*. Helen Bond—what young lady does not wish to learn the fate of



that afflicted, but high-souled girl? Horatio Howard—what young gentleman, especially if he prefer that “dear honor” which is “purchased by the merit of the wearer,” to the trappings of wealth, obtained by the perjury of the heart, does not feel curious to know the issue of the fortunes of Horatio Howard? Talents and merit, if supported by industry and prudence, have, in our free country, nothing to fear. Horatio Howard gained the station of eminence he so justly deserved; and to the friend who not long since visited him, he said, they were returning from a walk in the gardens around his beautiful summer residence—“Yes, I have been, as you remark, highly prospered, but the best gift heaven ever bestowed on me was, my—wife. It may sound foolish for me to speak her eulogium—to a stranger, I certainly should not thus unlock the “secret casket of my soul;” but you, sir, was acquainted with Helen Bond, and with my partiality for her. But dearly as I loved her then, she is now far dearer, because I now know her worth and can repose my whole heart in confidence upon her discretion as well as her affection. There is for me no place like *home*.”

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### ASSOCIATION.

WELCOME my forest shades! The mid-day sun,  
 Has driven me to thy bosom; and in truth  
 I revel in thy solitude, like one  
 From feeble age restored again to youth.

The tell tale-air betrays to me that here,  
 Lurks yet unseen, the dim eyed flower I loved  
 When in the days' of childhood; every where  
 Unquestioned, like the summer breeze, I roved.

It is the violet, the violet  
 Breathing its tender perfumes all around:  
 Along the hill-side, or the valley, wet  
 With mornings earliest dews it may be found.

Rich bud, nor fragrant blossom, shrub, nor tree  
 Sweet-briar that woos me from my evening path,  
 Nor aught that blooms and breathes, doth bear for me  
 The silent charm this little floweret hath.

My flower of flowers! How oft in early spring  
 E'er yet with buds the fields are garlanded,  
 Thou'st given my youthful spirit joyous wing,  
 And far away the wandering fancy led.

At morning, when I roved the hill-side o'er,  
 Thy free breath came upon the summer air;  
 Sitting at eve, beside my cottage door,  
 I caught again the same sweet fragrance there.

And this is all the charm thou bearest with thee;  
 —Because, in childhood, when I roved at will,  
 My heart was ever glad thy form to see.  
 That heart—still childish—clings about thee still.

A. M. W.

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### MRS. HANNAH ADAMS.\*

THE first number of the Ladies' Magazine, was embellished with an engraving of this learned and popular lady, whose works have won a degree of just celebrity in the mother country, as well as in this; and have distinguished her with the notice and the friendship of many, whose commendations are the more to be prized, from the consideration that praise, like the title to an estate, is the more valuable, as it comes from those who have themselves a claim which cannot be questioned.

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\*It is customary in this country, to use the appellation *Miss*, for all single ladies. In departing from this custom, we comply with the general, and we believe, the more respectful, as well as more correct custom of the English. The celebrated authoress of "Practical Piety," known in this country, as *Miss Hannah Moore*, is in her own, styled *Mrs.*

It was intended that some notice of Mrs. Adams should accompany the miniature engraving; and application was accordingly made through a highly respectable friend, for permission to interweave some few incidents of a biographical nature, with a notice of the writings by which her name has been so favorably made known to the public. But it being understood that it was her wish, that public curiosity should be gratified only through the medium of a posthumous publication, we hope that it may be long before that curiosity shall thus be indulged. The few remarks now offered upon her writings, introduced as they are by the mention of her birth place, we trust will not be misconstrued into intrusion upon the retirement which she so devotedly courts.

Mrs Adams is from a respectable and talented family in the town of Medfield in this state. Her fondness for literary pursuits was developed very early in life; and although the advantages of a common education, particularly for females in her early days, were slender, her zeal was not diminished, nor her ardor cooled, by the perplexing obstacles that opposed her progress. The arts in this region, were at that time comparatively young; and those facilities which have since sprung up, for the diffusion and gratification of literary taste,—that scientific manna, which like the dew of heaven, is now scattered abroad upon the land, as well as around the consecrated host, was unseen, and consequently ungathered. There was another and a still stronger obstacle with which she had to contend. Had this “manna,” then been copious as the morning dew, it was for “every man” only to “gather it according to his eating.” The temple of science, unlike those fashionable resorts with which the present time so abundantly teems, was inscribed with no invitation for the gentler sex, but was divided into apartments “for gentlemen” only. Domestic usefulness, rather than literary fame, was considered the peculiar province of woman; and it was not for a solitary individual to stem the torrent of popular prejudice, without exciting, at least for a time, the apprehensions of friends, as well as the invidiousness of narrow and contracted minds. With what success she has combatted such impediments, such appalling difficulties, rising in bristling array, almost beneath her very footsteps, may well be determined

by the general approbation with which the productions of her pen have been received. Her "History of the Jews," was very favorably reviewed in the *Christian Observer* of February, 1816; and at the close of the review, it was recommended to the London Society, for the conversion of the Jews, "to cultivate a correspondence with such enlightened individuals as the author."

But this is by no means the only work upon which her claim to public approbation is grounded. Her works are however, so well known, that it is deemed inexpedient more particularly to enumerate them. Some notice of her style and manner, as connected with the character of her mind, will not it is hoped, be unacceptable to those, who are acquainted with her, only on the introduction of fame and popular estimation.

Brilliancy of imagination, and sparkling manner, are by no means the characteristics of Mrs. Adams. Like those fountains in which the whole system may be laved, and which thus impart a genial glow and refreshment to the whole corporeal frame, rather than like those chalybeate springs which sharpen a vitiated appetite, or bestow a temporary relief to the enervated frame; or like those solid viands which gratify, without palling upon the appetite, of the literary laborer, rather than like those light confections which please the taste of the mental dyspeptic, the works of Mrs. Adams will be perused for the valuable information which they contain and for the clearness of method by which that information is imparted, rather than for the harmony, the graces and the embellishments of style. Originality is not her aim; and therefore, she has drawn her materials from the "store house," of the understanding, rather than from the *work shop* of the imagination. But if originality has not been her aim, it is not because it is beyond her powers. Addressing herself to the understanding, not to the feelings, to the heart, not to the passions, she has presented truth and fact to her readers, in their every day dress; without the gloss of ornament, and without distorting them from their naturally pleasing proportions. And yet, we cannot but be struck, with the modesty of her pretensions, while her elaborate researches, and laborious investigations, have enabled us to follow in connected story, the scattered events, which were buried in obscurity among the forgotten relics of antiquity.

The object of Mrs. Adams, in all of her works, is sufficiently apparent. With every talent for the task, she has not chosen to sport in the fields of fancy, to gather the flowers of literature, which bloom so sweetly around; nor to soar on the wings of imagination, that others may admire and wonder at the daringness of her flight. She has preferred to walk in the common path, that she might open the eyes of those around her, to the objects which lie beneath the surface of the soil;—that she might show them the riches of Pomona, rather than the charms of Flora,—that she might extract the nutriment, that would support the frame, rather than distil the odors that please the sense. Accordingly, we find her works on the shelves of the learned, rather than the toilet of the fashionable; among the volumes of the student, rather than among the gilded ornaments of the *would be* “*bas bleu*.”

Neatness rather than elegance, is the characteristic of her style, a neatness bordering on analogy with the solid and just proportions of the Doric order of architecture, without that masculine massiveness which so prominently distinguishes it from the Grecian. In short, she is considered as a useful, not a showy writer, as a valuable, rather than a versatile author; and her labors and her acquisitions, place her by the side of a Moore, an Edgeworth, and a Barbauld of her own, rather than among those writers of either sex, who have courted the heart, by a subserviency to the fancy. Mrs. Adams has done much for the literary character of her sex. If she has not preceded them in the mother country, she has led the way in this; and she will be long remembered for the active benevolence, which has devoted so large a portion of her zeal and her powers to the general cause of humanity; as well as for the patient and elaborate researches which her writings evince.

The character of her mind is in some respects peculiar. Nature seems to have transferred to her understanding, that sprightliness, which she generally bestows upon the imagination; and accordingly, we find that her comprehensive mind embraces as it were by instinct, and with a masculine grasp, every thing presented to it, almost instantaneously. The works of those who have toiled in the fields of science, who have traced the secret windings of

truth, and who have presented depths and difficulties to almost every class of readers, are matters of pleasure and pastime to her. She bounds with them over hill and dale, in the paths of learning, with the quickness and constancy of a shadow; her own mind in the mean while expanding, and stretching over the whole landscape, in the same manner that the shadow does before the rising or the setting sun. But although her mental powers are strong, they are rigidly controlled, by a severe and corrective judgment. Her taste, as her works abundantly prove, partakes of the strength and the vivacity of her understanding, proving thereby, that it has never been glutted with the sweets of literature, but retains its relish for the solid and substantial viands, with which the laborer is fed, who toils in the fields of science.

Of the faults discoverable in her writings, we have no desire to speak. If in the department of minor criticism, she is amenable for the violation of rigid rules, we leave the thankless task of arraigning her to others, who are unwilling to forgive such departures from the arbitrary laws of criticism, in consideration of the good she has attempted for the cause of religion and her sex.

G. P.

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**“IT SHALL BE WELL.”**

*Say unto the Righteous, it shall be well with him.—HOLY WRIT.*

“It shall be well”—the conqueror’s word,  
 When vanquished realms salute him lord,  
 Gold, honor, titles, power confers  
 Upon his faithful followers,  
 Yet dares not bid fame’s clarion swell,  
 Bearing the sound—“it shall be well.”

“It shall be well”—the Youth hath found  
 Joys, like young roses, clustering round;  
 He dreams, might there no blighting fall,  
 O, he could win and wear them all;  
 What promise can his fears dispel?  
 That holy one—“it shall be well.”

He gains it—yet life's wintry day  
 Hath swept those clustered joys away,  
 Scattered like rose leaves on the wind—  
 But lives the promise in his mind ?  
 O, ne'er again his sorrows tell,  
 Cling to the hope—"it shall be well."

"It shall be well"—there needs no more,  
 The cup of bliss is brimming o'er ;  
 Joys—they are all by Goodness lent,  
 Grievs—they are all by Mercy sent—  
 That promise ours where'er we dwell,  
 Prison or palace "shall be well."

"It shall be well"—when spring is bright,  
 And well mid winter's chilling night ;  
 The mind's dark storms were hushed in peace,  
 As rainbows hid earth's tempests cease,  
 When on the tear-dim'd spirit fell  
 Heaven's beam where glowed—"it shall be well."

CORNELIA.

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SONG.

THE ills of life ! forget them, love,  
 They cannot injure thee ;  
 The rose-tree has its thorns, love,  
 Yet grows most beautifully !

The ocean has its storms, love,  
 Yet when the winds do sleep,  
 Oh, what can be more peaceful, love,  
 Than that pure breathing deep ?

Night has its darkness, too, love,  
 Yet when the stars on high,  
 And the young moon is lighting, love,  
 The bower and the sky ;—

When the bright dew is twinkling, love,  
 Like diamonds in our sight,—  
 Oh ! who would for a moment, love,  
 Exchange it for day-light ?

Youth has its smiles and tears, love,  
 And April has its showers ;  
 All things are well ordained, love,  
 For both bring forth May flowers.

A darkling cloud may dim, love,  
 At morn the skies of June,  
 But then the sun shines forth, love,  
 More gloriously at noon !

Oh ! I would risk all ills, love,—  
 The rose-tree's thorn and smart,—  
 That I might just transplant, love,  
 The rose-bud to my heart.

HIGHLAND BARD.

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## REMINISCENCE.

THERE are few who cannot recal hours of their existence, upon which memory delights to linger. And these hours of enjoyment, whether passed in the crowded city or lonely valley, will generally be found to have been those which yielded the purest and most simple of our pleasures. It is such pleasures that cling and cleave to the heart, even amid the toils of ambition, the love of gain, and the perplexities of care, and they prove the impartiality of our mother nature, whose delights are alike accessible to all.

It is such simple pleasures, that I would recal in a sketch of a visit, in the autumn of——, to the land,

“ Where all are true  
 To what themselves have voted right or wrong,  
 And to their laws, denominated *blue* ;”



In short, to Connecticut, to meet again the friends of my infancy and childhood. As the carriage bore us rapidly along, for I was accompanied by my brother, Frank, memory was busy in recalling not only the person and character of my grandfather, but many a scene of youthful gambol and merriment. The house displayed more taste in architecture, than was usual at the period when this was erected; but the fine large "stoup" on the south side, covered by a grape vine, which gave forth its fruit in abundance, and shaded by two large elms, the growth of a century, was the object of my youthful attachment; for it led to the garden and a delicious peach orchard, in which there was no forbidden fruit. Of my grandfather, I retained a most vivid recollection, of his truly venerable appearance, his tall athletic figure, the unquenched fire of his eye, his firm, yet elastic tread, which eighty winters had not weakened, though they had silvered his hair to a perfect white. The first glance at his face, showed you a man of high resolve and firm decision—and there was about him, a sternness of demeanor accompanied by that rigidity of principle so peculiar to those, disciplined in the school of our puritan fathers; yet he had a kindness, nay tenderness, of heart—towards the unfortunate and oppressed; to the afflicted, he was never stern; "A bruised reed he would not break," and there never lived a being of greater singleness of heart. It could almost truly be said, that in him, there "was no guile."

Yet with all these excellent qualities, he had occasionally not a little of the sour leaven of bigotry; and at times, he exhibited a stern pride of character, which, to a superficial observer, might seem incompatible with that christian meekness enjoined upon the follower of Jesus. But you must take my grandfather as he *was*, as one possessing that peculiarity of New England character, that

"Would shake hands with a king upon his throne  
And think it kindness to his majesty;  
A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none."

And why should they? Men, whose minds were so often intent upon the great events of the revolution, who were constant in their communing with their Creator—making his attributes the subject of their conversation and reflec-

tions, could be expected to feel little regard for the petty distinctions of wealth and rank.

It was Saturday, and who does not know that, in Connecticut, the Sabbath begins on Saturday evening? I hoped to arrive in season to partake of that national dish, which has from time immemorial been the Saturday night's supper in Connecticut, and whose praises have been so well sung by one of her own poets—the *hasty pudding*.

Our reception was most cordial, although our arrival interrupted the devotions of the evening; at the close I listened with a touched heart, to the strains of deep and fervent pity, with which my grandfather addressed the throne of grace, and invoked blessings on his orphan grandchildren.

Never was there a more literal fulfilment of the fourth commandment, than in this abode of my infancy; it was truly, a day of freedom from all worldly care and occupation, and that perfect rest might be enjoyed by "the man servant and the maid servant," preparations were made on Saturday. This arrangement enabled the whole family to attend the meeting, from which duty, none were exempt; not even "the ills that flesh is heir to," such as head-aches, colds or weather, were allowed to be offered as any excuse. A perfect silence was enjoined and *kept*, for my grandfather was a severe disciplinarian, and the rehearsal of the assembly's catechism, was the only evidence given by the children, that they had the power of speech. But there was a gloomy austerity about the Sabbath, as passed in my childhood, in Connecticut, that left unfavorable impressions upon my mind; when the Sabbath ended, which it did at "sundown," then the happy, joyous faces of the children as they bounded to the garden or the orchard, spoke volumes. They told, that the day had not been made as it might have been to them, the source of happiness, of hope, and cheerfulness, but of fear, of gloom, and dread.

I am sensible, that the tendency of this age, is not to severe discipline, nor to an over rigid observance of the Sabbath; nay, I am fearful that endeavoring to avoid that, which on some accounts might be considered a fault in our forefathers, we may err in the extreme of *luxury*, both in family government, and religious observances.

On Sunday evening, most of our village acquaintance came thronging in to welcome us;—many and cordial,

were the greetings we received ; but not from any one a more joyful welcome, than from "aunt Grey ;" she was called "aunt," by almost every person in the village, and beloved by all who knew her, for the amiable virtues of her heart,—for though talents and attainments may excite our respect and admiration, nothing in a female, brings the possessor into the circle of our affections, like the mild and benevolent traits of character. Hers was a heart, overflowing with love and kindness, not only to all her species, but to every thing that lived, and moved, and had a being; and this happy sunny feeling, she cast on all around her ; the very animals on her farm seemed to partake of it, while her two lovely children, John, and my little laughing playmate, Lucy, were the most joyous little beings that ever delighted a human eye.

"Can it be possible ?" whispered Frank. "Is that fair creature, radiant with smiles and blushes, and beautiful as a fabled Houri, Lucy Grey?"—She spoke, and I knew her soft musical voice—that had not changed.

This indeed was a happy evening,—and who that has ever felt the delightful consciousness of being an object of interest and affection to a circle of valuable friends, can wonder that it was so ?

My grandfather's sternness of manner had vanished, and he yielded to his natural feelings of kindness and affection. Seated in his old fashioned, three cornered arm chair, with the cushion wrought by my grandmother, and prized for that reason, beyond any thing else, he occasionally described scenes of hardship and suffering, which his father, as one of the first settlers, endured, that drew even Frank's attention from Lucy.

But in this happy group, there was one dear familiar face, which I have not mentioned. It was that of a cousin of my father's, from whom, in our childhood, we received kindness and attention, almost maternal. Cousin Martha, had masculine powers of mind, which had receive a greater degree of cultivation from reading and reflection, than was usual at that period, among the females of New England. Rapid in her perceptions, keen and sarcastic in her wit, when vice, or folly, or modern innovations were the subject of conversation,—commanding in her person and man-

ners, governed always by religious principle, she was every way admirably calculated to fill the station which she had occupied for years, that of the village School Mistress.

Time flew swiftly in the society of these friends; the strong sense and elevated piety of my grandfather, the shrewdness, wit, and originality of cousin Martha, and, what was most delightful, "the charity that *thinketh* no wrong," so conspicuous in aunt Grey, with the arch vivacity and endearing loveliness of Lucy, were all appreciated and enjoyed, as was the pure and lovely climate, and the delightful autumn scenery of this beautiful village. In all our excursions, Lucy Grey was our constant companion; her very laugh was music—and when she sung, we were never weary in listening to her simple melody.

Frank sometimes read aloud to cousin Martha, and we heard, well pleased, her varied remarks and shrewd observations on men and things. A most attentive listener was Lucy when Frank was reading, at which I did not wonder, for my brother read finely.

We were one day hearing Martha's animated description of an *advocate*, whom she had heard in Boston. She described his ardent thirst for knowledge, his persevering efforts, when a boy, to excel at school;—his constant industry and unremitting exertions in obtaining his profession, and finally, his success in that profession, bought by many a sleepless night and exclusive devotion to his idol—*law*. Frank expressed his admiration of the character she described, and a wish to resemble him. Martha turned upon him her penetrating eyes, "you cannot wish it, Frank," said she, "for what we wish, we at least make some endeavour to obtain; and it is not by 'loitering in ease,' that we can obtain the palm of any excellence"—then she added with a smile,

"The man who would thrive in his art,  
Must keep the girls away from his heart."

Frank answered gaily, "Then I never shall excel, for you are too firmly established in my heart, cousin Martha, to be removed."

Martha soon afterwards observed that proposals of marriage had been made to Lucy, by Reuben Green, which she

hoped would be accepted. Frank exclaimed, with some emotion, "what profanity!"

"Profanity young man?" said Martha, "you have not well learned the use of words to apply them thus. Reuben Green is sensible and intelligent, industrious and well-principled. His father has given him the *homestead* and wishes him to marry; he has known and loved Lucy from a child, and will make her a kind and affectionate husband. Lucy Grey is a farmer's daughter, a good and pretty girl. No doubt it sounds like "profanity" to a young gentleman of your refinement, to call one, who is "beautiful as a fabled Hourii," merely a good and pretty girl. Frank!" added she, in a softened voice, "Lucy is yet a *happy* one, she is yet unconscious that she loves you otherwise than as cousin,—but you, Frank, know that it is not merely the *love of a cousin* that has caused you to linger here week after week,—that has made you break your resolution of devoting part of each day to study;—look at these letters that remain unanswered,—think how little of your attentions have been bestowed upon your grandfather, and your other friends, and tell me if a cousin's love is not a very engrossing passion? Do not, my dear pupil, let me see him, who was so noble and disinterested as a boy, pursuing the selfish gratification of his own feelings, at the expense of another's happiness."

There was something of cool contempt in the tone of Martha's voice, in the beginning, that roused the hasty spirit of my brother, and from his flushed brow and cheek, and the indignant flash of his eye, I feared he would reply disrespectfully; but her softened voice as she proceeded, her appeal to his regard for Lucy's happiness,—her allusion to his boyhood, which brought to his memory so many proofs of her love and kindness, made him exclaim, with a frankness which, in acknowledging, half atoned for his errors. "I am convinced, cousin Martha; I have indeed been an idle truant, wasting time, negligent of study and friends, but I will fly from temptation, to toil and duty." He kept his word—and his simple and almost gay "good by, cousin Lucy," obtained for him, the praise of Martha.

Though generally disposed to yield my assent to Martha's better judgment, on this occasion I thought her in-

terference almost unkind, rather the surveillance of unnecessary suspicion, than the timely caution of friendship. I could see no possible harm in my brother's prolonging his visit, for in his attentions to Lucy, I beheld nothing but simple admiration for a lively and beautiful girl. "Why," said I, giving utterance to my thoughts, "deprive my brother of so innocent an enjoyment, as the society of his cousin?"

"Yours is a tell-tale face," said Martha, in reply; "do you know it has said, as plain as words can speak, 'cousin Martha is growing cross, and she is an *old maid*, and old maids are always suspicious?' Confess, have not these been your thoughts? Come let us walk—we both feel the loss of Frank's society—and this delightful day may dissipate our sadness."

We took a long and favorite walk of hers. On returning, we passed the village church-yard. She opened the gate and we entered. She pointed to a plain marble slab, on which was inscribed the name of "Mary Green, Æ. 19." "This," said Martha, "is the grave of the dearest companion of my childhood. She fell a victim to the sickness of the heart, 'hope deferred.' Her tale is short and simple, perhaps trite. She was the most beautiful girl in our village. There was a refinement of loveliness about her, seldom equalled. She was at the age of seventeen, when one, now eminent as a statesman, but who then had just completed his collegiate education, spent a few months in our village. To his high reputation as a scholar and a man of talents, he added a tall and dignified figure, and a face whose perfect delicacy and exquisite bloom, might have been thought too feminine a beauty, had it not been counteracted by his high and manly forehead, and the lightning glance of a peculiarly animated eye. He also had a purity and softness of manners, particularly calculated to win a female's regard. His father was a native of the village; in Connecticut, you know, we are all relations; thus the endearing appellation of *cousin* was soon bestowed upon Mary. Sanctioned by this relationship, much of his time was spent in her society. Every action and every look, indicated a love he did not utter; and Mary, with all the confiding trust of youth and innocence, gave the rich treasures of her heart to his keeping. When he left

her, it was no doubt, with the firm conviction that, when his profession was attained, he should claim her as his bride."

"It is a remark that has been often made, but not the less true on that account, that love is not the engrossing passion of man. And my friend soon found, in the wide field open to his ambition, thoughts and feelings more absorbing, than those derived from his partiality to the village maiden.

"As no declaration of his love had been made, he felt that no promises were broken; and, I will do him justice, he was not aware of the strength and depth of Mary's attachment,—he knew not how his every look and word was cherished in her heart, and connected with her every earthly hope of happiness.

"Mary was not long in discovering this truth. Her grief was deep, but hidden, for its source admitted of no complaint; but it preyed upon her spirits and upon her health,

'And changed the bloom of hope  
To fever's hectic flush.'

She died happy—happy in the joys, the consolations and the promises of the Gospel. Martha paused—and when she again spoke, it was with an effort—"When I tell you," she added, "that Frank resembles this gentleman in beauty of person, and in winning delicacy of manners, can you wonder why I feared for Lucy?"

I remained in Connecticut a year; at the expiration of that time Lucy Grey was the happy bride of Reuben Green, and a most excellent wife she makes. It would do you good to see the perfect neatness of her house, her dairy, and all appurtenances to boot,—to taste her yellow butter, and her excellent cakes. Frank and I, have both partaken thereof, and in our last visit to Connecticut, Lucy's brown locks, were hidden by a mob cap, and a lovely boy and girl, divided her affections with her happy husband.

Frank is now eminent in his profession, although he never entirely "kept the girls away from his heart." He is a husband, and the father of a family, and has been called to some of the highest offices in the gift of the State; and I fancy he never regretted listening to the suggestions of prudence and duty.

## ZAMA.

I looked,—and on old Zama's arid plain  
 Two Chieftains stood.—At distance ranged their hosts,  
 While they with manly tones, and gestures strong  
 Held their high parley.—One was sternly marked  
 With care and hardship.—Yet his warrior soul  
 Framed in unbroken might, as when he breathed,  
 In his glad boyhood, the eternal vow  
 Of enmity to Rome. The other seemed  
 Of younger years, and on his noble brow,  
 Beauty with magnanimity sat throned,—  
 Yet in the darkness of his eye I read,  
 "Delendo est Carthago."—

—Brief they spake,—  
 And parted as high souls in anger part,—  
 While the wild shriek of trumpets, and the rush  
 Of cohorts rent the air.—

—I turned away,—  
 The pomp of battle, and the din of arms  
 May round a period well,—but to behold  
 The mortal struggle, and the riven shield,  
 To see how Nature's holiest, tenderest ties  
 Are sundered—and to count the childless homes  
 And sireless babes,—and widow's early graves  
 Made by one victor-shout—bids the blood creep  
 Cold through its channels.

Yet again I looked,  
 When the cold moon revealed a silent scene,—  
 Silent,—save when from 'neath some weltering pile  
 A dying war-horse neighed,—in whose gored breast  
 Life lingered stubbornly,—or some pale knight  
 Half-stretched his arm,—awakened-by the call  
 Of his loved steed, even from the trance of death.  
 —With stealthy step the prowling plunderer stalked,—  
 The dark-winged raven wooed her famished brood  
 To their wide feast, and on the shadowy skirts  
 Of that dire field, the fierce hyena rolled  
 His keen, malevolent eye.

—Time sped his course.  
 Fresh verdure mantled Zama's fatal plain,  
 And Carthage with her subjugated knee  
 And crownless head, toiled 'mid the slaves of Rome.  
 —Again I sought Hamilcar's awful son,  
 And lo—an exiled, and despised old man,



Guest of Bithynian perfidy, did grasp  
 A draught of poison in his withered hand  
 And drink, and die

—Can this be he who tore  
 The bloody laurel from Saguntum's walls?  
 That eagle of the alps,—who through the clouds  
 Which wrapt in murky folds their fearful heights  
 Forced his unwieldy elephants?—who rolled  
 Victory's deep thunder o'er Ticinus' tide,  
 And on the field of Cannæ waved his sword  
 Like a destroying Angel?—

—This is he!  
 And this is human glory!—

God of Might!  
 Throw thou thy shield around our erring breasts,  
 That 'mid the tangled and illusive paths  
 Of this brief pilgrimage, we may not lose  
 All this world's peace,—and all the rest of that  
 Which hath no shadow.—

—From this double loss  
 Defend us, Oh our God!

L. H. S.

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### LETTERS FROM A MOTHER.

MY DEAR MRS. B.—That steadiness of purpose is necessary to the attainment of excellence in whatever we pursue, is never denied, not even by those who, judging from their actions, depend wholly on casualties for success. But still, this steadiness is mostly urged on men, as being necessary for them in their pursuit of fortune, and struggle to gain distinction. Most people seem to think the ordinary business of life, especially the domestic duties, committed to the woman, can be performed without much *mind*, plan or perseverance. But perhaps there is no employment pursued by reasoning beings with so little system or consistency, as the management of infants. Not only do different mothers have entirely different methods of training their children, but the same mother rarely pursues, for a whole week, the same method. One day she

has leisure to pay constant attention to her child; the next, perhaps, 'she turns it off', as the term is, as much as possible; this hour its least murmur is hushed by kisses, and the next, it is suffered to cry unheeded.

It is mainly to this capriciousness of the mother or nurse, that the *crossness* of healthy children is to be attributed. The infant is first enervated by too much nursing, and then wearied by being too long neglected, and his uneasiness is made known, by the only means in his power, which is to cry. And when he learns, and he soon learns, that tears and clamor draw the attention of his mother, he will cry till gratified by her presence; and every indulgence of passion, makes him more irritable; till finally, a habit of crying, or those periodical fits of *crossness*, which are usually attributed to every cause save the right one, namely, bad management, are engendered. Then the high temper of the little creature is to be subdued, often by harshness, when, had he been judiciously treated, that temper would neither have been kindled or displayed.

But with infant education, as with every other human duty, it is much easier to point out what is faulty, than propose what will ensure perfection. However, it is not among the least of our earthly blessings, that those rules of conduct which most effectually secure our own happiness, and that of those committed to our care, are usually simple and easy to be understood. Divine Goodness has thus provided the means for the greatest felicity of the greatest number; and in studying what method we must pursue, rightly to manage our little ones, no very elaborate system need be considered necessary. But one thing is necessary, it is that mothers be steady in their kindness, and uniform in their care, because sallies of passion, either of fondness or petulance, often indulged, are very injurious to the temper of their children. The mother who does not govern her own spirit, does not, she cannot, manage well her child.

For the first three or four months of an infant's life, the feeble mind takes but little cognizance of the objects that surround it. Quietness, and rest on the bosom of the mother, is all then required to make the babe happy. After that period, a healthy child cannot be easily managed without amusements, or employments rather—*idleness* is rarely the fault of children. Care should then be taken to

furnish proper playthings ; expensive toys are not necessary,—a rattle, and blocks, balls, and little hammers of wood, are the best toys. But they should never be painted, as a child always conveys whatever he has, to his mouth. It is necessary that there should be a great variety in the size and form of the playthings, and they should be often changed, and the infant early accustomed to have one thing taken from his hand, and another substituted. More depends on this seemingly trifling circumstance, than those who never watched its operation are aware. A child thus habituated to the frequent change of his playthings, will easily relinquish, and generally without noise or trouble, any forbidden thing which he may chance to have seized. An affair of no small moment to his own happiness, and the comfort of those who have the care of him. The tenacity with which many children retain their grasp of an object which they must not be permitted to have, and the grief they feel, to say nothing of the anger they frequently exhibit, when it is taken from them, is extremely painful to witness. But the infant who has always been accustomed to frequent changes of his toys, will seldom be thus troublesome. And a habit of *yielding* is also imperceptibly formed, and *habits* are so much more willingly obeyed than commands, that it is strange parents do not pay more attention to fix those of their children, in accordance with that obedience which it will soon be necessary to exact from them.

All causes of exciting restlessness by bodily irritation, such as tight, or otherwise uncomfortable clothing, should be carefully avoided. Ease, neatness and economy, is all the fashions that need be consulted in infant's dresses. No female vanity is so reprehensible, as that displayed by the woman who decks her little children in costly array. The teasing carefulness requisite to keep them from injuring their finery, constantly interrupts their sports, disturbs their enjoyments, and not unfrequently makes them fretful, peevish and wretched. And all this is done and suffered, to gratify the mother's foolish vanity. Who can wonder at the vanity of her child's mind, thus early taught to prize show, or the perversity of its temper, made to sacrifice its innocent pleasures on the shrine of pride and caprice?

Ever Yours,

\*\*\*r..

**DIRGE.**

GRIEF—it is unavailing—  
 Yet twine the cypress-wreath,  
 And strike in your loud bewailing,  
 The deep-toned bell of death.

Shroud ye your festal hall,  
 Its gilded hangings of crimson dye,  
 With a pall of mournful drapery  
 Cover its pictured wall—

And sound ye your funeral dirge  
 Where the moan of the ocean surge,  
 Shall mingle its chorus wild and deep,  
 With the wailings of those who their lost one's weep.  
 To the depth of the ocean lone  
 The gallant ship has gone down,  
 And waters sweep over the coral grave  
 Of the hardy mariner free and brave,  
 The pride of your turretted dome is o'er—  
 Rejoicing will peal through your halls no more—  
 O wail for the flower of your noble race.

The princely father's hope and joy,  
 His only, generous, daring boy,  
 He with the brow so fair,  
 He with the glossy hair,  
 With the voice of tuneful glee,  
 And the eye of witchery,  
 Has found his lonely resting place,  
 Low 'neath the fearful sea.

EVERALLIN.

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**JOURNAL OF A DAY.**

Mrs. HALE.—I have been anxiously wishing to write something for your Magazine, yet dared not attempt it. Some pretty blooming girls of my acquaintance wrote, but as their articles never appeared, I drew the inference, that

you were not to be bribed by compliments on your "valuable work," nor indeed by the interested motive of obliging a "subscriber," to admit what you did not consider as meriting public notice. But still I like to scribble, and though I am a giddy girl, I should like to improve. I had heard some one observe, that an excellent way to ascertain our own character, was to write the history of our own thoughts, feelings and actions, for at least one day, in each week, and compare the result, with that standard of excellence, which our hearts admire. I thought I would adopt the plan, and began last Sabbath evening, for I had some lurking fears that I did not improve the holy day exactly as I ought. But never, till I came to read over on Monday what I had written, did I imagine myself capable of such levity. "Does the world think me such a trifler?" said I—"Does Edward?" I felt the blood rush to my cheek—I looked in the glass, and my face was as red as our cook's when she fries fish for the family dinner. But how different the cause of bloom. Hers is the glow of useful industry—mine was the flush of shame, for indolence, vanity, and neglect of the most precious privileges.

"I deserve to undergo some penance," thought I, "and it shall be to copy out my history in a fair hand, and without any omissions, and send it to the editor of the Ladies' Magazine. Should she think my faults deserve any further punishment, let her publish the history. I shall then hear the opinion of the young gentlemen on the subject, and hear too, Edward's remarks, and probably learn, whether he has any suspicion I am such a volatile character. Oh! I do hope he will not discover me. (You must know, that *Edward* is not his real name.) Then I shall hear the censures of the young ladies, for there is not one but will condemn my frivolity, though she exactly imitate it. I cannot but think the effect of this exposure, thus incognito, will be salutary, and that while I tremble for fear of being detected as the guilty one, and blush while the article is named, I shall be careful for the future, not to furnish materials for a continuation of the

#### JOURNAL OF A DAY.

SUNDAY, June —, 1828.—Awoke early, but thought as it was a day of *rest*, I might indulge myself in a little more

sleep—slumbered till called to breakfast—no appetite—found fault with the coffee—mother told me, I must rise earlier if I wished to relish my breakfast ;—knew *that*—but thought how much easier to teach what is good, than to follow good teaching. Sauntered to my chamber—took up Milton—hate blank verse, requires such an effort to read and understand—admire Miss Landon's poetry—thought of her beautiful "Eve of St. John," and determined to "gather a white rose," and try the spell myself—hoped I should dream of Edward—first bell—time to dress—considered what to wear—no matter—Edward will not be at church to day, and the morning is cloudy—will wear black—very convenient when one does not want to take much pains—second bell—had not found one of my gloves—remembered laying it on my dressing table when returned from last evening's walk—maid must have mislaid it—scolded her heartily when she came to tell my mother waited—in the midst of my fretting, found the glove where I laid it myself—hurry down stairs, and am chid for my delay;—felt provoked, as I walked through the streets and saw the sun shining so beautifully, that I had not dressed in white, and in that temper entered the temple of the living God. Prayer begun—saw many new bonnets—hate *navarinos*, and detest *drab*—my own bonnet a beautiful celestial blue, with two bunches of flowers and nine yards of ribbon—think, positively, it's the handsomest bonnet in church. Clara Fisher enters—not the Miss Clara Fisher of the Theatre, though she reminded me of her, but one of my particular friends—she had on a new bonnet, and Oh, I saw in a moment, it was more elegant than mine, more bows on it—but then, it did'nt become her—complexion too dark to wear *blue*—wonder she don't discover it—listened very devoutly to the Psalm—admire sacred music, but lost one stanza entirely, while noticing the affectation of some young ladies in the next pew—hate affectation—text in Isaiah—forgot chapter and verse—seldom try to remember either—discourse too long—felt dull, and wished the clergyman (shall not say his name,) was as handsome and animated as Mr. M—; saw Clara Fisher toss her head more than once, during the last prayer—very vain girl—bonnet does not become her, and mean to tell her so, on purpose to mortify her. Mr. B. dined with father—

don't like Mr. B.—always saying something about the foppery and frippery of the young people, and praising old times—wished he had lived in the days of Mr. Cotton, when women's veils were *sermonized*—felt drowsy, and determined to sleep at home during the afternoon, instead of moping to church; but knew it was wrong to trifle thus with the sacred day, and so resolved to read two chapters in the Bible by way of atoning for my stupidity—did read the chapters, and then slept till tea-time—took up the Ladies' Magazine, and read the article "Dress," a second time—always mean to dress in white for the future, and wear a rose in my hair. Don't much like "The poor Scholar,"—too long, and too much reasoning—want something romantic—resolved never to marry a man, whose name I disliked, as did the heroine of the "Good Match." Went to walk with cousin Robert—Oh, how stupid he was not to mention Edward to me!—conversation very dull, and glad to reach home—at nine o'clock, sat down to my writing table and penned the foregoing.

## FRIVOLIA.

There, Mrs. Hale, is the true "unvarnished" account, of the manner of thought and action, in which I passed a day—a Sabbath day. • Yet I know I am a rational, and accountable being—that life is but as a vapor. Oh! why do I not keep this foolish heart of mine with more diligence, and be what I really admire—a *christian* in example, as well as in *name*.

F.

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**MEMORY AND FANCY.**

O, say not earth is a place of rest,—  
 Man's spirit untiring roves  
 Afar through Memory's dark domain,  
 On Fancy's glittering groves.

Amid the brightest pageants' glare  
 You may note the brow of gloom,  
 —The soul to Memory's shades hath gone,  
 And weeps o'er friendship's tomb.

And where the nodding hearse plumes wave,  
 Over the sleeping clay,  
 There mark, amid the passing throng,  
 The smile of the bright and gay—

Far away, among Fancy's richest flowers,  
 The spirit is wandering,  
 And the blissful dreams of future years  
 The glow on that cheek doth fling.

But ever on Memory's cheerless waste  
 Some verdant spots appear,  
 Where the sunshine of youth yet lingers o'er  
 Those scenes that once were dear.

Like the silvery gleam where the moon's pale beam,  
 Rests on the trembling sea,  
 Amid the darkness of years gone by  
 Sparkles our infancy.

But there is a brighter, more beautiful spot  
 On Fancy's wide domain,  
 There those dear ones death hath reft away,  
 Will be restored again.

F.

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### LETTER FROM A BROTHER.

MY DEAR SISTER.—You say that, though you live in a prosperous village, you see a good deal of misery near you, which you are desirous to relieve; but you say that you are disheartened by the solemn warnings given you every day against encouraging idleness and vice. It would be answer enough to your advisers, to say that it is foolish to talk of encouraging vice by this occasional and trifling relief; so far from encouraging vice, it is hardly enough to encourage existence. If they say that poverty and suffering are brought on by imprudence and folly, you can tell them that this is not always the case; and if it were so, our religion does not release us from the obligation of being charitable to the thankless and guilty. But why should I not suggest



to you the truth, that most of these objections proceed from that spirit of avarice which degrades and dishonors our country; those who have not the heart to do a generous action themselves, are not willing to see it done by others; they feel as if it were a reproach to themselves. There are others I know, who have dipped into some book of political economy, and come away rejoicing in the discovery, that this suffering comes in the order of Providence, and of course must not be resisted. I mention these things, because you are often obliged to hear them; but I can safely leave the matter to your own heart, never fearing that you will become too prudent or too knowing to do to others as you would have them do to you.

The benevolence of young ladies is more exposed to discouragement from another quarter—from their habits of thought and feeling. There are many whose hearts melt at once when they hear of suffering, and who feel as if they were animated by a spirit of self-devotion which nothing can weary nor withstand; they go forth to the work of benevolence with a high and graceful confidence, knowing that they are performing a duty of religion and coming near a resemblance of their Master; but when they reach the lanes of poverty, they find nothing of the neat and contented appearance they expected; every thing is comfortless and neglected; every thing is in a disorder that disgusts the beholder. They are naturally enough surprised and shocked at this; for they expected to find the faces of the poor brightening with gratitude, and their eyes filled with eloquent tears; it never had entered their minds, that they might find coarse and vulgar ingratitude in a cottage, or hear the accents of profaneness in what they had fancied was the abode of grateful and contented peace. Whether this describes your own experience or not, I do not know; if not, you have seen but little of poverty: and you can see plainly enough, that those who are affected by tales of imaginary suffering, are never acquainted with real misery—they are always looking out for that graceful and elegant distress which has no existence in the world. Thus it happens that those who are most easily moved by stories of suffering, are least benevolent and useful; they have tears always ready to flow when there is only the show or pretence of misery to call for it; but when true suffering, in its

painful reality, implores their relief, it finds them cold as the grave.

This will serve to show that mere feeling is but little to be relied on; principle is the source from which all kind and useful exertions must flow. It may serve to explain too the seeming mystery of characters like the celebrated Howard, who, though called the "benevolent" by way of eminence, is said to have been cold in appearance, and little accessible to these soft emotions. But I will not dwell upon it, because you have often complained to me that you are misled by thinking that you possess religious feelings, when you are not ready to make religious efforts; this is a case of a similar kind; in both instances, it is a false and counterfeit feeling which does not lead to the direct discharge of duty.

You will find another difficulty something resembling this. When you have considered some case that asks your relief, and have determined to give it, you will often feel as if the thing was done when you have only resolved to do it; you have thought of the difficulties, and having overcome them in imagination, you take the same credit to yourself as if the deed was done. This is the way by which many contrive to be satisfied with themselves, who from one year's end to another, never do a single duty; by resolving, deferring till to-morrow, and then resolving again. You may think that you can never be guilty of this weakness: but if you will but glance at your conduct, you will find that you as well others, act thus every day.

This is weak enough in any duty; but it must be dreaded more in charity than any other; for relief must be given while it is needed; if you defer it to another hour, it may be too late; if you defer till to-morrow, you may find that the sufferer is gone, and that his last hours might have been made less miserable, if you had acted promptly on the suggestion of your heart. I know there are some who defer in this way, hoping to escape the duty altogether; I do not dwell upon their fault, because it is one which will never be yours. I am confident that to bear relief and consolation to those that suffer, will always be your delight; all I ask is, that you may never be disgusted, by what must be grating to feelings like yours, so far as to be weary in well doing; and as you have various engagements constantly soliciting your attention, that you may not fall into the common

weakness of mistaking good feeling for benevolence, or mere resolutions for the performance of duty.

I am happy to find you so desirous to be useful to others: you will find it often a thankless service, but never without its reward. Those who say that they will relieve what suffering comes in their way, do not appear to know that it requires an apprenticeship to learn the art. Our Saviour was qualified for a similar duty by his being a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. You must have observed in your days of suffering, which have not been few, what a difference there is between the sympathy of those who have known affliction, and those who have not; the kind words of the last, however sincere, sound hollow and oppressive; they seem to cost them an effort to speak them: but one who has known the sorrows of life gains at once the confidence of the afflicted, and a single word from his lips goes like a charm to the wounded heart. In this service something more is required than good feelings and good intentions; and for this reason among others there can be no half-way performance of duty; without *love* we are nothing; and love itself is powerless without that experience which acquaintance with sorrow alone can give.

I cannot close, without praising your good feelings, because I know that they are not mere barren feelings; and I place perfect confidence in your resolutions, because I know that you will, at least, endeavor to carry them into action. Do not be discouraged, if in a thousand instances you find your kindness rejected and wronged, your good evil-spoken of, and the hand you extend for the relief of others, cast insultingly away; the benevolence which cannot outlive these trials of its purity and strength, is not like the self-sacrifice of him, who went about doing good.

Your's Affectionately,

C.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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“THE TALES OF PETER PARLEY ABOUT EUROPE.—S. G. Goodrich, Boston.”  
—We like the plan of this little work, and think children will derive more benefit from *geographical stories*, than *sentimental* ones. The style of the book is good, and yet well adapted to the capacities of those for whom it was written. The engravings are also pretty fairly executed, but with some of the designs we are not so much pleased. Pictures may be made very instructive to children, and in books intended for children, they ought to be so made. But to interest the child some particular object or action should be represented. Views of cities with their crowded buildings, are not at all calculated to engage and consequently inform the young mind. In “Parley’s Tales” we have all the capital cities of Europe, and all looking so much alike, that a child can see but little difference between London and Rome—between the appearance of the greatest commercial city in the world and “the Niobe of nations.” Such pictures then do not convey true impressions to the mind, and therefore they are not useful,—that they are not very pleasing, any person may be convinced by exhibiting them to a child in contrast with those that display persons, or events. Nothing connected with early education should be deemed unimportant, and as pictures have a very decided influence on the minds of young children, care ought to be taken that those admitted into books, designed for them, be significant, and faithful, and easily understood. “Where are the children to whom Peter Parley is going to tell his stories?” asked a little boy while looking at the picture of the gentleman in the frontispiece. “Where are they?” We could not tell him, but we would suggest whether the good man would not appear more appropriate in the character of a *teacher*, than he does as a traveller especially in the frontispiece.

“THE YOUNG PILGRIM, OR ALFRED CAMPBELL’S RETURN FROM THE EAST—By Mrs. Hofland.”—This volume is a continuation of the travels of “Alfred Campbell; or the Young Pilgrim.” The plan is one of peculiar interest to the young, because one of their own age is represented as the hero of the work. Mrs. Hofland is very happy in accomplishing the aim of her writings; she does not attempt great things, but devotes talents and genius of no ordinary character to the service of education and morality; and she richly merits the applause of every parent and guardian, of all who wish the improvement of the rising generation. The present work, though perhaps hardly equalling in interest some of Mrs. Hofland’s productions, will be found useful in imparting a knowledge of many of the antiquities and curiosities of the East;—that portion of our globe which is, on many accounts, peculiarly interesting to every christian. Were we disposed to find any fault, we should say there was rather too much attempted—too many incidents and descriptions crowded into the work. Children like particularities, and do not, very advantageously, follow

the rapid traveller, or understand his necessarily brief and often technical descriptions of statues, tombs and obelisks; nor does the hasty mention of the ruins of a hundred cities impress them with that certainty of the decay of all earthly things, that feeling of awe at the progress and power of time, as would the history of a solitary temple delineated from the period of its gorgeous magnificence to the moment of its utter desolation. Take a *single* object for description, when you wish to make a vivid impression on a young mind.

“JUVENILE MISCELLANY.”—There is perhaps, no kind of writing more difficult of execution, than that required for such a publication: To excel in it, one ought to possess talents, taste, and fancy of a high order, combined with common sense, and that chastened judgment, which will, in every effort, still keep the object of the enterprise—namely, the entertainment and instruction of *children* constantly in view. It is not a field where many laurels are to be gathered, but where much good is to be done; and consequently, those who engage, are stimulated rather by the wish of being useful to others, than the hope of shining themselves. They are actuated by principle, not by ambition. It is these considerations, which lead us to think, that the department of Juvenile literature, is peculiarly appropriate to female writers. Their tenderness of feeling, delicacy of sentiment, and general correctness of morals, are pledges to the public, that nothing which would have a tendency to foster the evil propensities of our nature shall, like an insidious poison, be suffered to mingle with the mental aliment they prepare for the young. The labors of those European women, who have engaged in this now popular species of writing, have been eminently successful. In our country, the Editor of the Juvenile Miscellany, deservedly holds a high rank among the female authors who devote their talents to the cause of education.

We hope the work will be universally patronized. It should be taken in every family where there are children—indeed, grown people would not find their time misspent while perusing its pages, which is more than we would be willing to say in favor of, at least, one half of the new publications that are thronging us under the form of novels, magazines, miscellanies, &c.

“THE WORLD OF FASHION,—By J. D. Yates—Boston.”—This is a new Periodical, to be issued every three months, and devoted exclusively to the ladies. The first number contains three plates, and very pretty pictures they are, representing London and Parisian Fashions, and *ten* pages of printed matter.

A proper attention to dress, and to the acquiring of a “graceful carriage and suitable gestures,” is certainly necessary, but we doubt much, whether the attempt to introduce the extravagance and affectation of European ladies, among the sensible and intelligent women of our republic, will be found *profitable* to the “several *Literary* and fashionable characters,” belonging to London, by whom it seems, the above work is to be edited.

# LADIES' MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

AUGUST.

No. VIII.

## INTEMPERANCE.

A queer subject to be discussed in a Lady's Magazine. But the existence of "Female Influence" has been so clearly demonstrated, its effects shown to be so extensive and important, that it now appears only necessary to determine the particular direction in which that influence would be most beneficial, and then persuade the women to exert their omnipotence, and we may soon hope to realise in our United States, those visions of perfection that were to distinguish the imaginary Republic of Plato. That height of exaltation which our "Fourth of July" orators invariably point out as an easy stage in the national progress will nevertheless be unattainable without a mighty effort—the effort to go right. The political prosperity of our country has been so rapid, that our citizens, if they have not quite forgotten, have sadly neglected the moral discipline which only can render secure and lasting the benefits of our free social system.

The worst of evils that could be inflicted on men, would be to enjoy the right to govern themselves without possessing a single acquirement or virtue requisite for self-government. Perhaps it may be urged such a case could not possibly occur, as men never are divested of every virtue.

There is—"and pity 'tis, 'tis true," one instance to the contrary, or one case in which virtue, talents and knowledge, if at times exhibited, are of no more efficiency to direct their possessor in the path of rectitude, than would be the lamps in a sepulchral vault to show the wanderer, lost 'mid storms and impenetrable darkness, the direction to his home. I allude to the confirmed drunkard. But drunkards do not, by our laws, forfeit their right of suffrage.

They are a part, and not a *very small* part either of the sovereign people who claim to exercise the unalienable privilege of jurisdiction over this "fertile, broad and independent land."

I disdain all intention of writing *politically*. What business has a lady's paper with politics? But still considerations allied with the prosperity, the fame, indeed the very existence of our Republic will press on the mind of every person who reflects for a moment on the degradation of character, the prostration of intellect, the perversion of privileges that may—that certainly *must* follow, if our citizens do not reform. If they do not resolutely dash from their lips the

—————"baneful cup,  
 "With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison,  
 "The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
 "And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
 "Fixes instead, unmoulding reason mintage  
 "Charactered in the face."

And now I come to the meaning and moral of my essay. The women are told, and affect to really believe that they possess a great and important influence over the opinions, fashions and taste of society, and consequently on the character and conduct of man.

Ladies, if you have this influence, exert it and banish the demon of Intemperance from among us. Achieve that task, and female influence will never more be denied or derided. Here is a glorious theatre for the display of all feminine perfections;—patience, prudence, perseverance;—softness and energy, gentleness and fortitude; the firmness that yields not to example or entreaty, and the meekness that boasts not its own conquests; the high-souled purity that disdains alliance with vice however fashionable, and the tenderness that weeps the victims of an insidious temptation; the hope that never despairs while there is a duty to be performed, and the faith that never wavers while there is a promise of God on which to rely. All these virtues are necessary for those who would be in earnest to accomplish a victory over the only enemy Americans need dread. Arms and physical courage are here of no avail,—nor can reason be relied upon as a defence to those who most confidently boast its possession. Intemperance can only be conquered by the efforts of public opinion, and this opinion is guided materially by the

feelings, taste and sentiments of the ladies. There is, therefore, resting on them a responsibility which I fear they do not sufficiently consider. Yet if they think they exert that influence on society, which has been ascribed to them by some writers, and which I do not doubt, they must be aware that a great evil cannot for a long time, predominate, without, at least, their connivance. If they do not participate, they do not sufficiently discountenance the practice. Silence is often as effectual an advocate in a cause as eloquence.

Women, as wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, in each and every character, you have an important duty to fulfil. Your influence is acknowledged when the laws of God are derided, and your words are heard by those who never listen to a sermon. But still, never forget that the sceptre of woman's power must be wielded by gentleness and in meekness—that the law from her lips must be spoken in the accents of kindness.

When the chords of love that bind the household band, are skilfully and delicately touched by a wife and mother, how sweetly is poured forth the rich music of affection! It is at such seasons that the soul of her husband or son will be plastic as clay in the hands of the potter to her influence. And then is the moment to urge her suit, to plead, advise or reprove, as her heart and duty shall dictate.

But it must not be expected that the influence of woman, or indeed that any human art, (Chamber's medicine excepted) can reclaim the confirmed sot. I do not counsel the wretched wife to abandon her drunken husband. Though she has probably suffered more exquisite misery in consequence of the intemperance of the man who vowed to protect her, than those martyrs who sealed, by a life of persecution and death of torture, the fidelity of their hearts to the true faith, yet she must not forsake her husband. No, let her watch over him, weep over him, pray for him—it is her lot. A bitter and terrible one, yet she must endure it.

But though women must not hope to remedy or restrain the current of intemperance when its channel has become fixed and impetuosity attained, yet they may prevent the insidious stream from gathering strength, if they are careful to watch and disperse the drops before they congregate and form "the spring of all these ills;"—habit.

It is then on the rising generation that female influence



will be most beneficially exerted. Mothers must watch, with Argus' eyes, over their children, and prevent if possible a relish for ardent spirits from being acquired. There is no middle course that can with safety be pursued. The motto of every one engaged in this arduous and important concern must be, "touch not, taste not, handle not."

There are mothers who permit their children to sip the pernicious draught, indeed there are some who will hold the poison, sweetened and rendered as delicious as possible, to the infant lips of their own offspring. These mothers may be considered as aiding to promote *drunkenness*. It is best to use plain language, because the meaning will then be understood, and *may* be applied, and induce a reformation. I have not alluded to those *respectable* females who are themselves habitually guilty of intemperance. I cannot, I will not believe there are such, notwithstanding the whispers of Rumour have already been heard sufficiently loud to distinguish *names*.

What, a wife or mother sunk in the grossness of intoxication! If angels weep it would be over such a scene—to behold thus fallen, degraded, lost, "heaven's last best gift."

CENSOR.

### THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

*After the descent of the Avalanche in 1826.*

SPIRIT of Desolation!—thou whose throne  
Is on yon rugged mountain-heights, which scorn  
Communion with the earth,—and yet fall short  
Of dwellings in the sky,—how hast thou swept  
All trace of beauty from thy wild domain!—  
Where are the pines whose changeless mantle veil'd  
Those naked cliffs?—and where the verdant moss  
That with its meek and soothing moisture crept  
Round yon dark granite masses?—like the arms  
Of some sweet infant, twining the rude neck

Of its proud giant sire, to win his soul  
 From a stern purpose.—I bethink me too,  
 Of a pure stream that from yon cloud-bound cliff  
 Came leaping down in many a white cascade,  
 And tossing far and wide its sparkling foam  
 Went singing on,—to teach the silent vale  
 The happy music of a higher clime.  
 Say,—hast thou scaled that fountain,—and absorbed  
 Its tuneful waters?—

—Ah!—and thou hast made  
 A tomb of man's best treasures.—In yon dell  
 Once bright with emerald verdure,—was a home  
 Of rural peace. There, in confiding love,  
 The parents rear'd their babes,—as in some nest  
 Of the far wilderness, the brooding birds  
 Make their own little world,—nor dream how deep  
 The solitude that wraps them. It was sweet  
 To see the child its first weak steps essay,  
 'Neath the deep shade of those eternal hills,—  
 Still looking up with wonder, as the name  
 Of Him who made them all, was on the ear  
 Press'd in a parent's tone;—and sweet to hear  
 The matron's lulling melody break forth  
 In such lone spot.

—There came a night of storms,—  
 From the rent cliff a second deluge pour'd—  
 The wooded Avalanche rushed whelming down—  
 Vales swelled to mountains,—and the mountains bowed,  
 Reft of their ancient honors. From their cot  
 The wildered tremblers fled. What shelter found  
 That frantic mother, with her clinging babes?—  
 How trod the little ones their broken path  
 With tender feet, in midnight's maze involved—  
 Where was their Sire?—

—Man long hath sought in vain,  
 With mournful toil amid these ruins wild.—  
 Know'st thou their graves?—

—Be silent if thou wilt,  
 Fierce wasting Spirit!—But the glorious morn  
 Of resurrection shall dispel thy gloom  
 And read thy secret,—calling those lost forms  
 From yon dark gorge where thou dost proudly turn  
 The prison-key.

—Fain would I haste away  
 From thy drear realm,—but yet a secret spell  
 Of strong sublimity doth chain the soul

To linger still, with terror for its guide,—  
 —Here might Despair her unchecked sceptre wave,  
 Moving the musing traveller's heart to hold  
 This ~~first~~ existence cheap,—did not the thought  
 Of fairer scenes, and his loved household grasp  
 Rise up, to neutralize the bitterness:—  
 Even thus, amid Earth's roughest pilgrimage  
 We think of Heaven,—and call it still our home,—  
 And thither bend a gaze of fonder hope,  
 As on spent wing our rific'd joys depart.

L. H. S.

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## SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

### NO. VIII.

#### THE SPRINGS.

It is nine years last month since Emily Woodworth made her *debut* at Saratoga. She came accompanied by her guardian, Mr. Chapman and his wife. Mrs. Chapman was a dyspeptic, nervous and very particular lady. In her youth she had been a celebrated beauty, and still felt all that thirst for personal admiration which had once been so lavishly bestowed upon her charms. But alas! for the woman who has passed her tenth lustre and yet has no claim to the attentions of society, save what personal beauty imparts. Such women have always a horror of being thought at all acquainted with Time—that unfashionable old gentleman is entirely excluded from their conversation, and any allusion to him, they deem, in their presence, impertinent. It was always with a look which seemed intended to petrify the speaker, that Mrs. Chapman heard her increasing infirmities attributed to increasing years; she wished to be thought young, and yet she had neither health nor inclination for the gayeties of youth; and so she eagerly condemned all pleasures in which she could not participate, as vain, frivolous or

unfashionable. In short she was always of the opinion that those amusements, which were inconvenient or unsuitable for her, were either very vulgar or very sinful.

Mr. Chapman was an industrious mechanic, a carpenter by trade; but he had an inventive genius, and a persevering temper; and had generally succeeded in his plans and projects, till finally he had become not only the architect, but proprietor of several mills and one large cotton manufactory; and partly by labor, partly by lucky speculation, had accumulated a large fortune. He was a thorough Yankee, shrewd, sensible and somewhat sarcastic; at least his ready repartees, and the knowledge of characters and circumstances they frequently implied, made his wit often feared by those who felt conscious of follies or faults they did not wish exposed. Yet he was a good natured man, as the uniform forbearance, and even pity with which he listened to the peevishness and complaints of his wife, and his constant kindness in his own family, and the cordial civility with which he treated his friends, except when an occasion for a good joke occurred, sufficiently testified.

Emily Woodworth—but I will not introduce her formally, by telling her height, or describing her features, or noting the color of her complexion, eyes, lips and hair. Take a pen, fair reader, look in the mirror, and then try the sketch yourself. But be sure and make Emily as handsome as your *beau ideal* of female loveliness, or I shall in future draw my own heroines. And yet it is a task in which few succeed. The artist, proud of being complimented with possessing the skill of a Vandike in delineating the countenances of men, will find it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to paint the likeness of a beautiful woman. To be successful he must embody sense, spirit and modesty in that just proportion which shall give the idea of dignity as well as delicacy to features where passion has left no record; and he must impart meaning and expression to the “smoothness and sheen” of a face where neither the ambition of pride or energy of thought have stamped any predominating faculty of soul. This task can only be accomplished by one skilled in reading the heart as well as drawing the head. There are but few descriptions of women, even in our best poets and novelists, that do justice to the female character. The mistake is that mere physical beauty, harmony

of features and a fair complexion, are generally represented as entitling their possessor to the appellation of amiable, interesting, elegant, &c.—it is the countenance which is supposed to give a tone to the mind, not that the *mind* inspires the *countenance*. Such a mistake would never be made by an artist who was painting men. And while such a mistake is cherished, the portraits of women will never be well executed. They will never bear the impress of *mind*.

Milton was a little sceptical on the score of female understanding, and hardly willing to allow the sex that equality of reason which is now pretty generally and generously too, acknowledged by all *civilized* men ; but he may be pardoned, considering he lived in an age so ignorant that even his own peerless genius, was neglected or contemned, (might it not be a retribution for the injustice he did the ladies.) But notwithstanding the prejudice which the bard of Paradise sometimes displayed, he has left us the most charming description, of the effect which a lovely, virtuous and intelligent woman has over the minds of men, that is to be found in the English language.

—“ Yet when I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
And in herself complete, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
Seems wisest, virtourest, discreetest, best ;  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded wisdom in discourse with her  
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows ;  
Authority and *reason* on her wait,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally ; and to consummate all,  
*Greatness* of *mind*, and *nobleness* their seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard angelic placed.”

What a lovely picture ! and *true*—but when was the conception of the poet ever embodied by the painter ? And there is also another sweet description, in Shakspeare, of a woman that I have often wished to see transferred to canvas—

—“ A maiden never bold,  
“ Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
“ Blushed at herself.”

Who does not recognize in that sketch of Desdemona, the being of *soul*—the beautiful, modest, intelligent and heroic girl—who preferred her lover only for his estimable qualities of character—

“ I saw Othello’s visage in his mind.”

Emily Woodworth did not exactly resemble either of these portraits. She had not the majestic loveliness of Milton's Eve, nor all that tender yet ardent enthusiasm which we may imagine characterized the victim bride of the Moor. She had more vivacity than either. But there was usually a covert humor in her glance which checked the freedom her gaiety would otherwise have inspired. A lover would have been sadly perplexed to decide whether the sweet smile that so often dimpled her cheek was *for* him or *at* him. In short I can think of no heroine that Emily so much resembled as Ellen Douglas; especially in that scene where Fitz James so gallantly volunteered to row her fairy bark, when

"The maid with smile, suppressed and sly,  
"The task unwonted saw him try."

But Emily Woodworth had a guardian—Was she rich? No matter. The gentleman who is prompted to make the inquiry would never have deserved her, and certainly never have obtained her.

"We will take lodgings half a mile, at least, from the Springs," said Mrs. Chapman to her husband, as their carriage passed in sight of the crowd assembled around the Congress fountain. "I am sure," she continued as her eye rested on the cattle like fabric of Congress Hall, at that time the largest and far the most splendid building in the village, "I am sure, the noise and bustle of that house must be quite shocking to persons who have been accustomed to the regular, religious and literary society of Connecticut."

"I was intending to board at Union Hall," replied Mr. Chapman. "We must not expect it will seem exactly as quiet and regular as our own home, but it will be more convenient for us than remote lodgings. You, Mrs. Chapman, intend to drink the waters; I came to see the folks and Emily the fashions, and I think that Union house there, will be just the thing for our accommodation. Congress Hall I should like, only it looks as if it would draw a little too largely on my purse."

"Do you know what kind of company they have at the Union Hall?" inquired Mrs. Chapman in a querulous tone. "I should like to be with civil, well-bred people, not among the thoughtless and fantastic, who have balls every other evening. I wish we could go where our own friends and ac-

quaintances resort. The Reverend Mr. Briley and his lady you know started a few days before us; and then Colonel Eastman and his two daughters are here, and Squire Ray and his wife, and the widow Post.”—

“Yes, yes—there’s fools enough from Connecticut here as well as we,” interrupted Mr. Chapman hastily—and then after a short pause, during which his good natured countenance exhibited a little embarrassment or vexation, such as we may suppose would naturally arise in the mind of a thorough man of business who felt himself for the first time in his life, in pursuit of that pleasure which has neither definite name nor aim, but must be found jostling among a crowd of strangers in a strange place, he added,—“I think Mrs. Chapman, we have a pretty good chance of seeing Yankees at home; certainly we see our friends often enough there. Now I should like to be acquainted with some of the Southern people, and I have been told that Union Hall was frequented mostly by gentlemen from that part of the country. Perhaps I may learn something about the management of cotton that will be of advantage to me in the way of my business; and so, if you please, we will alight here and stay a few days at least,”—and he stepped from his carriage, while a waiter instantly attended to ask his commands. Mrs. Chapman was really fatigued, they had driven a long stage that morning, it was almost twelve, and so she tacitly assented to her husband’s proposition.

They were soon installed in a pleasant apartment, the windows commanding a view of Congress Hall, with its stately pillars and airy portico, beneath which ladies were promenading, and gentlemen sauntering, both often pausing in their walk, as if charmed by the sweet music that came at intervals from the apartment of some piano-loving votary within.

Those who have visited Saratoga, and who has not? know that the scenery around the village makes no part of the attractions to that celebrated place. It is the Springs, and the crowd that sip the mineral waters that are the objects of curiosity. Mrs. Chapman was not much mistaken when, a few days after her arrival, she declared it was by nature the most disagreeable spot she ever saw. The street, she remarked, was always dirt or dust, (this was nine years since, perhaps she would now report differently,) and if one wish-

ed to walk out, there was nothing to be seen in any direction but a low sunken marsh that appeared as if it had never been drained since the deluge. And then for the ornament of the grounds, there was only stunted firs and other evergreens all looking as withered, crooked or sickly, as if they were languishing under the curse of some sybil.

The contrast was indeed very striking between Saratoga, and the pleasant walks on the banks of the Connecticut. There the turf is so smooth and green, and the flowers woo you at every step, and the broad beautiful trees throw their graceful branches abroad as if rejoicing, like a beauty surveying her image in a mirror, to see their shadow on the green sward beneath. And then there is the river, diffusing over the wide meadows on its banks, a fertility unsurpassed in our land; and the fresh invigorating breezes from the pure waters and green hills, which, if they cannot restore the invalid to health, prevent the healthy from becoming invalid. Who that has a taste for the beauties of a rich landscape, and a heart attuned to the music breathing from the lovely things of nature, but would prefer a ramble on the banks of the Connecticut to a promenade beneath the portico of Congress Hall, where fashion and frivolity gather their votaries, and more come to have their dresses admired than to have their diseases healed?

It must however be acknowledged, that much of Mrs. Chapman's disgust and disappointment arose from the circumstance of finding herself but an unit among the collection of human beings assembled around the Springs. She would have indignantly repelled the idea that *selfishness* was always her predominating feeling, yet she never witnessed an exhibition of any kind, or listened to a conversation, without an immediate reference, in her own mind, to the effect they had, or might have on herself—her convenience, happiness or importance.

She had, at an expense that her husband, indulgent as he was, called highly extravagant, prepared for her own appearance at the springs in a manner which she expected would secure her instant notice. But, alas! she saw bonnets there vastly richer than hers, and shawls that made her sick with envy, and gowns with laces, flounces and trimmings, which she decided were absolutely wicked—only because they exceeded the standard of her own apparel.



"It is an odious place here," said Mrs. Chapman to her husband, as he entered the room where she and Emily were sitting, and inquired if they were ready to accompany him to drink the waters. "These southern ladies are so stiff and formal, and as silent as though they had always been accustomed to have their talking as well as work done by the poor slaves. I shall not join them in the drawing room again, nor shall I go to the Springs this morning. There is nothing worth seeing, and I can have the water brought here to my chamber."

"But you know, wife, that we came to see the ways of the world, and at any rate I mean to look about me while I stay. We might just as well keep at home as confine ourselves to our own apartments while here."

"Do you like the society of these Southerners?" demanded Mrs. Chapman.

"Why, yes, pretty well, only I see the cotton growers give themselves some important airs; but that is because they do not yet understand about cotton manufacturing. I have endeavored to introduce the subject as often as possible, for I hope the mutual benefit we derive from each other will be the means of establishing a confidence between us. However, I confess they are rather reserved."

"Reserved, do you call it," returned Mrs. Chapman, her countenance glowing with indignation. "I do not pretend to know the character of the men, but the women are absolutely scornful. It was only yesterday I made some inquiries of a lady respecting her head dress, and she answered me very rudely. But I hope I mortified her, for I soon after remarked, when her slave came to wait upon her, that I would not, for the universe, have a negro wench tagging after me."

"What do you think of your Southern sisters, Emily?" inquired Mr. Chapman, turning to his ward.

"I think sir," answered the smiling girl, "that they exhibit about the same qualities of the heart and mind our Northern ladies would if placed in a similar situation. The difference of customs, and customs must vary with climate, and education has made us to differ. They complain of their *servants*, and we of our *help*. They talk of selling the *blacks* because of bad behaviour, and we of turning away our *whites* for similar faults. It is true in a circle of Yankee

women, there would be more attempts at literary conversation, more books mentioned and quotations—misapplied ; but then these ladies here have a kind of quietness in their manner, a natural dignity that makes the knowledge they do possess, appear very graceful ; and in canvassing fashions, they certainly have the advantage of us. They do not seem to feel it necessary to make the expense of a thing an object of much conversation. Their remarks are, therefore, more general, and consequently do not appear so trifling as when every yard of ribbon or lace on a dress is measured, and the exact cost computed, as is frequently the case among us in discussions on the reigning modes. Do not think I advocate thoughtless extravagance ; I only believe we may practice economy at home, without continually puffing ourselves for our management when abroad.”

“ Then you do not feel disgusted with the society here, nor intend to keep your chamber,” said Mr. Chapman.

“ O, no, Sir, no,” replied Emily, eagerly. “ I have been highly amused with the new scene ; and I hope to reap some benefit, some improvement from the observations I cannot avoid making. I certainly feel much more interested for these Southern ladies, more as if we are indeed of one country, than I should have done had we never met.”

“ That,” replied Mr. Chapman, with such earnestness, such unaffected sincerity of manner, as almost made his plain, practical remarks appear like eloquence ; “ That will, I trust, be usually the consequence when Americans have an opportunity of mingling together. And if their mineral waters are of little benefit in the restoration of health—I, for one, think their medicinal virtues are vastly overrated ; yet they are of importance in promoting an intercourse, and thus strengthening the harmony between the different sections of our vast country. People from every quarter, will here meet and mingle, and become acquainted ; prejudices will be, in part, overcome, and attachments formed, till we shall feel we have friends, and therefore a personal interest in the prosperity of every state in our Union.”

“ You and Emily may like the place and the people too, if you choose, but I detest both ;” said Mrs. Chapman.

“ Why should you, my dear, form an opinion so different from Emily on this subject ?” asked her husband.

“The ladies are all partial to Emily,” replied the wife, peevishly. “They converse with her freely, but they avoid me.”

“You probably treat them coldly, and take no pains to remove the prejudices they may have formed against the Yankee women.”

“I care nothing for their prejudices, Mr. Chapman. I shall take no pains to gain the favor of those who are guilty of the monstrous wickedness of holding their fellow creatures in slavery. It is a sin in which I would not partake for all the wealth of the Indies !”

“The slave system is wrong I feel as well as you, and an unfortunate thing for the peace and prosperity of our country,” said Mr. Chapman, seriously. “Yet we must not imagine, that because in New England we have no slaves, we are guilty of no sins. But where are those lines you showed me the other day, Emily ? in Burns, I think.”

Emily reached the book, and Mr. Chapman read, in a very exalted tone, to his wife :—

‘ O ! wad some Power the giftie gie us,  
To see *oursels* as other see us,  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us  
An’ foolish notion ;  
What airs in gait and dress could lea’ us,  
And ee’n devotion.’

“There, that verse contains, in my opinion, a more excellent lesson on the necessity of self-examination and humility than many a labored sermon. And now, Mrs. Chapman, if you are not intending to go out this morning, Emily and I will walk to the Springs.”

Any person of reflection, who watches the movements of an assembly of Americans, collected even on their great festivals of rejoicing, will be convinced that the pursuit of mere amusements is incompatible with the feelings and habits of the people. They never appear to lay aside their cares, or give themselves up to the enjoyment of the present pleasure. They are not absorbed by the scene, show or pastime ; they are remarking, reasoning, scheming. There is a restlessness in their movements, (a Yankee rarely sits still in his chair,) an eagerness in their inquiries after news, a kind of impatience as if they felt in a hurry even when they know they have nothing to do. They are like travellers who are looking forward with earnestness to the

next stage in their journey, and feel quite unprepared to rest or enjoy themselves by the way.

But to see this locomotive trait, in the American character, in full activity, go to Saratoga.

Those ladies and gentlemen who assemble there to pass a few weeks in uninterrupted pleasure, display but little of that contented satisfaction which betokens happiness. They manifest more uneasiness than do the valetudinarians, because the latter think there is a necessity, a *reason* for their continuance at the Springs. But the healthy ones are in a constant state of excitement to find pleasure, which prevents them from ever enjoying it. They are therefore restless, and wishing for a change of weather or a change of company, or to visit other places or have the season over, that they may return home.

"I don't think, Emily," said Mr. Chapman, as they crossed the street, and jostled their way amid the throng that were hastening to the fountain, "though I will not find fault with every thing I see as my wife does, yet I don't think those gentlemen and ladies there are so happy as the persons I left at work in my factory. They do not look half as cheerful and gay. Indeed, the observations I have made, have convinced me that employment, some kind of business, is absolutely necessary to make men, or at least our citizens, happy and respectable. This trifling away of time when there is so much to be done, so many improvements necessary in our country, is inconsistent with that principle of being useful, which every republican ought to cherish. Now I never pass through a place without looking out the good building spots, nor do I see a stream of water without thinking whether it has a good site for a mill, or factory, or something of the sort. But here, bless me, 'tis all hurry scurry round to gaze at the wonders, without, I fear, thinking at all. Away they go to Lake George, and Ticonderoga, and perhaps to Niagara, and then to their billiard tables, balls and parties; and after all, they look fatigued and miserably disappointed. I meet with but few that pretend to take much satisfaction in this kind of life, they only say it is necessary as a relaxation—but I guess they will, the most of them, be glad when they are safe at home again. I certainly shall for one. Have you, Emily, seen an object here that will make you regret leaving Saratoga?"

The question was asked at a most unlucky moment, for Emily, on looking up to answer her guardian, beheld standing almost directly before her, his dark, penetrating eyes fastened on her face with an expression of admiration that seemed to send his soul in the glance, a young man whom she had for several preceding days perceived paying her the homage of unceasing, yet respectful, attention, whenever she dared note him at all.

Emily Woodworth had never loved, never seen the man she thought she could love, and she did not think of loving the stranger;—she only thought that he resembled her brother who had died at College—that dear and only brother for whom she had shed so many tears—and she wished the stranger was her brother. There was no harm in such a wish, though it was a little romantic. But now his presence joined with her guardian's abrupt question to embarrass her excessively. She drew her veil as closely over her face as ever did a Turkish lady, and declining to taste the waters, stood with her eyes fixed on the fountain, and watched, with an apparently absorbing interest, the little boys that then officiated to draw up the bubbling and airy liquid which was eagerly drank by the fashionable—for fashion's sake. She did not turn her head, though she knew the young stranger was beside her and expected he was watching for an opportunity to gain her attention.

To a novelist the introduction of these young people would be an easy matter. Emily would only have to drop her handkerchief, which the stranger might pick up and present with a graceful bow, that she must repay with a sweet smile, and then some tender exclamation, or abrupt compliment from him, and their destiny to "live and love forever," would be at once palpable to every reader.

But in this matter of fact sketch, no such lucky accident occurred, and so I shall have to write another page to tell the story. Emily did not drop her handkerchief, or meet with an incident of any kind that required the interference of a stranger; but clasping her guardian's arm with more than her usual care, she walked home without betraying any anxiety to know whether she was followed or observed.

"You look pale and fatigued, Emily," said Mrs. Chapman, as the former threw aside her bonnet. "Do my love sit down here by the window."

Emily took the seat, but a deep flush instantly passed over her cheek as her eye caught some object in the street before her, and she retired to her own apartment saying she was quite well, while Mr. Chapman observed he never saw her look better. On descending to dinner, which Mrs. Chapman declined joining, Emily again saw standing in a position that commanded a view of the door at which the ladies entered, the same young, dark-eyed stranger. He did not, however, offer to approach her; and whether he dined there or not, it was impossible for her to say—she never once looked towards the place he must have occupied.

She was apparently engrossed in listening to the conversation of two gentlemen who sat opposite to her. Their whole discourse might be comprised in this sentiment,—“that *rice* was excellent food—that *rice* was healthy food—that *rice* ought to be a constant dish at every man’s table,” and “that it was wonderful the northern people did not make more account of *rice*.”

“I have made a very valuable acquaintance, I guess,” said Mr. Chapman, as he entered, at a late hour, his wife’s apartment. “Judge Daggett, with whose character you know I am acquainted, asked leave to introduce a gentleman who, he said, wished to be acquainted with me. It was Mr. Henry Sinclair, from North Carolina; he is rather young, but the most sensible and intelligent man I have met at Saratoga. I have been conversing with him all the afternoon, and he has told me the whole method of cultivating cotton, and many other things that the planters have not been very free to talk about. I find too, that he thinks very highly of our Northern country, and would like to see Connecticut. Indeed, he says he intends visiting that State before returning home; and so I have invited him to come to our village and see my cotton factory. I should like, Mrs. Chapman, to introduce him to you and Emily while we are here, and that may induce him more willingly to call on us should he go to Connecticut.”

Mrs. Chapman eagerly assented. She fancied she should appear to excellent advantage when there was not a crowd of ladies around; and she never once dreamed that the gay, and, as she thought her, the childish Emily, would attract the notice of a man who conversed so sensibly and seriously with her husband about plantations and manufactories, &c.

During Mr. Chapman's absence in quest of his new friend, Emily Woodworth changed her seat more than once—even Mrs. Chapman, occupied as she was with the idea of her own importance, observed that something agitated the girl, and carelessly inquired what disturbed her. But Emily, with her usual arch smile, assured her she was not disturbed—and it is not known to this day whether a suspicion, that the dark eyed cavalier was the person her guardian would introduce, ever entered her mind.

Mrs. Chapman was much pleased with Mr. Sinclair, and remarked several times after he had gone, that he was the handsomest and most accomplished Southern man she had seen. "I think him," said she, "a perfect gentleman, and really hope he will come to our village and visit us."

"I presume he will come to our village," said Mr. Chapman, looking at Emily with a most provoking glance of intelligence; "but whether, Mrs. Chapman, he will visit you and I, is, I think, very doubtful."

"Pray, who will he visit then? He said he had no acquaintances there," exclaimed Mrs. Chapman. "Perhaps Emily can guess," said Mr. Chapman. But Emily left the room immediately without attempting to guess.

Henry Sinclair made, as he said, the tour of Connecticut. Certainly he tarried in that state several weeks, and was so delighted with the climate, scenery, society, &c. that he returned the next year, and the next—and then persuaded Emily to accompany him to North Carolina, where he introduced her to his friends as Mrs. Sinclair.

The domestic happiness of this amiable couple is often mentioned by Mr. Chapman, and he declares that, in his opinion, the best method of promoting harmony between the different sections of our Union would be to promote intermarriages among the inhabitants. "There is," he remarks in his humorous manner, "there is, I find, more affinity between the youths and maidens of the North and South, than between cotton growers and cotton manufacturers."

**BAYARD,**

“Without fear, and without reproach,” fell at the head of the French army, when defeated near the Sessia. The traitor Bourbon led the victorious forces.

In vain the rallying trumpet calls!  
 The warrior's work is done;  
 France with her gallant chieftain falls—  
 The brave and stainless one;  
 No more the wavering line he leads,  
 But helpless on the plain he bleeds.

He lies beneath a mighty tree,  
 That shades the field of blood.  
 And now the hostile chivalry  
 Close round him like a flood;  
 And one stern warrior standing by  
 Regards him with a pitying eye.

As leaning on his bleeding hilt,  
 He breathes his dying prayer,  
 To wash away the stains of guilt,  
 His erring heart may bear;  
 He makes his peace with God, and now  
 He lifts his calm and radiant brow.

But when he sees the warrior's gaze  
 Intently bent on him,  
 He feels the fire of earlier days—  
 His eye no more is dim;  
 He bursts the gathering chains of death,  
 And speaks with hard and struggling breath.

“Ah! Bourbon! let thy pitying gaze,  
 Be cast on those that live,  
 To taste the base and withering praise  
 A deed like thine can give.  
 For thou art now a guilty thing,  
 The hireling of a hostile king.

Oh! could those days be ours again  
 When fighting side by side,  
 Our arms in many a battle plain  
 Upheld our country's pride!  
 But now—a bloody doom like mine  
 Is rapture, to a life like thine.”



He dies, before the generous flame  
 Hath left his manly cheek,  
 And that stern warrior's giant frame,  
 Is now like childhood weak;  
 He stands with faint and drooping head,  
 The living quakes before the dead.

The dead hath borne a noble part,  
 In all the battle fray;  
 And France shall treasure in her heart,  
 The memory of this day,  
 That kept her ancient fame so well,  
 When Hæ, her best and bravest fell!

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LINES,

*On a Bird singing at my window during the thunder storm of 30th of June, 1828.*

Hark, the summer bird,—'tis his mellow note,  
 I hear it amid the storm!  
 The lowering clouds in the firmament float  
 And masses of blackness form—  
 And fearfully dark they roll along,  
 Yet ceases not that warbler's song.

He sings in his mirth while the trembling breast  
 Of man with terror quakes—  
 But that beautiful bird in the present blest,  
 No dread of the future shakes;  
 In gladness he warbles his lay divine;—  
 I would, sweet one, that thy lot were mine!

And then would I fly in the stormy hour,  
 To the sheltering forest shades;  
 And I'd sit midst the foliage, while tempests lower,  
 And the light of the sunbeam fades—  
 And lightsome and gay, fairy bird, like thine own,  
 Would I carol my notes till the tempest had gone!

When the last peal has roared, and the waters that gushed  
 From the clouds, their falling shall cease,  
 When the voice of the tempest in silence is hushed,  
 And all shall be calmness and peace—  
 Still, still lovely stranger, thy music prolong,  
 O, still undisturbed pour thy thrilling song!

T. C. O.

## NOVELS.

THE understanding is affected by *facts*, rather than general principles. So testifies the philosopher, when resting upon the stubborn basis of *observation*, he rejects the theories and errors of ages. So feels the student in science, when, unable to comprehend an abstract result, he beholds it illustrated in some familiar appearance in nature. The evidence of his senses is not to be resisted. The scales fall from his eyes without farther pains, and he can as soon forget that fire will burn and water drown, as doubt any farther.

So it is with the heart. The abstract truth, admit it though we may, comes to us with no practical influence. The Philosopher may speculate until we feel glowing within us a kindred rapture for what he has recommended as good and great. But, in most cases, it will end as it begun, in vague and useless emotion only. While one real act of benevolence, one living instance of patriotic self-devotion will kindle a vital fire, burning not merely within the heart, but instantly revealing itself in glorious sympathetic actions. So different in effect is a principle, abstractly stated and its practical illustration. Now the fable is a precept teaching by examples. It applies the lesson of wisdom to the heart, not by proclaiming the rule, but by holding up the illustration. Why is it, that the heart, callous to every other good influence, bleeds and palpitates at the eloquence of the fable? Why is it, that the wretch, dead to the remonstrance of kindred and conscience, and all the ordinary sympathies of his nature, still heaves the sigh, and drops the tear over the fanciful delineations of the fabulist? It is a mistake to suppose that this moral *witchery* consists in administering merely to his imagination and taste. We must seek it in those deep and immutable principles of his nature, which make him neglect principles in their naked form, and look to the practical results; which send him away unaffected by the contemplation of misery in the abstract, and yet impel him to relieve the hunger and nakedness of the living sufferer. We must seek it in the original constitution of man, which has made him susceptible to the impression of *examples*, when precepts have lost their power. *This*, we believe, truly explains the operation of the fable or novel,

as to their practical purposes. The imagination and taste, it is true, must be taken into the account in a well wrought fiction, as distinct sources of power. But poetry, with all her imagery and whole train of sublime and sweet influence, *as such*, has as little perceptible effect upon our lives, as the eloquent speculations of Philosophy. No actual movement towards virtuous conduct is produced by either the one or the other, although both excite in us, for the time being, the enthusiasm of virtue. But we have hardly put ourselves in the posture of action before the glow has passed away; and we are left precisely on the same ground as before; like the statues of the ancient Gladiators, with the upraised arm and advanced foot, in the attitude only of achieving but without the power.

If then we grant that it is a susceptibility of our nature to be moved by example rather than precept, and an advantage to illustrate general truths by instances copied from life, we set the legitimate uses of fiction at a high estimate, and give a value to its influence, to which it may well become the moralist to have an eye. We raise the despised *Novel* to an eminence which overlooks the whole field of human conduct, and we measure its practical effects, as wide and various as the manifold passions of the human heart. There is no one duty to be enforced, nor foible to be shunned; no virtue to be fostered, nor vice to be repressed, which may not come within its scope. And when to this immense moral power, derived from its practical lessons and the adaptation of its instructions to the human mind, be added the distinct influence of the imagination and the uncounted sympathy, which poetry, in its widest sense, always finds in natures the most savage, we must confess that the novel is, or may be, among the mightiest instruments for swaying the heart and guiding the lives of men.

That this its high use has in many instances been either feebly asserted, or blindly forgotten; nay, at times wilfully perverted, is most true. But when we sift from the mass of profligate, or silly, or useless novels, the *few*, which have been of real benefit to the world, the amount of the benefit produced becomes the strongest argument we can urge.

For our proof, we need not confine ourselves to the romance or tale, as suited to the matured mind; but boldly cite the thousand and one story-books of the good *Mr. New-*

*bury*, that friend of children, to which we owe the best and most permanent of our moral impressions. To the *nursery*, then, and *its artless tales*, we at once carry our appeal. Let any man look back to that simple scene, and there retrace the origin of his moral impressions. Let him tell how many of his *desires* to do the right were the result of precepts, formally enjoined—and how many of his *fears* to pursue the wrong, were the effect of prohibitions sternly thrust upon him. Let him say, when it was that he loved best to practice goodness. When he heard it gravely inculcated in the measured accents of wisdom? or when he recognised it in its pure and lovely effects, in the artless tale caught from the lips of maternal affection? When was it that vice seemed to him most to be abhorred? When smarting under the rebuke, with which his childish frowardness has been visited? or when with suppressed breathings and tears indignantly bursting forth, he listened to the story of the “Children in the woods?”

When these questions shall have been satisfied, we will ask him to do away, for a single moment, the moral impressions, derived from associations such as these, which from earliest infancy have grown with him as he has grown, and strengthened as he has strengthened, until they have been moulded into the very elements of his character; and trust alone to the moral convictions which *unassisted rules and abstract truths* may have produced in him, through all his course, from the infant upward to the man:—From what he will conjecture would be his own state, he can imagine the moral condition of the human race, nurtured under a system of cold and barren precepts, and shut out from the genial influence of *example* upon the heart. If, then, the fable thus early has an important bearing on the character of the future man, by distinctly appealing to the known laws of our nature, if our susceptibility to be affected by examples, even in the nursery, contribute so much to the strength of our moral impressions, we greatly elevate the standard, by which we should estimate excellence in fiction; and it becomes us to pronounce, not lightly, the sentence of our praise or censure upon the novelist.

**TO TRINITY CHURCH.**

SACRED and venerable pile!—adieu—  
 Adieu, the hallowed desk and altar too.  
 The sober chancel, column, cornice, nave,  
 And all the solemn thoughts their pageant gave!  
 —Time has restrained his desolating wand,  
 Nor dared, on thee, to lay his mouldering hand;  
 But man's more wasting pride has doomed—nor all  
 Thy ancient grandeur can protect thy fall.  
 A gorgeous fane, to please fastidious eyes,  
 Usurper of thy seat, must here arise;  
 And thou, with all thy consecrated train  
 Of fond associations, ne'er again  
 Shall fill with holy zeal my humble heart,  
 Or to my mind, thy sanctity impart;  
 —Perchance those steps, that to the pulpit led,  
 That desk, from whence the prayers of faith proceed,  
 The lofty pulpit, and the altar's pale,  
 And last and saddest of my pensive tale,  
 The altar too—by sacrilegious hand,  
 Torn from their place and scattered through the land,  
 May, from their blind but blest devotion, stray,  
 And learn with man, his idols to obey;  
 Forget their fealty to the God divine,  
 Bend with the world, round Mammon's hateful shrine,  
 And worship willingly, with altered name,  
 Those selfish deities that service claim.  
 —But still, though scattered thus, loved house of God,  
 Whose sombre aisles my early feet have trod,  
 Though spurned, despised by fashion's idle train,  
 Ne'er shall my heart forget thy ancient fane,  
 Where calm devotion lent her holy power  
 To bless the morning or the evening hour;  
 And my young mind first caught the glimpse of heaven,  
 Shining in golden light of "sins forgiven."  
 Farewell!—when thou art scattered and forgot,  
 And Taste has reared her temple on thy spot;  
 Arrayed in all the charms of classic grace,  
 That artists teach, or cunning skill can trace,  
 Even then my thought thy aspect shall recall,  
 And more than half prefer thy dingy wall,  
 And faded ornaments, so often eyed  
 By our good fathers, in their sober pride,  
 'To the rich edifice of lavish art,  
 That charms the sense, but chastens not the heart.

## FLIRTATION.

“What tender things was Weston whispering in your ‘charmed ear’ last evening, my demure coz? I really felt very like an intruder as I entered the arbour, in search of you—any thing, but being a third person in such”—Mary-Ann Dorr stopped speaking suddenly, as to her surprise she saw her cousin colored deeply, ‘cheek, brow, neck and bosom,’ and fix her eyes on the ground, with an expression of deep embarrassment. There was an appearance of distress, mingled with her emotion, which at once stemmed the tide of raillery, with which she had accosted her. Passing her arm fondly about her neck, she continued, half reproachfully, “I did not think, Helen—that you would have concealed from me your feelings on this subject; me, who you know am interested like yourself in all your concerns;—but I see how it is. Weston has won that good heart of thine; do not deny it, Helen—only be sure it is an even bargain.”—

“I believe I *have* received an equivalent, cousin. I believe that—Edmund does love me—at least if I may judge from his manner—it certainly has long expressed the truest affection. Perhaps it is vanity in me;—but I have thought he was attached to me ever since”—— She hesitated, overpowered with that shame which every delicate woman feels, at owning a preference for which she is not sure of an open, decided, honorable return. With her burning brow covered in her hands, and her whole attitude expressive of the most painful and humiliating confusion, she awaited her cousin’s calm reply. To her, it would be a sentence; so highly did she respect her judgment, and delicacy, and so fearlessly did she trust her heart in her hands.

Helen Clapp was not a vain girl; neither was she peculiarly susceptible;—but her heart was warm and affectionate, and her gratitude for attentions was so intense, that she was ever in danger of feeling too deeply, too devotedly. A painful sense of her inferior claims to personal attractions, contributed perhaps, to enhance this sentiment,—for Helen was never deemed *beautiful*, even by her most partial friends. To those who knew well her ardent and generous disposition—her lofty and pure heart, her cultivated and refined

intellect, her rich, beautiful imagination, she ever appeared lovely: but to strangers, her countenance was even uncomely. A scar on her temple, gave her face a forbidding expression, and years of delicate health had prevented her dark complexion from being enlivened with the rich glow that gives so much beauty to the brunette. When animated by conversation, or agitated with emotion, you would forget that she was not beautiful, so beaming was her face, so expressive and intelligent her large hazel eyes—but as emotion subsided, her features rested in an expression placid, but repelling.

Mary-Ann Dorr knew her perfectly, she thought—but as often happens, the inner feelings of the heart are more apparent to a stranger eye, than to the unsuspecting one of intimate friendship. There was not a gossip in the town, who did not assert the positive engagement of Miss Helen Clapp to young Squire Weston—and not an eye or a heart, which did not truly interpret the smile and the blush that overspread Helen's face, at any allusion to him, save that of the watchful friend, with whom she resided, and who deeming herself fully aware of the terms on which they stood, did not hesitate to contradict the assertion of any undue interest between the parties. Now that she did understand Helen's feelings, she was surprised and distressed.

"I do not wonder, dear Helen, that your good heart is affected by Weston's worth and devoted attention to you; you would not be woman were it otherwise—but I will not, cannot believe it is irrevocably given—until it is openly and honorably claimed. No, my friend—*keep your heart*. Why has not Weston avowed his preference in plain manly terms, and sought you as a high-minded man ought and would do?"

"Dear Mary-Ann—what can I do? I cannot, would not for worlds allow Edmund to think I am waiting for him to offer his hand; I cannot treat him coldly, it would be indelicate, it is impossible." "No; true you cannot. The conquest must be in your own soul; let your manner to him continue as usual: but, as you value your peace of mind, restrain your feelings; regard his professions as idle; do not think of them. It is more necessary than you can imagine, that your affections should be under your own guidance and regulation; necessary not only to your peace, but even to

your purity of mind. Perhaps my ideas on the subject of the 'tender passion,' as it is called, are singular, dear Helen; but I have never considered that heart as very valuable, which is so susceptible as to take an impression from every seal of beauty and manliness it may happen to meet; till its most delicate sympathies, and most beautiful, hidden devotedness, are frittered away by the very variety of the action of that heart. The confession, that we love, cannot be *repeatedly* and *variously* made, even in the chambers of our own souls, without injuring the price and purity of the confession; and to a delicate and reflecting mind, how far deeper and holier is that 'hid treasure' of affection, which wells up from the guarded fountains of years, than the babbling, chining rill, that smiles in the sun, and spends itself in the smile. Pardon my sermon, Helen,—and as I live, here comes the youth himself."

Edmund Weston entered the apartment, with a smile and bow to the cousins; and a very fascinating smile and bow they were. His fine countenance was flushed with exercise, and passing round, he seated himself by Helen, and threw a handful of roses into her lap. There was something so elegant, so graceful, so altogether what is called 'taking' in his manner, that Mary-Ann wondered at her own stupidity in not having foreseen the consequences of an exposure to such fascinations. Weston was one of those gifted beings, who are peculiarly susceptible of all the noble and beautiful in the moral and natural world, who draw intense delight from the hue of a flower, the beaming of a soft star light, whom an expression of friendly interest has power to thrill with pleasure; in short, one whose enjoyments were too deep and ardent, to be called by the usual names that represent them; his friendships were loves; his vexation was deep grief; wounded feeling was an agony. With a mind highly cultivated, a fancy delicate, changing, and glittering as a sunbeam, a store of valuable information on any and every subject, it is not strange that Helen found in his society peculiar charms. When I add, that in his manner to females, there was a devotedness, an earnestness the most flattering to the sex, though, at the same time the most misleading; and that this devotedness had been for the last three months addressed wholly to Helen; who will censure her for believing herself preferred before all other women, or for giving herself up to the delight which the idea afforded her?



Weston loved Helen's society certainly : he thought her superior to any female he had ever known; he fully appreciated the beauty of her mind; and in conversing with her, he felt a sympathy, an union of feeling and tastes, which he had never felt before. I am even inclined to think that for the time, he fancied he loved her; for Weston was "an honorable man;" honorable in the view of his friends and acquaintances, and what was of more importance, in his own. Had any one told him, in so many words, that he was winning Helen's love without designing a return, he would not have believed it of himself: but the gratification of vanity, in seeing himself an object of interest to a high hearted and enthusiastic being, could not be resisted; and then, there was the opiate, "She will never remember it; she is too sensible; too independent; too much accustomed to such attentions to think of them." That lulled the remorseful feeling, which would sometimes seize him, after witnessing the blush and sigh that followed some fervent demonstration of his own regard, and which he could not help seeing was not the calm beaming of friendship. Weston was not blinded; he saw the pleasure with which his society was greeted, above that of a circle of very endeared friends; he could not but see her tastes assimilating themselves to his; he saw her loving the things he loved; and correcting herself of what he deemed faulty in her character. Yet he continued to pay her all those silent and minute attentions, which steal the heart, surely and unconsciously, and trusted to a firmness in Helen's heart, as her safeguard, which he was fatally undermining.

I have digressed thus much, in order, if possible, to give some idea of Weston's real feelings and intentions. His is not a solitary instance; there are many such men cherished in society, nay, who believe themselves worthy, and who would shrink from the imputation of a dishonorable act, as from death. Perhaps, had Weston known the full extent of the mischief his idle vanity had wrought, he would have regretted it deeply, and censured himself severely:—but he never did know it.

I left him seated with the cousins. Mary-Ann left them for some household duty, and Weston was trifling with some beautiful moss roses, binding them among the chesnut curls that hung profusely about Helen's brow, and saying some

very poetical things on the subject of flowers in general, and moss roses in particular. Helen was fond of flowers, as all women should be; and she repeated those lines of a gifted poet, beginning, "The angel of the flowers one day"—with much animation. "There is a story that lingers in my memory, but faintly, which grew out of the custom of affixing ideas to flowers; I believe it is in Berkeley's Romance of *Gaudentis di Lucca*. The Mazzaronians, with a simplicity worthy the early days, used the rose as an emblem of love. A bud accepted, encouraged the dawning of affection in those single hearted beings; a half blown rose was the token of a deeper and dearer feeling; and the acceptance of a full blown rose was considered as binding as the most solemn engagement. I do not know that there was ever a violation of this simple and beautiful compact. The story is one of deep interest, full of fanciful beauty and touching pathos; I will bring it to you, if you will allow me." As Weston spoke he disengaged one of the half blown roses from the cluster, and bending on one knee, with an air of mock gallantry, laughingly offered it to Helen. Nothing could have been easier to an indifferent person, than an acceptance of the proffer, and a sportive rejoinder;—but Helen's mind was full of the conversation that had just passed between herself and her cousin, and her heart rose to her lips in tumultuous emotion. With a suddenness that alarmed Weston, she flung the rose far from her, and rising hastily, and pressing both her hands on her temples, that throbbed to bursting, she sought the silence of her own apartment.

Helen Clapp had a proud, though an affectionate heart; and the suspicion, which for the first time pressed upon her, that she was trifled with, pierced her to the soul. In an agony of wounded feeling and delicacy she passed the night. With the bitter sorrow that comes from the feeling of slighted love, she mingled the degrading thought, that she had given that love unsought; for in the first paroxysm of disappointed affection, she reproached only herself. "It is my own fault. I ought to have received his kindnesses as they were meant; I ought to have seen that they were merely friendship—I—I only am to blame." It was Helen's generous nature spoke; she chose rather to criminate her own imprudence than injure another in thought. I do not acquit Helen Clapp of weakness. Could her heart have been

seen in that bitter struggle, many a weak and wrong thought might have been discovered ; but they were subdued, and the humbled spirit rose calm and pure from the trial.

Helen knew too well the frailty of our best resolves, to trust herself to circumstance or impulse. She separated herself from the friends she loved so much, and removed from the dangerous influence of Weston's attractions. The parting pressure of the hand—so fervent—so speaking; the earnest and imploring glance with which he begged her sometimes to think of him, as he should ever of her; all these and a train of similar thoughts were resolutely banished from her mind, for Helen knew that memory was deceitful and dangerous, as it was delightful, and she was bent on the conquest of herself. In the comparative isolation of her present situation, she found many moments which she would gladly have given to the indulgence of remembered pleasures. Many twilights recalled those, when one very dear walked quietly by her side, or breathed thoughts of deep beauty in her attentive ear. His voice mingled with the tones of her piano ; his pencil traced characters of peculiar grace on the paper before her ; he had so entwined his image with every event, every circumstance that was delightful in retrospect, that she sometimes almost despaired of effecting her object.

A year passed, and she was again with her friend; perhaps her countenance was less animated than in former days, as her person was evidently wasted by mental suffering; yet the cheerful smile was ever ready for her friends, and if there was an effort, it was not evident.

“ And so Rose Elwyn has arrived at last. I had almost despaired of seeing her, she has so long delayed her visit ; she will probably be with us to-night, and I understand she is accompanied by Edmund Weston, as bridegroom elect.” As Mary-Ann made this forced remark, she did not look at Helen, who sat quietly netting by her side, and who made no sort of reply. Curiosity at length overcame her delicacy, and she raised her eyes to Helen's face. Pale as ashes, she sat like a statue, her eyes fixed steadfastly on Mary-Ann, as if she would read her soul : “ Dearest Helen, you are ill ! let me do something for you ; let me give you something,” cried her cousin, now seriously alarmed ;—but Helen did not move or speak ;—she smiled at last, —but such a smile ! So

sad; so full of wo. At length deep drawn sighs and repeated sobs announced returning consciousness, and a heavy gush of tears gave relief to her overcharged spirit: it was the last evidence of weakness, and this was of the frame rather than of the soul.

Imagination has never pictured a lovelier being than Rose Elwyn. Her tiny and graceful form scarce veiled the more beautiful spirit, and in the deep blue of her large melancholy eyes, there was a world of thought and heart. Her voice was melody itself, and though she spoke but little, what she said was always full of sweetness and gentleness. The tint on her cheek was not so deep as the blush rose, and it was ever coming and going with the changes of her soul; a beautiful being she was to gaze on; to worship as the embodying of beauty; and to weep over as one gazed, that so fair a form was so evidently vanishing from earth. As Helen looked on her, she did not marvel that Weston's whole heart was given to her; and though she felt a crushing of the spirit as she saw the well known fascinating smile, and heard the soft tones of a well remembered voice, the hovering form whose anxious affection anticipated the slightest wish; when she saw all this bestowed on another, and felt his altered manner to herself, she quelled the rising of resentment, she buried deeper the memory of wrong. They do not know the heart of woman, who believe Helen had, or ever could, argue herself into indifference for Weston. Hers was a better feeling. She had disciplined her spirit to look calmly on his union with another; to promote it, if in her power; she had overcome the pride of an injured woman, and the principle on which she acted, forbade her to punish the offender.

Weston was thoroughly deceived by the calm and friendly manner in which Helen interested herself in the prospects of the lovers; if the feeling of remorse had ever visited his bosom for the deception he had practised on her mind, it was completely banished. "She could not do this, if she had ever loved me," he thought: but he knew not a female heart. Rose Elwyn was portionless, and though Weston's fortune was sufficient for his own support, or even competent for that of an active and diligent *help-meet*, it was not to be thought of in the present case. Rose was a beautiful and frail plant that needed continual cherishing and

watching, and could not brook the rain cloud or the gust. With some personal sacrifices, Helen was able to place independence in the grateful hand of Rose: by the death of her only near relative she had been possessed of a handsome property, and enough was left for her own limited desires. When all obstacles were removed to the union of her friends; when she had seen the eloquent face of Weston glowing with delight, and the touching beauty of Rose gratefully beaming with feeling, and knew and felt that it was her own work, she blessed God that she had been able to "overcome evil with good."

The sweet blossom which Weston had gathered and placed in his bosom, drooped in the sun of happiness; the dew of affection could not refresh it; it bent in fragrance to the earth; and in one short year from the hour that Rose Elwyn had left the village a blooming bride, she was laid to her rest.

Many years have now passed, and Helen is no longer young; a plain muslin cap covers the ringlets which now are not glossy or dark; and the large brilliant eyes have become so dependent, as to seek aid in a manner the most unfavorable to good looks. You may see about the mouth a chastened expression that betokens an habitual struggle with sorrow, but the forehead remains bland and fair as youth. The active exercise of Christian duty, the habit of making others happy, has imparted to her countenance, "a something than beauty dearer;" a softness, a benevolence which in her happy days she had not. Many hearts has she made glad, many lips has she wreathed with smiles, many grateful beings look to her as the means of their felicity. True, she is an old maid;—true, she sometimes sighs, as she enters the dwellings of domestic love, and witnesses the beautiful charities which grow out of those relations only; but she does not repine; and the tear of regret that glitters for a moment on her pale cheek, is succeeded by the upward glance of gratitude.

I have never asked Helen, why she did not accept the hand that Weston offered her some twenty years since; the sentiment that impelled her, for perhaps it could hardly be called a *reason*, will find an echo in many hearts.

**SUMMER MORNING.**

How comes, yon cool white cloud,  
Sailing majestic in the upper air,  
Bringing no thunders loud,  
Nor lightnings fierce to scorch its bosom fair!

But silent and serene,  
With peaceful shadow bathing the hot earth,  
Giving to all its green  
And holy places, good and sober mirth.

How heave the vigorous trees,  
And the low grasses toss their withering blades;  
When comes the wandering breeze,  
Seeking the freedom of the pleasant glades.

Near vale and distant hills,  
The mimic heaven by the lake's clear flood,  
Wear such deep joy as fills  
The grateful heart that feels a present good.

So, Sister, over me,  
Fevered with care and bowed with heavy fears,  
Come pleasant thoughts of thee,  
And thy heart's beauty, till I weep sweet tears.

And as the wakening life  
Of mirror lake, smooth hill, and trembling leaf,  
So my whole heart is rife  
With sober joy, and then I have no grief.

INIZ.

**THE PORT-FOLIO.**

Whether the following communication was confidential, or otherwise, did not appear; but as its insertion in the Magazine was the easiest method that occurred to us of explaining to our readers the manner by which we became possessed of the "Scraps from a Port-folio," and also the matter which the said literary hoard may be expected to

contain, we concluded to publish it. We feel much obliged to J. Mist, (descended probably from the *children* of the mist, that so cordially received the worthy Dalgetty,) and hope he will take no offence at the appearance of his letter, or dialogue, or whatever he intended its name should be.

ED.

*To the Editor of the Ladies' Magazine.*

MADAM,—I have somewhere seen, in relation to literature, the following observation—"That a little importation from foreign markets may be good, but the home production is the chief thing to be looked to."—The truth of the proposition struck me more forcibly, perhaps, from the fact that I am an advocate of the "American System," and think it shame, while we boast of manufacturing our "umbrellas," and "hats," *for* the head, we cannot manufacture our books *from* the head.

"If our men and women of genius would exert themselves," said I to my friend, "we might soon have lots of books from the pens of our own people, and form a library here, in the goodly city of Boston, which would far outnumber in volumes, the famous one at Alexandria."

"Yes, and the books doubtless would make as good fuel," said my friend dryly.

"And no faint praise, neither," I replied. "That library owes its celebrity mainly to its destruction. We have a curiosity now about those old books, because they were burnt; if we had them by us, we should probably throw them in the fire. One half our modern books need an Omar to give them the light of fame."

"And yet you are wishing to see them multiplied."

"I wish to see the genius of Americans elicited, and rewarded. It mortifies me, to find so little of the pride of talents among my countrymen; to see avarice so completely engross and narrow the minds of the people. Because an English novel, or poem, can be re-printed here without subjecting the publishers to expense for the copy-right, the efforts of our writers are so inadequately remunerated, that those who devote themselves to literary pursuits, should have the courage and faith of martyrs—for the pains of martyrdom they must undergo. They will be roasted in the flames of criticism, without any reward, save the faint

hope that their "longings after immortality" may be gratified."

"And why, when you know all this, will you advise an American to attempt authorship?" inquired my friend.

"For the credit of his country. Every person, conscious of talents, should exert them, whether rewarded or not, whether applauded or not. The spirit of emulation, and inquiry, will thus be fostered among the intelligent; and the community will sometime, I hope, awaken to the importance of encouraging our native literature."

"You expect too much from patriotism," said my friend, shaking his head with a true lord Burleigh air of wisdom.

"I think not; certainly, present appearances are favorable to my theory. Look at the "Reviews," "Magazines," and other periodicals. Do you imagine the writers for those works are, or ever expect to be, adequately paid for their labors?" said I.

"No; but patriotism has nothing to do in the affair. Many of the articles are furnished from motives of private friendship, or benevolence, to encourage an individual in some favorite, or, perhaps, necessary enterprise. Thus, I understand, the articles for the "Ladies' Magazine," which have been contributed, are offered by the friends of the editor, without expectation of reward, save the consciousness of aiding one who is in need of assistance. What delicate generosity! We may truly call such acts the benevolence of exalted minds."

"Have you," I inquired, "contributed to that work?"

"I have not, nor have I any thing to offer, save scraps; for never, in my life, could I write a connected story, or finish an essay, or correct a poem. My *port-folio* is filled with papers, and on as great a diversity of subjects, as procured for the younger Tasso the compliment of being "philosopher, orator, logician, critic, and poet;" but unfortunately, to the epithet of "excellent," my writings would not, like his, have any manner of claim. There is not, I believe, a single article, perfect in all the requisites that criticism demands for a finished specimen; not one that has beginning, middle, and end."

I shall not, Madam, recount all the arguments and persuasions I used, to induce my friend to allow me to select from his medley of literature, what I might deem



proper for your miscellany. Suffice it to say, I at last prevailed. The Port-folio, stuffed like a Thanksgiving turkey, is in my possession, and I shall, occasionally, dispense a little of the sweet, or piquant contents—the poetry to be likened to a perfume after a Turkish meal, and the prose to be savory forced meat, at the feasts of your readers, who, by the way, are allowed to dine no oftener than though they lived in the moon. One stipulation is necessary. I shall not permit alterations. What I furnish, must be printed *verbatim et literatim*; and what cannot, on these terms, be admitted, may be sent to the post office, wrapped in an envelope, and directed to

J. MIST.

P. S. I might have claimed a title, and as long a string of &c.'s as Professor —; but I hate titles. They are the foppery of republicans, and glad am I to see the ladies are signifying their disgust at this, our poor mimicry of courtly style, and kingly governments.

J. M.

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### SCRAPS FROM A PORT-FOLIO.

#### ECONOMY.

This is the cabalistic word of Americans. It is used by all classes, and found useful in all cases. The politician, when he would secure a snug office, and good salary for himself, has only to boast of his skill in promoting “national economy.” The man of business, when asked to tell the secret by which he has lured his neighbor’s gold to his own coffers, whispers, “’tis economy !”

The divine, when urging the necessity for an increase of salary, always alludes to his “economy.”

The farmer and mechanic owe all their wealth and importance to the successful “practice of economy.”

The ladies are thorough economists. You will meet with none who advocate extravagance, however unthinkingly they may practice it. The truth is, the women know the potency of the word, as perfectly as do the men, and that to secure a rich husband, it is necessary to *talk* of

economy. Hence, those who always purchase “the dear and far-fetched” materials for their dresses, will tell you it is “good economy;” because of their superior durability, color, lustre, form, or some other excellence; never taking into account how soon they may become unfashionable. The miss, who displays her India wrought shell combs, will say, that her mother thinks such far more *economical* than horn, because girls will be more careful to preserve them. The next day, perhaps, her comb is sent to have a tooth replaced. In short, economy in our practice, if not language, quite as often means spending as saving. Persons without a judicious and methodical system of regulating their expenses according to their income, seem to imagine that the practice of some little, mean, paltry act, or management, by which they do not save sixpence, is economy. They will feast the rich—’tis hospitality. They will cheat the poor—’tis economy. In short, economy, as it is now understood in our community, appears to be a literal following of the old proverb; take care of the pence, and let the pounds take care of themselves. “Order is heaven’s first law,” and whoever boasts of economy, except it is in conformity to a system that has justice for its basis, and then has reference to the best good of the individual, family, or country, for whom the plan was framed, is not an economist.

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LONELINESS.

Go, plunge in the depths of the forest’s gloom,  
 Or traverse the sea-beaten shore,  
 Or linger alone by the ruined tomb,  
 Or list to the night-winds roar.—

And lonely thoughts may haunt thee then,  
 But never so sad will they be,  
 As when ’mid the crowded cities of men,  
 Where *all* are strangers to thee.

For God seems present when man is alone,  
 And the spirit on Him relies;  
 But when ’mid the human world we’re thrown,  
 The heart asks human ties.

## PREFACE TO A STORY.

“Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh.”

If truth is wisdom, the wisest of men never made a wiser speech. What can be more irksome, than to be engaged to furnish so many sheets of original matter, precisely by a given time, and feel that responsibility which forbids you to violate the promise? You may have an aching head, or an empty head, but neither will excuse you from the task. The warmth of the atmosphere may oppress you with languor, the east wind give you the vapors—no matter, you must write. The beautiful weather may entice you abroad, and some kind friend second the invitation of nature, but, unless your literary labor is finished, you must refuse both. Or, if you do go, every scene and circumstance must be remembered, with reference to the unfinished poem, or the projected tale.

Some solitary instances may be named, where genius has borne authors above the attractions and hindrances of this gross world. These favored ones seem to float in a pure element of fancy, and scarce require an effort to expedite their progress. But old Michael Scott was hardly more of the necromancer, that is, he hardly performed more wonders, and certainly never described half the wonders as hath the *novel* Sir Walter Scott. As well might the poor Magazine and Album writers, hope to imitate the one as the other.

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The story that should have followed the above judicious preface, was wanting; but stories are now as plenty as blackberries, and the omission will not be regretted, except by young men who are in love, and young ladies who wish for lovers.

The last scrap I shall offer, is an extract from a letter, which, I presume, was not the production of my friend. From the appearance and sentiments of the epistle, I concluded it was written by a woman, to some friend in affliction. Perhaps it may have an interest for those who are suffering a like bereavement. Neither will it be unprofitable.

ble for the gay daughters of prosperity, to reflect, that though rejoicing now, there will assuredly come a "time to weep."

J. MIST.

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EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

Believe me, my dear Mrs. —, I do sincerely sympathise in your affliction, and, were I near, I would call and weep with you ; but I was sensible my *written* condolence would have no tendency to calm your grief, till the first bitterness of a mother's lamentation for her lost child had passed. I have never endured a like bereavement ; but I know full well, all those anticipations of future happiness our fond hearts are forming, while we hush our little ones to rest on our bosoms, or fly to attend their first awakening call of "mother !" O, there is not in our language, a single word, that awakens so many tender and endearing associations in the human mind, as that one term, *mother* !

Might the objects of this fond attachment always realize the parent's expectations ; might they live, and be what her ardent wishes would make them, the mother would think her cup of earthly happiness filled to overflowing. But this intenseness of feeling, directed to one pursuit, this concentration of love towards a fading and transitory flower, is not in accordance with that command, which has forbidden us to make to ourselves idols. Often, when reflecting how large a share of my heart and thoughts my children occupy, I shrink and tremble, lest they may be taken from me, that I may learn they are not my own.

But are there not, to those who mourn for their little ones, some peculiar consolations ? Will the Saviour, who, while on earth, so kindly took "little children in his arms and blessed them," ever banish them from his presence in heaven ? O ! no—the mother's heart never doubts, it cannot doubt, but "the promise of eternal life" is secure to "little children."

And is there not, my dear friend, a consolation in reflecting that your son, thus early summoned away, has only breathed the fresh balmy air of the morning of life ; that the sickening, the contaminating atmosphere of the selfish and sinful world, never withered the buds of innocence in his heart, or left the mildew stains of guilt on his young

soul; that his spirit has passed, pure as it was breathed from above, into the presence of his God? And more than all, is it not consoling to reflect, that He who came to save the world, has declared, in reference to children, that "of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

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**THE PERI AND THE GEM.**

A Peri, from her bower of light  
 And flowers, had wandered far,  
 Checking, at length, her weary flight,  
 With but our misty earth in sight  
 And love's bright beaming star—  
 "O, can"—she cried, "yon dark orb be  
 "Th' abode of her I seek to see!

"They say she is like Peri fair,  
 "That young clay-moulded one,  
 "And hath a *gem* can banish care,  
 "Whose living light should we compare  
 "With lustres of the sun,  
 "No more of likeness would be given,  
 "Than if we called yon earth a heaven.

"Love's star—were that but named her home,  
 "I might believe the tale;  
 "But o'er the dark cold world to roam—  
 "—"Twere seeking pearls on ocean's foam,  
 "Or diamonds on the gale—  
 "No, never was such Gem bestowed  
 "On dweller in earth's dark abode."

But now her wing pressed down she felt;—

A lowly cot was there,  
 Within, a fair young Maiden knelt,  
 And childhood, saved from wo and guilt,  
 Joined in her soft-breathed prayer—  
 "Ah!" cried the Peri—"now the *gem* I see,  
 "The priceless *gem* of woman's charity."

CORNELIA.

## FRAGMENT OF A DREAM.

THE moon was bright, and not one darkening cloud  
 Moved o'er the spot where I, reclined, sate weeping,  
 There passed a figure in a death-bed shroud,  
 And in its arms an infant boy lay sleeping.

Methought I tried to clasp it—'twas but air  
 That met my outstretched arms, and more I wept  
 To see those well known figures standing there,  
 Who still their melancholy silence kept.

The lovely babe was *mine*—his pallid cheek  
 Lay pillowed on his father's clay-cold breast—  
 I knew my child, and twice essayed to speak—  
 But closer to that bosom was he prest !

At length I said—" My Frederick for thee,  
 I left my native country and my home,  
 With thee I crossed the wide tempestuous sea,  
 Amid uncertainty and fear, to roam.

And wilt thou not one look of feeling cast ?  
 Say, can'st thou not thy hand in love extend  
 To her who loved thee, watched thee to the last ?  
 To her who was thy surest, latest friend.

I heard no sound, I heard no kind reply—  
 But there he stood—so cold and passionless ;  
 No beam lit up his fixed and glassy eye,  
 To smile upon my widowed loneliness."

No soft, endearing clasp of love and joy,  
 Was given his mother from her angel-boy,  
 But damp those clustering curls of golden hair,  
 That lay in moveless—perfect beauty there—

And over all, such death-like silence dwelt!  
 I rose in agony of heart and knelt  
 Before them—then a sudden moonbeam shone  
 Bright o'er their fading figures—they were gone.

A. W. T.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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“AMERICAN COMMON PLACE BOOK OF PROSE.”—The selections that form this interesting volume, are from the pens of our most popular and patriotic writers; and, generally speaking, the articles are highly creditable, not only to their respective authors, but to American taste and literature.

Mr. Goodrich is unwearied in his exertions, to introduce a relish and regard for the productions of our own writers, and we sincerely hope his efforts will not be in vain. It is the best means of stimulating our writers of talent to persevere in their attempts. While English works are republished, and read, and praised, and *paid* for exclusively, what can tempt our people to write at all, would be matter of astonishment, did we not know, that those who feel the scribbling mania, are not usually, even allowing them to be Yankees, very careful to calculate consequences, or, sagacious in *guessing* what would be the result and reward of their own labours.

We hope that, though the various authors, from whose works the selections that have contributed to make the Common Place Book a very respectable volume, have never been adequately rewarded, that the enterprising publisher of these extracts will not suffer such discouragement. However, there is not much reason to fear such a result; the work will, undoubtedly, be extensively patronised.

“THE COURSE OF TIME.—A Poem—by Robert Pollok.” This book is a very singular production, whether we regard the character of the age, or the age of the author. At a period of life, when to sport among the roses of literature, and gather a wreath from the bright gardens of fiction, would have seemed a congenial pursuit, the writer has resolutely relinquished the flowery path, and sought through nature and revelation, to find “severely sifting out the essential *truth*.” To impress on the minds of his readers the *truth*, as it appeared to him, was his grand object; and wonderfully has he succeeded.

No person can read the poem, without being struck by the power which the simple truth possesses, when breathed from the soul of one who feels its importance, to awe, agitate, and interest the human mind. We would not be understood as speaking with any sectarian reference. The images, descriptions, and characteristics, with which the work abounds, are of a kind that must come home to the heart and feelings of every individual who bears, whether from birth or profession, the name of Christian.

That the aim of the author was to do good by his exhibitions of the “naked human heart,” no reader will doubt. His solemn invocation at once reveals the predominant passion of the bard;—

“Hold my right hand, Almighty! and me teach  
To strike the lyre, but seldom struck, to notes  
Harmonious with the morning stars, and pure

As those of sainted bards, and angels sung,  
Which wake the echoes of eternity—  
That fools may hear and tremble, and the wise  
Instructed listen, of ages yet to come.”

We shall say nothing of the plan of this poem ; that may be applauded, or censured, by different sects ; but the beauties and sublimities of this masterly production, must and will be admired by all who have taste and feeling.

We should like to quote many specimens of his peculiar manner of delineating characters ; but our limits will not permit it. We select *childhood*, as being of that class, which cannot fail to interest our own sex.

—“ No tongue shall tell what bliss o'erflowed  
The mother's tender heart, while round her hung  
The offspring of her love, and lisped her name ;  
As living jewels dropt unstained from heaven,  
That made her fairer far, and sweeter soem,  
Than every ornament of costliest hue.  
And who hath not been ravished, as she passed  
With all her playful band of little ones,  
Like Luna, with her daughters of the sky,  
Walking with matron majesty and grace ?  
All who had hearts, here pleasure found : and oft  
Have I, when tired with heavy task, for tasks,  
Were heavy in the world below, relaxed  
My weary thoughts among their guiltless sports ;  
And led them by their little hands afield ;  
And watched them run and crop the tempting flower,—  
Which oft, unasked, they brought me, and bestow'd  
With smiling face, that waited for a look  
Of praise, and answered curious questions, put  
In much simplicity, but ill to solve ;  
And heard their observations strange and new,  
And settled whiles their little quarrels, soon  
Ending in peace, and soon forgot in love.  
And still I looked upon their loveliness ;  
And sought through nature for similitudes  
Of perfect beauty, innocence, and bliss.  
And fairest imagery around me thronged :—  
Dew-drops at day-spring on a seraph's locks ;  
Roses that bathe about the well of life ;  
Young Loves, young Hopes, dancing on Morning's cheek ;  
Gems leaping in the coronet of love :  
So beautiful, so full of life, they seemed  
As made entire of beams of angels eyes.  
Gay, guileless, sportive, lovely, little things !  
Playing around the den of sorrow, clad  
In smiles ; believing in their fairy hopes ;  
And thinking man and woman true : all joy :  
Happy all day, and happy all the night.”

We have read many descriptions attempting to portray the appearance of men in that great *day*, “ for which all other days were made,” but we never saw any thing that could compare with the one in the book before us. There is no artificial heightening of circumstance ; no attempt to impose horrors on the fancy, at which the understanding would revolt ; it seems a “ plain, unvarnished tale” of what will



assuredly be; and yet the person who can read it unmoved, must have strong nerves, or a stout heart.

Take one picture more, and would it might influence the women of this fair land to strive earnestly to realize the vision of the poet.

—“ Her house  
Was ordered well; her children taught the way  
Of life—who, rising up in honour, called  
Her blest. Best pleased to be admired at home,  
And hear reflected from her husband's praise,  
Her own, she sought no gaze of foreign eye.  
His praise alone, and faithful love, and trust  
Reposed, was happiness enough for her.  
Yet who that saw her pass, and heard the poor  
With earnest benedictions on her steps  
Attend, could from obeisance keep his eye,  
Or tongue, from due applause. In virtue fair,  
Adorned with modesty, and matron grace  
Unspeakable, and love—her face was like  
The light, most welcome to the eye of man;  
Refreshing most, most honored, most desired  
Of all he saw in the dim world below.  
As Morning when she shed her golden locks,  
And on the dewy top of Hermon walked,  
Or Zion hill—so glorious was her path:  
Old men beheld, and did her reverence,  
And bade their daughters look, and take from her  
Example of their future life: the young  
Admired, and new resolve of virtue made.  
And none who was her husband asked: his air  
Serene, and countenance of joy, the sign  
Of inward satisfaction, as he passed  
The crowd, or sat among the elders, told.  
In holiness complete, and in the robes  
Of saving righteousness, arrayed for heaven,  
How fair, that day, among the fair, she stood!  
How lovely on the eternal hills her steps!

We recommend the perusal of *The Course of Time* to all who admire the *truth* in sentiment and description; beautiful, sublime, yet, we must confess, at times, awful and appalling truth.

“*THE STORM.*”—JOHN WILLIAMS.—“*MARION WILDER.*”—*Bowles & Dearborn.* It is not probable that the mere novel reader, will deem the little books named above, as of sufficient importance to merit a niche among “literary notices.” But it is particularly our intention to encourage *useful* literature; and, when we find young ladies, who might, perhaps, would they attempt it, write a novel that would merit a labored review, devoting their time and talents, to the humble, yet, nevertheless, important task, of preparing books suitable for children, and thus aiding the grand, and to Americans, the sacred cause of education, we deem such a proceeding worthy of notice and praise.

Miss Dix, the author of “*The Storm, &c.*” has written several books, whose titles we have not mentioned, but from examination, recommend her writings to the patronage of parents—to children they will need no recommendation.

"THE CHRISTIAN TEACHER'S MANUAL."—This little work, to be published monthly, is designed for families and Sunday Schools. The plan we think good, and the execution, thus far, deserving of much praise. The establishment of Sabbath Schools, is a remarkable feature in modern instruction. Its effects on the moral world, cannot yet be fully realised, but, judging from appearances, we may hope great and glorious results. The system, however, though pursued with zeal, has not, as yet, in our country, been productive of such sensible benefits, as among the uneducated populace of Europe. This difference has, undoubtedly, arisen in consequence of the better previous education of our children. They needed not to be taught to *read*, and in imparting religious instruction, too much time has been devoted to recitations from the bible. The memory has thus been loaded, without improving the mind, or deducing those practical lessons that, by affecting the heart, influence the conduct of children. We are glad to see that a different method is becoming popular; and we think the publication before us, will have an excellent effect in disseminating improved and liberal views on the subject of religious instruction, and in promoting harmony and concert among the friends of "little children." We would particularly recommend the plan and operation of the Franklin Sabbath School, to the consideration of teachers, and parents. The book is worthy of the patronage it will doubtless receive from the Christian community, and we take pleasure in adding, it is worthy the talents and character of the amiable lady by whom it is conducted.

"EARLY IMPRESSIONS."—"TEMPTATION, or *Henry Morland*."—"THE DAINY BOY."—"THE SHOWER."—*Bowles & Dearborn*. These little books are, we learn, the productions of Mrs. Cleaveland, and, truly, they do her much credit. We hardly recollect to have read a book, designed for children and youth, with which we were better pleased, than with that placed at the head of this list. The others are also well written, and will prove useful auxiliaries to those mothers, who are seriously engaged in the important task of educating their children.

A DISCOURSE ON THE GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF THE REV. HORACE HOLLEY—*With an Appendix*. Whatever dissimilarity of opinion may exist relative to the correctness of the peculiar religious tenets of Dr. Holley, no doubts of the power and brilliancy of his mind, of his superior talents and genius, will be entertained by any person who peruses attentively his "Memoirs." Neither will it be questioned that he possessed, with his transcendent abilities, the inclination, the ardent wish to be extensively useful. These conclusions will not be drawn from the opinion of his eulogist, though Doctor Caldwell has ably performed that very delicate, and in this case, important office. We see at once in the beginning of Doctor Holley's career, the stirrings of that enterprising, energetic, original and lofty spirit which "gives the world assurance of a man." But we have no intention of giving even a brief abstract of the life of this eminent individual—whoever feels a deep interest in the display of American talent, genius and character, for the subject of these "memoirs," in his predilections and exertions was truly American, will not fail to read the work. It is the part which the wife of the deceased has performed, that engages our attention and must chiefly occupy our notice.

Mrs. Holley assisted in preparing the Appendix ; indeed it was mostly written or selected by her, and it certainly may be matter of triumph to those who are engaged in promoting female education, and showing the utility of the intellectual influence of woman, to observe how well she has performed her part. Neither does it at all derogate from her merit as a writer, to assert that she must have learned of him whom she attempted to portray. Intimate acquaintance with a superior mind may awaken the energies, elevate the thoughts, direct the pursuits, but it cannot impart intellect. The woman who exhibits superior talents must have inherited them from nature. She may be indebted to the superior education of her husband, (men always have the advantage there,) for the improvement of her taste ; she would undoubtedly with pride and pleasure acknowledged his assistance ; but nevertheless she must have received from nature the inspiration of genius—and that in no stinted measure.

In adverting to the characteristic traits of the deceased, those peculiar exhibitions of talent, which he early displayed, it is acknowledged that Dr. Holley, in mind, resembled his father. But there are some observations and notes on the subject, which we think will be interesting to our readers. These we shall quote, only remarking, that if the opinion, that eminent men usually derive their superior genius from the mother, should, after due investigation, be found to be sufficiently supported by circumstances, to warrant a belief in its general correctness, the question respecting the mental equality of the sexes will be, at once, decided. Or, if there be a difference, the balance will be in favor of the women. Those who transmit genius, must possess it.

But natural brilliancy of talents is but of little avail, without strict and judicious cultivation. Perhaps the mental superiority, evinced by the men who are named as illustrious examples, was more the effect of this early judicious training, than any inherent, uncommon capacity of mind. Would it not be wise for every mother so to consider it, and adopt such a method of instruction with her child, and *persevere* in it too, as shall give her the praise of eliciting his talents, and directing his energies to the pursuit of excellence ? Should her son become eminent in consequence of her instruction, and virtuous example, she will deserve a higher compliment, than if he merely derived his genius from her superior abilities.

“ It is an interesting question, and one that has given rise to much curious speculation, How does an individual inherit his genius ? That it is an inheritance, though greatly modified by the circumstances which repress or foster its growth, all must allow. Some very intelligent persons earnestly contend that every superior man must have had a superior mother. However that may be—the author would choose to exemplify rather than contradict it—it is certain that the example, which to us is illustrious in all things, is an eminent instance in point. All know the mother of Washington. Fisher Ames, also, had a distinguished mother, and Mrs. Adams, the mother of our present chief magistrate, was remarkable for strong powers of mind. Would that all intelligent mothers and intelligent fathers had such sons !

From a number of facts, a few of which we shall select for the purpose of illustration, it will appear remarkably striking, that such an inheritance is more generally derived from the maternal than the paternal side. In the examples to be adduced, a selection has been made with a view to the different varieties of mental superiority, and the following comprehends philosophers, poets, historians, and orators :—

‘ LORD BACON.—His mother was daughter to Sir Anthony Cooke. She was skilled in many languages, and translated and wrote several works, which displayed learning, acuteness, and taste.

**HUME**, the historian, mentions his mother, daughter of Sir D. Falconer, President of the College of Justice, as a woman of "singular merit," and who, although in the prime of life, devoted herself entirely to his education.

**R. B. SHERIDAN**.—Mrs. Frances Sheridan was a woman of considerable abilities. It was writing a pamphlet in his defence, that first introduced her to Mr. Sheridan, afterwards her husband. She also wrote a novel highly praised by Johnson.

**SCHILLER**, the German Poet.—His mother was an amiable woman. She had a strong relish for the beauties of nature, and was passionately fond of music and poetry. Schiller was her favorite child.

**WILLIAM PITT**.—Son of the great Lord Chatham.

**GUETHE** thus speaks of his parents;—"I inherited from my father, a certain sort of eloquence, calculated to enforce my doctrines on my auditors; from my mother I derived the faculty of representing all that the imagination can conceive, with energy and vivacity."

**LORD ERSKINE**'s mother was a woman of superior talent and discernment; by her advice her son betook himself to the bar.

**THOMSON**, the poet.—Mrs. Thomson was a woman of uncommon natural endowments, possessed of every social and domestic virtue, with a warmth and vivacity of imagination scarcely inferior to her son's.

**BOERHAVE**'s mother acquired a knowledge of medicine not often to be found in females.

**SIR WALTER SCOTT**.—His mother, Elizabeth, daughter of D. Rutherford, was a woman of great accomplishments and virtue. She had a fond taste for, and wrote poetry, which appeared in print in 1789.

We might further mention the mother of Marmontel, of Bonaparte, of Sir William Jones, and a host of others. But a sufficient number has been given, we think, to show, that in a great majority of cases, eminent men have derived their talents from either parent, and that it is a remarkable circumstance, that such inheritance is most generally from the maternal side."

Charles Caldwell is a man of talents, a scholar, and yet but few will peruse this work without assigning to the portion furnished by Mrs. Holley an equal, if not superior station, considered merely in a literary view, with that of the accomplished M. D. The superior *interest* of the part written by the wife will be universally acknowledged. There is a peculiar elevation, almost a sanctity imparted to the efforts of woman's genius, when thus, by conjugal affection, employed to preserve the lineaments of the mind and character of him who in life was "her pride and boast." Mrs. Holley has shown her devotedness to the memory of her husband, more affectingly, than if she had mingled his ashes in her cup, and drank them, to keep his remains ever near her heart. She has embodied his thoughts in language, and given a record to his talents and virtues, that will be a more durable monument to his praise and fame, than if she had reared a tomb like that of Mausolus. What sacrifices, what exertions, will not an affectionate and intelligent woman make to promote the happiness and the glory of the man she loves! But those who would deprive her of genius, and debar her from a participation in intellectual pursuits, would destroy half her power to bless, half her ability to be useful.

We have space for but one extract more—the exquisitely touched picture of the decease of Dr. Holley:—

"Rest and quietness were out of the question. A still, dark room, a bed of suitable dimensions, with constant and careful attendants—any one circumstance included in the word *home*, had been more than luxury. Let those who would learn the full meaning of that dearest of all names, experience a distressing, paralyzing illness

at sea, and they will know its full import. Hitherto no one had expressed a fear of dangerous disease on board, so little do we feel and understand impending evil. It now became calm, and there was time and opportunity to attend to the suffering and helpless. The danger of Dr. Holley's situation became too apparent. His eyes were half closed, his mind wandering. The same medicines were repeated, the doses doubled, and all other means of relief applied, which the kind hearted, though unskilled, in their goodness could command. The disease, which in its early stages might perhaps have been checked, had now acquired force and strength, and soon triumphed over one of the finest of constitutions, as well as most brilliant of intellects. The fifth of the disease, and the thirty-first of the month, was the fatal day.

The sun rose in all the brightness and intense heat of a tropical region. It was a dead calm. Not a breath of air skimmed the surface of the sea, or fanned the burning brow of the sufferer. The writer of this article, who still lay in silent anguish, a speechless spectator of the scene, expected, while conscious of any thing but distress, to be the next victim, and who, losing at times even all sense of suffering in the womanish feeling occasioned by the circumstance of there not being a female hand to perform the last sad offices of humanity, has a confused recollection of horror, of the solemn looks of the passengers pacing to and fro upon the deck, of a deathlike stillness, broken by groans, and half uttered sentences, and of a little soft voice trying to soothe the last moments, and to interpret the last accents of his dying parent. All this she heard, without sense enough to request to be carried to the spot, or to realize that it meant death. When the groans and spasms had ceased, it seemed to be only a release from pain, a temporary sleep. When all was hushed, and the report of pistols, and the fumes of burning tar announced the fatal issue, trusting in that Divine Being, into whose presence she expected soon to be ushered, believing, as far as reflection had exercise, that the separation was but for a little space, she heard, with the firmness of despair, and with silent awe, the parting waters receive the scarce breathless form of him who had been her pride and boast, as he had been the admiration of all to whom he was known—his winding sheet a cloak, his grave the wide ocean, his monument the everlasting Tortugas—all this she heard and lives."

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry to find, there is some dissatisfaction manifested, at the course we have thought best to pursue, relative to articles offered for insertion in the Ladies' Magazine. We concluded it unnecessary to notice, either with compliment, comment, or censure, every contribution received. Many pieces are sent us, which, although evincing talent, are not sufficiently correct, to suit the taste of our readers. We feel obliged to those, who thus, voluntarily, proffer assistance; but we must not gratify our private feelings, by attempting to oblige friends, or correspondents, at the expense of hazarding the reputation of the work we have undertaken to conduct. But it is said, writers are kept in suspense, and this to young authors, eager with the hope of soon reaching the temple of fame, is a terrible tantalizing affair. For the future, there shall be limits to this uncertainty. Articles that are neither inserted in the Magazine, or announced as to appear within the period of three months from the date of their reception, may, by all concerned in the event, be considered as rejected.

# LADIES' MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

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No. IX.

## DREAMS.

—————"Sleep hath its own world,  
And a wide realm of wild reality ;  
And dreams in their development have breath,  
And tears, and torture, and a touch of joy ;  
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,  
They take a weight from off our waking toils,  
They do divide our being : they become,  
A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
And look like heralds of eternity ;  
They pass like spirits of the past—they speak  
Like sybils of the future."

IN a miscellany so expressly devoted to the ladies, I have sometimes wondered that no "essays on the art of divining future events" should be found. This omission is undoubtedly to be ascribed to the wilful negligence of our literati, who, conscious of the arduous task, have not dared to meddle with a subject usually considered so far beyond the ken of ordinary mortals.

Yet remembering it was the maxim of the ancient schoolmen that difficulties and discouragements should only excite to more vigorous exertions, I shall not be deterred from an investigation of the *visionary* subject, thus deliberately chosen, merely because I may be told it has ever been considered incomprehensible. Whoever toils for an author's immortality must not expect present praise. Like the bard of "Paradise" he must frame his epics and essays, sonnets and speculations in that strain of sublimity and science which (the *gifted* can foresee) will be the rage, and consequently ensure him renown in some far distant and far more refined period than that in which he has, unfor-

tunately, been doomed to exist. Animated by the reflection that I shall probably enjoy *posthumous* fame as a slight recompense for my present researches in fanciful literature, I shall enter with enthusiasm on the discussion and explanation of those impressions commonly called dreams; and endeavour to determine the degree of significance that ought to be attached to those Morphean communications to which all are, more or less, subjected during the many hours allotted to repose.

Dreams may be divided into three kinds—viz.

First,—Idle, or unmeaning.

Second,—Distempered, or hypochondriac.

Third,—Prophetic, or useful.

A thorough adept in the science of *dreamology* might doubtless discover many more divisions, perhaps as many as ingenious craniologists have found in the brain—but for all domestic purposes, three will answer. Three is moreover a convenient number, and easily retained in the memory. Every lady and lady's *man* will recollect it is the number of the Graces and the Furies—the goddesses that appeared on Mount Ida, and the witches of Macbeth. But to return to my subject, which, by the way, allows me some liberty to wander.

Idle dreams, by far the most numerous division, are those which the wisest of men has explained as arising "through a multitude of business." In these cases the spirit is too perplexed by the cares, and fatigued by the exertions of the day to disengage itself from earth. It still dwells on the scenes of yesterday, or anticipates the labors of the morrow;—and the unconnected and heterogeneous images presented to the fancy, can only be equalled by the absurdity of our waking wishes, and the diversity of our noon-tide plans. Such dreams usually make but slight impression on the mind, and their remembrance is almost instantly and wholly dispelled by the beams of the morning and the business of the day. Good housewives, whose bloom is heightened by the *rouge* of industry, and laborious artisans and agriculturists, are usually favored with these dreams. I write *favored*—because so much of the charm of life is imparted and continued only by hope. Though we often and eagerly wish to draw aside the shadowy curtain of

futurity, one peep behind the scene would frequently mar all our enjoyments. In this case ignorance is bliss.

The second division includes distempered, or hypochondriac dreams. These sometimes arise from illness of body, or imbecility of mind; but more frequently from irregularity of conduct, some indulgence of appetite, caprice, or passion. The dreamer's mind is alternately filled with terrific ideas, unearthly images, and glittering fancies. This species of dreams may easily be distinguished from the others. It is usually attended with a sensation of bodily distress, and almost always leaves an undefined impression of "woes to come," on the mind. Yet no dependence should be placed on these phantoms of the brain; they are a disease requiring a regimen as strict and sometimes as powerful as the scrofula or hydrophobia.

Matrons who indulge in an excessive use of tea, snuff, or opium, are very subject to distempered dreams. Either of these, taken extravagantly, will engender strange and thick coming fancies in the strongest female brain; but all conjoined, will be portentous as the sailor's "three ravens." Many single ladies also are haunted with morbid visions. In particular those *belles* and *coquettes* who, from the dread of a rival's charms, allow *envy* to disfigure their own; and prudes, who, if their age was written in the stars rather than have the record read would wish the shining host annihilated; and ladies, either married or single, who place their chief happiness in dress and show; and deeming all domestic employments drudgery and fireside enjoyments dull, neglect their homes, friends, and families, for the pleasure of flaunting abroad and courting the hollow admiration of the world. Such must have terrible visions. The men most subject to hypochondriac dreams are discarded lovers, whose object of pursuit was the lady's fortune; broken dandies, who have survived their means of appearing fashionable; insolvent debtors, whose misfortunes were incurred by extravagance; condemned authors, not to die in *propria personæ*, but only in their works; and blustering patriots, who have unsuccessfully electioneered to procure their own advancement. The last mentioned class of persons are particularly troubled with strange and unpleasant visions. They often imagine themselves toil-



ing without purpose and labouring without reward. Like Sisyphus, the stone they have with immense exertions been urging to the top of the mountain, instantly recoils, and perhaps threatens to bury them beneath its ruins. Although they are well versed in the art of appearing mysterious, and seldom reveal what most interests their own feelings, yet the import of the terrific dreams that often disturb their repose, may be gathered by observing their haggard and lengthened visages, especially after an election in which they have been disappointed of an office.

The third division now remains to be considered, and a difficult task it is to do it justice! I shrink from the responsibility I have incautiously assumed. I am confident, from the *profound wisdom* already displayed in this research, the ladies (all and each who read this article) are anxiously glancing their bright eyes forward, eager to learn,—not merely the solution of a prophetic dream, such simple information every old woman, and numerous “dream books” as old as they, can certainly and cheaply give—but a far more important mystery; *how they may positively know a dream is prophetic!*

The immense superiority of the art I propose to unfold, over the mere expounding of dreams, cannot be better illustrated than by a reference to the confession of the *Illuminati*, who were summoned before the proud king of Babylon, to explain the vision that had “gone from him.” They were confident of easily telling the *interpretation*, but declared “no astrologer, or magician, or soothsayer on earth” could tell the dream. Every intelligent reader will doubtless discover this is a case in point. If to recover a forgotten dream be so very difficult, it cannot surely be thought a small matter to define those worth retaining in the memory.

I shall not enter into a philosophical disquisition, neither shall I spend time, or waste arguments to prove the significance of dreams. Every believer in “holy writ” must acknowledge the numerous instances recorded of their truth and importance, justify me in assuming the position, that there are certain trains of thought, occupying, at certain seasons, our minds while we sleep, which have reference to coming events, and are imparted to warn us of

some misfortune which is to befall, or some happiness which is in store, either for ourselves, or those with whom we are usually most endearingly connected.

This cannot, surely, to any one, be an indifferent speculation. Those who are innocent will feel doubly assured when reflecting that the Being who is, during the tumult and toils of the day, about their path, guiding them in the way they should go, still watches through the silence of midnight around their bed, guarding them from present evil, and even revealing future danger, that they may either escape, or be prepared for the threatening adversity. Neither can fruition itself confer such exquisite pleasure as the good often taste, when some blessing in reserve, some sweet, and perhaps, long sought boon, is, by their presiding angel, softly whispered as awaiting their enjoyment. And will not guilt be deterred from committing his meditated mischief, when the consequences, which will result from the perpetration, are brought home to his mind, in that hour when the world is darkened, and passion is hushed, and the enticements of pleasure are withdrawn, and the blandishments of vice forgotten ?

But amid the multitude of idle or distempered thoughts that nightly float around our pillows, if we would discriminate those heavenly visitants that bear on their wings the terrors of the storm, or the softness of the calm, and come over our sleeping moments, either to encourage our steps in the pursuit of excellence or stay our hands from the commission of evil, we must be careful to keep our minds free from *prejudice*.

The indulgence of any *prejudice* which reason condemns, not only prevents the judgment from forming proper estimations, and drawing rational conclusions while our faculties are awake and in exercise, but it narrows the intellects and chills the affections, till its influence is so predominating that even our sleeping meditations are tinged with the same hue with which our bigoted imagination has invested the universe.

It will, perhaps, be conjectured, that if the number of human beings who can hope to attain eminence in the understanding of prophetic dreams, is limited only to those who indulge no *prejudices*, it will be small indeed. But while the strength of our passions and the impetuosity of our feel-

ings render us so liable to stray from the guidance of reason, we should esteem it a happiness that there is another and surer *test* of our capacity for comprehending those lessons in prescience which "the sable goddess from her ebon throne" so often reads to her silent votaries.

This *test* I shall now reveal, and each person can easily apply it to his or her own dream. If the rules are conscientiously followed, I hazard nothing in asserting that every *prophetic* vision will be understood by the mind to which it is imparted.

The rules are simply these—never lay your head on your pillow, nor court repose, till you are at peace with the world, at peace with yourself, and at peace with your God ! Those who follow these directions will find peace, pleasure and profit in those visions that to the worldling are idle and unmeaning—to the trifler and vicious, so disturbed and appalling.

All who approve this essay will undoubtedly endeavor to practice the rules, and to such I sincerely wish

"To all and each a fair good night,  
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light."

R\*\*\*.

#### INVITATION.

Come, Anna, to the cool shade  
Of yonder aged tree ;  
Yon dark wide-spreading chestnut  
That waves so gracefully :

Beneath whose mingling branches,  
We two, beside the brook,  
So oft have lingered o'er the leaves  
Of some delicious book :

The story of *Griselda*,  
So full of pathos fine,  
*Spencer's* or *Milton's* woven charm  
Or, *Shakspeare's* half divine

'Twas there, in merry childhood,  
 Fast flew the sunny hours !  
 We chased the crimson butterfly  
 Among the breathing flowers.

'Twas there I twined your young brows  
 With Columbines, that seem  
 Clambering above the rocks, to see  
 Their beauty in the stream,

And we will deem this sweet spot  
 That hallowed one of old,  
 In ancient Greece, where Music loved  
 Her simple court to hold.

And call those "sylvan boys" round,  
 That from their "alley's green,"  
 "Peeped forth" when buskined cheerfulness  
 In huntress' garb was seen.

Or fancy this the loved haunt  
 Of Lycidas, and him,  
 The bard who hath so sung his fate  
 That listener's eyes grow dim :

The spot where they, together  
 Amid their flocks would lie,  
 While fawns and satyrs came to hear  
 The mingling melody.

In a spot so pure and simple  
 Might the wife of "Robin Gray,"  
 Have ta'en her Jemmy's "one kiss"  
 And torn herself away.

Here might the chaste-eyed Dian,  
 Seeking the lucid wave,  
 In such an azure brook as this  
 Have loved her limbs to lave.

Oh, Nature hath her own charms  
 Of rock and wood and stream ;  
 But charm they more when peopled well  
 With classic forms, I deem.

If the free imagination  
 'Neath Iris' radiant bow,  
 Present a cherub hovering,  
 Its tints more richly glow.

And when 'mid flowers and sunshine,  
 We hear the spring birds sing,  
 To dream the golden time restored  
 Of childhood's rioting ;

To walk with Fancy's fair forms,  
 Or, in the breeze, to hear  
 The voice of inspiration  
 Low whispering to the ear ;

'Mid the silent groves to waken  
 The music of past years,  
*This* is to fill the heart with joy  
 That overflows in tears :

This is giving power to strength  
 A soul to Nature's face ;  
 This is giving grace to beauty,  
 And intellect to grace.

A. M. W.

## SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

### NO. IX.

#### PREJUDICES.

ON one of those small level spots, that may be found as you toil up the steep road which, running from Brattleboro' to Bennington, crosses the Green Mountain, there stood, in 1820, a little lone tenement inhabited by a woman whose name was Ranson.

Mrs. Ranson had endured strange vicissitudes of fortune, and it was reported her troubles had entirely changed her

character—certain it was that she had for several years pursued a course of conduct so extraordinary as to excite either the wonder, pity, or censure of all her acquaintance. Many declared her singularities were affected to gain notoriety—these were women—others thought her deranged—these were mostly men—and a few benevolent people of both sexes urged the sorrows of a broken and contrite spirit had induced her to relinquish the flattering but false world, and seek a refuge from its vexations in her solitary abode on the Hills.

I can only give an abstract of Mrs. Ranson's story; those who regret its brevity, (if such old fashioned readers exist in this age of literary "shreds and patches") may easily, by the aid of a little imagination, invest these simple facts with all the complex circumstances, enchanting descriptions and interesting colloquies, of a long romance. I am half inclined to attempt the exploit myself. This short hand mode of authorship is but a poor way of managing, if one wishes to secure either profit or fame. To manufacture a two volumed novel, hardly requires more exertion of *mind*, than to write a good sketch.

Isabelle Carrick was a native of the West Indies. Her mother died a few days after the girl's birth, and her father when she was twelve years old; but in the interim he had married a second wife, who bore him a boy. With that ill-judging partiality which may be termed injustice of the most cruel kind, because it completely baffles the law and often shrouds itself under pretexts that prevent the sufferer from receiving even sympathy, Mr. Carrick gave his whole property, which was very large, to his son; only stipulating that Isabelle should be educated and supported by her brother till her marriage, and should she ever become a widow, she was entitled to an annuity of one hundred pounds a year.

When the contents of the will became known, the maternal relations of Isabelle were highly incensed, and they demanded she should be given up to them. Her stepmother, who, it was believed, had influenced her husband's will, very readily consented to relinquish all right over the portionless orphan; by that means she was freed from the necessity of educating her. Isabelle, accordingly, passed into

the family of her uncle Tolbert. Some disturbances soon after occurring among the slave population, rendered Mr. Tolbert's situation at Jamaica unpleasant, and he determined to leave the Island. His wife was an American, and that was probably the reason that induced him to remove to New York rather than return to England. Isabelle, now at the interesting age of sixteen, was such a beautiful girl that her uncle had no doubt of establishing her advantageously in a country where marriage was an affair of the heart and not merely a calculation of pecuniary advantages, even though it were known she was portionless. Yet Mr. Tolbert did not intend thus to test the sincerity of those who professed to admire his niece. He had no children; he had adopted the orphan and declared her his heir, and it is no wonder she was soon the star of the city. Many connoisseurs in female charms pronounced Isabelle Carrick to be perfect in loveliness. There is no standard, there can be none of personal beauty; the feelings of the heart have more influence than rules of taste in our estimation of the human face; yet there are countenances so peculiarly fascinating, that criticism and comparison are out of the question. If the beholder has a soul susceptible of those divine impressions of the beautiful which are among the distinguishing characteristics that prove man superior to his "brothers of the clod," he acknowledges at once the interest of such a countenance. No human eye ever regarded a rose, rainbow or star, and turned away disgusted; and seldom do we find a person that can gaze on either with perfect indifference. Such apathy would argue a man's mind more disagreeable, if not as dangerous, as to have "no music in his soul"—which according to Shakspeare is one of the seven deadly sins.

But Isabelle Carrick was never regarded with indifference. The men praised and admired; the women praised too, as loudly as the men, but I fear there was a little envy, or at least, a little repining mingled in their feelings of admiration. What makes this suspicion probable, I have been told that they always concluded their eulogy on her beauty by saying it was perfect, considered as a specimen of the West Indian style—the men never made a qualification in their panegyrics.

“I think,” said Miss Dutton, “that Isabelle’s cheek wants bloom. She has a fine, delicate complexion, and it contrasts sweetly with her profusion of curls,

“Whose glossy black to shame might bring  
The plumage of the raven’s wing.”

Now tinge her cheek with a little ‘celestial rosy red,’ and she would be in appearance, what you gentlemen esteem her, an angel.”

“But you probably recollect,” replied Edwin Cone, “that the ‘rosy red’ to which you allude, was imparted by a blush, and Isabelle’s cheek wears that tinge at the least compliment or emotion—a tinge that may be considered ‘celestial,’ as it proceeds from delicacy of mind, from sentiment, and is not dependent on jocund health, and never needs the repairs of art.”

“But then her eyes, Edwin.—Do you really admire such black eyes? They seem too spirited to please me. I know the Mahometans celebrate their dark eyed Houris, but I believe Christians usually connect the beautiful sky-color with the idea of angels’ eyes.”

Edwin Cone was very polite. He saw the blue eyes of the fair speaker beam with the expectation of a compliment. Could a gallant man refuse it? With a bow and smile he declared that it would be profane to compare angels’ eyes to aught save stars, and those were always set in *blue*; and that the most charming description of woman’s orb of vision he ever saw, was—

—————“She had an eye,  
“As when the blue sky trembles through a cloud  
“Of purest white.”—

The very next day, Isabelle Carrick learned that Edwin Cone disliked black eyes. But happily her heart was not at all interested in his decision. Had John Ranson made such a declaration, she would probably have felt very wretched.

There is no subject on which the old and young differ in opinion so materially as on the qualities most likely to insure happiness in the married state. The aged are swayed by interest, the youthful guided by feeling. Perhaps it



would be difficult to decide which party are oftener disappointed. Those matches are undoubtedly the happiest, which have been contracted equally from affection and prudence;—but heroines are not very apt to consider prudence necessary. At least, when Isabelle Carrick married John Ranson, in opposition to the wishes of her uncle, she did not consult her *interest*—and that is to be imprudent—is it not? An answer to that question, properly discussed, in all its bearings, would fill a volume. I wish some rationally moral philosopher, who has made that wayward thing, the human heart, his particular study, would write a treatise on the subject.

Mr. Tolbert held true English aristocratic ideas of love and marriage. “The faith of true lovers,” he observed, “was of no consequence, except ‘to adorn a tale.’ It was amusing to read of love in a novel, but to believe in its reality, or that a particular fancy for the person was necessary to make men and women happy in marriage, was as absurd as to credit the stories of dragons and demons, knights and necromancers, exalted characters, and enchanted castles, and all the *materiel* of the romances of chivalry, from which the unreasonable ideas of love had been imbibed. The marriage most likely to ensure happiness to the contracting parties, must be founded, like any other bargain, on mutual interest; some substantial benefit must be conferred on each, by the union; and then, the knowledge that their partnership was indissoluble, would induce them, if they had common sense, to treat each other with complaisance, which was all the felicity that ought to be expected.”

Isabelle Carrick had heard these sentiments of her uncle expressed a thousand times, and illustrated by many anecdotes of contented couples, who married for interest, and wretched pairs, who wedded for fancy; but she did not, it seems, profit much by such wise lessons and lectures. She loved John Ranson, although her uncle charged the said John with being a poor man’s son, and, moreover, guilty of being obliged to earn his own livelihood, though he had, by his industry, and application, raised himself to the station of junior partner in a respectable mercantile establishment. Should such a plebeian be preferred before Ed-

win Cone, whose father, descended from a respectable English family, was possessed of a large fortune, and gave the most splendid dinner parties in the city ?

Mr. Tolbert thought it but of small consequence that Edward Cone was a licentious profligate, and had broken, at least, one engagement to marry. However, he did not command his niece to accept of Edwin ; he only said, " you may take your choice, Isabelle. If you marry Mr. Cone, I will give you ten thousand pounds on the wedding day, and the remainder of my estate at my decease—but should you wed John Ranson, I will never give you a shilling, though you were starving at my gate."

Isabelle preferred John ; and her uncle soon after left America, in high dudgeon, railing at the manners and customs of the people, and declaring that his niece would never have been guilty of such folly, in a country where a proper respect was paid to rank ; that the levelling principles of republicanism were subversive of all gentility, and must, while they governed the people, effectually prevent the regulations of good society from being understood and adopted.

" They are all," said he, " so perfectly *canaille* in their sentiments, that Isabelle's choice was commended in some of their highest circles, because, forsooth, John Ranson was industrious, enterprising, and clever ;—I can say as much of my footman."

Fourteen years passed—Isabelle had counted the lapse of time, only by the recurrence of new blessings and pleasures, and to her, life still looked bright ; or, if a cloud appeared, it was always spanned with the rainbow. She was still lovely, and beloved ; the tender, tried, and trusted *friend* of her excellent husband, and the mother of one beautiful boy. What more can earth offer of happiness ! But why dwell on the picture ?

" A day of bliss is quickly told,  
A thousand would not make us old  
As one of sorrow doth—  
It is by cares, by woes and tears,  
We round the sum of human years——"

The embargo that preceded the last American war, occasioned the first reverse of fortune. Mr. Ranson struggled

manfully to support his credit, for he knew that the weal and wo of those dearer than himself, were involved in his fate. His friends, for a time, buoyed him up; but the struggle between the nations commenced, and then who sympathised much for individual, and pecuniary suffering, while the fate of armies, and the fame of the Republic were at hazard? But Mr. Ranson was soon released from all inquietudes. Journeying from Albany to Boston, the carriage in which he travelled, was, by the horses taking fright, precipitated down a deep chasm, where he was instantly killed.

Hitherto, Mrs. Ranson, though she had lost, or been abandoned by all her own relations, and had, by injustice and prejudice, been deprived of the fortunes to which she had been apparently destined, yet it could hardly be said she had endured a reverse. Can that be endured, which is not felt? Even her husband's embarrassments had not been realized by her, as he had sedulously labored to prevent his family from suffering privations. But she was now widowed and destitute of property; and the friends of her prosperity were so shocked at her misfortunes, and the consequent change in her appearance and behaviour, that they unanimously concluded that she did not wish for society; and they were too well bred to intrude on her sorrows.

The sufferings of Mrs. Ranson, and the neglect of her city friends, induced her to apply to the relations of her husband, and this finally led to an arrangement, by which she consented to remove, with her child, to a small town in the western part of Massachusetts, and reside with his aged parents.

Mrs. Ranson was now placed in a situation, perhaps, the most difficult and trying of any in the world, for one of her character, and education. She was placed in a little tattling country village, where the system of *espionage* was as perfect, and far more harrassing, to those unaccustomed to its operations, than it ever was in Paris, when Fouché regulated the police, under the orders of Bonaparte.

It is not in cities, or among the educated and fashionable of a community, that national peculiarities can be well, or truly discovered. We must go into the remote villages,

and among the scattered settlements of the interior of New-England, if we would discover the effect, either for good, or for evil, which the condition, principles, practises, and institutions of the Puritans, have had on the Yankee character.

It has not all been for good ; but our enemies have never discovered the greatest fault. It is not inquisitiveness, or egotism, or selfishness. It is *calculation*,—a close, cold, careful calculation. A Yankee, (I speak of the common minded,) calculates his generosity and sympathy, as methodically as his income ; and to waste either, on an unprofitable, or undeserving object, would be foolish, if not wicked. He is charitable ; but it is from principle, not feeling. Yet he is not deficient in warmth of heart ; but *duty*, his *duty* is always paramount to his impulses. This is a good principle—the mischief is, that “good things spoiled, corrupt to worst.” Thus his rigid performance of duty is made, and often conscientiously, the plea of withholding assistance from the necessitous, for fear of encouraging idleness ; of prying into the most secret actions and sacred griefs of the afflicted, before pitying their sorrows, lest they should be deserved or self-incurred.

Then the Yankee, in his calculations, generally makes his own situation, conduct, and principles, the model for others. Accustomed to labor himself, he calculates that every person ought to be as constantly employed ; and compelled by his narrow income to practice rigid prudence, he deems a more liberal expenditure, wasteful profusion.

It was among such a scrupulously calculating people, that Mrs. Ranson was fated to dwell ; and she fixed the attention of the whole community. Her appearance, dress, conversation, manners, and principles, were all, in turn, scrutinized ; even her thoughts and feelings were guessed at, and her plans and future prospects, made the frequent subject of that kind of commiseration, which seems to proceed from a hope, that the evils thus conjured up, like Banquo's shadowy kings, to frown in review, will be fully realized.

“O la !” said Mrs. Pratt, as she took her seat at the table of her neighbor Dustin, where she regularly drank her

tea every week ;—" O la ! I declare I never was so shocked in my life. Mrs. Cutter heard her say so."

" Who ? what ?" inquired Mr. Dustin.

" Gracious ! Mr. Dustin, have you not heard it ?" said Mrs. Pratt. " Well, I declare, I never meant to mention the thing ; I would not have it get about among the people for all the world, for I really believe the woman does as well as she knows how. Only think ! she could not be brought up like a christian, away there in the West Indies. We must have charity for such folks."

" Oh, you are talking of Mrs. Ranson, I see," said Mr. Dustin.

" Yes, I have just been telling your wife ; but pray never mention it,—or if you do, never say I told you,—that Mrs. Ranson says she thinks our meetings are very dull, and she had rather read prayers at home, than hear our minister preach. And then she always wants a parade for dinner, because they used to have great dinners in the city. I wonder if she thinks that is the way to keep the Sabbath day holy ?"

" Does she do any thing, I wonder ?" said Mrs. Dustin.

" No, indeed—not she," replied Mrs. Pratt. " Why, she has her black woman, to wait upon her ; and there's her child, brought up in idleness ; that great boy, nearly fifteen, who wears his ruffles every day, and they say, never did any work in his life."

" I wonder how she thinks they are to be maintained," said Mr. Dustin. " Old Mr. Ranson has but little property, and his wife is very unwell. They cannot support such an idle, expensive family."

" Oh, she doesn't think about it," replied Mrs. Pratt. " Such grand folks never seem to think about expenses. They have never calculated how to get a living. But I fear she will have to put out her boy, and work herself, before she dies."

" I suppose she expects people will assist her," said Mr. Dustin. " And the widow and fatherless should always be remembered."

" I suppose she does ; but I am afraid the poor woman will be disappointed," said Mrs. Pratt. " People that work as hard as we do, cannot feel it our duty to support a

family in idleness. She ought to put out that great boy, and have him taught to work, and then he might help maintain her."

"They say she married against her uncle's consent," said Mrs. Dustin. "It is no wonder she does not prosper.—She might have had all his estate, if she had only tried to please him."

"She looks to me like a woman who is very set in her own way, and very haughty," said Mrs. Pratt. "I called to see her the day after she arrived, for I thought it my duty to visit the unfortunate, and the stranger, and I meant to like her, if I could, for I really pitied her; but she took no notice of me, and hardly spoke while I was there. I cannot waste my time to visit such proud folks."

Mrs. Ranson had a kind and generous disposition, but she was very sensitive, and her refined and delicate mind, though bowed with affliction, was not, in the least, divested of those feelings of independence, and superiority, which persons always accustomed to affluence, and to the humble attendance of slaves, must necessarily imbibe. She was shocked at the grossness of the villagers, and irritated at what she thought their unfeeling interference in her private concerns; but, especially, the idea that her son ought to be confined to labor, was an indignity, an outrage, on all propriety, that she never could pardon.

The two parties were soon completely at variance, and the villagers, by dint of clamors, if not reasons, were, as is usual, victorious. They convinced old Mr. Ranson, that his grandson John would certainly be ruined, if he was not taught to work. But the lad was as tenacious of his patrician privileges as his mother, and rather than don the "every-day clothes" of a plough-boy, he besought her to allow him to enlist as a soldier.

He was nearly fifteen, and tall of his age, and soldiers were, at that time, so much needed, that officers could not be very particular in the qualifications of recruits. It was a trying scene for Mrs. Ranson; but finally, the pride and prejudices of the woman prevailed over the tenderness and apprehensions of the mother. She knew her son would be more exposed to danger with the musket; but then he would escape the contamination of the spade. The field

of glory, or the corn field! Could one of her education and feelings prefer the latter? She would let him go and serve his country, and leave his fate with that Power who watches the orphan. She could humble herself before God, and intercede for her child, but she could not endure to see him degraded before men, as in her estimation he would be, if he labored.

The lad departed, and but a few weeks elapsed before a stranger came to the village and inquired for Mrs. Ranson. He was a messenger from the executors of her uncle Tolbert. That gentleman had on his death bed, bequeathed his immense property to the son of Mrs. Ranson; but still wishing to manifest some displeasure against his niece, he ordained that if the boy died before he attained the age of eighteen, the estate should all go to a distant relative in England. After that period, should he die without heirs, the personal property, which was very considerable, was to be his mother's. The messenger hastened with all possible speed to Buffalo, where the troops, in which young John Ranson served, were stationed; but before he arrived, the battle of Chippewa had been fought, and the brave boy, who signalized himself more than once during the action, was numbered with the dead!

Who shall picture the mother's grief! It excited for a short time, the concern and consternation of the villagers! They knew it was their clamors which induced Mrs. Ranson to send her son from her—they felt condemned; yet still, most of them pertinaciously maintained that notwithstanding the wealth which the boy would have inherited had he lived, it would nevertheless have been an excellent thing for him, had he learned to work.

It is painful to dwell on the sorrows of the desolate hearted, but it is more painful still to witness the cold, unfeeling manner with which those sorrows are oft-times treated by the ignorant and prejudiced. The regret of the villagers was of short continuance. Mrs. Pratt began her round of visiting, and by the time she had drank tea with all the principal families in the neighborhood, which was about three weeks, she had convinced them that Mrs. Ranson was not at all to be pitied; that her troubles were but a just chastisement for her pride and obstinacy; and that it was

doubtless a mercy that her son was taken away, as she would now have no earthly dependence, and would probably soon be brought to a proper sense of her follies, and then she would see that every thing had been ordered for the best.

But there was one benevolent family in the village. One man and woman who pitied and assisted Mrs. Ranson, without censuring her. There were doubtless others of similar generosity; but these persons were the only ones she would acknowledge as benefactors. That inflexible perseverance in a favorite point when persuaded that duty sanctions the course pursued, which is so characteristic of the yankees, and which Mrs. Ranson thought so inhuman while employed to convince her that her son ought to work, she found, when displayed in her service, was equally zealous. Mr. Lawrence was a merchant, but he did not square his humanity by the rule of "loss and gain." He learned from the tenor of Mrs. Ranson's father's will, that, as a widow, she was entitled to an hundred pounds per annum, and he never ceased his inquiries, and exertions, till he had succeeded in establishing her claim, and providing for the regular payment of her annuity. He delivered into her hands the documents, and told her the only reward for his trouble which he desired was to see her restored to tranquillity. But though she did justice to the nobleness and humanity of Mr. Lawrence, and loved his wife like a sister, she could not be persuaded to return to society. The fate of her husband and son, but especially the latter, preyed on her heart, and almost overwhelmed her reason. She felt that she had yielded to her own prejudices when she consented he should go to the battle. Self-accusation made her wretched. She blamed the people, it is true, but that did not atone or justify her own error. Had there been a convent in the country, she would undoubtedly have devoted herself to the penance of a monastic life. She finally had a small house prepared as near as possible to the spot where her husband perished; and there, accompanied only by her faithful negro woman who had attended her from infancy, she resided in 1820. Pale and wasted, but still beautiful, she seemed, as she was described by the traveller, arrayed in her mourning habiliments, wandering among the lonely



hills, or seated on the overhanging cliffs, like a spirit sent to warn him of some danger in the path before him. She was the victim of prejudices. But let it be remembered, that though we may be excessively annoyed by the prejudices of others, we shall never be quite wretched if we do not yield ourselves to the guidance of our own.

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THE SISTER.

THEY waked me from my sleep, I knew not why,  
 And bade me haste where a pale, midnight lamp  
 Gleam'd from an inner chamber. There she lay  
 With ghastly brow, and wan, discoloured lip,  
 Who erst with sunny tresses and bright smile  
 Would breathe her superflux of health and bliss  
 Into the hearts of others. } Lowly bent  
 Her hoary-headed sire, fixing his gaze  
 Immoveably upon his idol's brow,  
 As one astonish'd at his God's rebuke.—  
 She too, whose fond, maternal breast sustained  
 That fair young creature in her morn of life,  
 Knelt at the couch's foot, with covered face,  
 While through her clasping fingers the big tears  
 Rolled forth profuse. The suffering one had given  
 The long farewell,—and for the last, last time  
 Press'd her cold lips to his who led so late  
 Her footsteps to the altar, and received  
 In the deep gladness of an ardent heart  
 Her holy vow of love.

So there she lay  
 In calm endurance, like the smitten lamb  
 O'er whom the bitterness of death had past.)  
 —But a strange cry burst on the silent scene,—  
 And in its nurse's arms a new-born babe

Was brought, with pining and distressful look  
 Of utter helplessness. Oh God!—the change  
 That racked those marble features. Up she sprang,  
 Claspng her hands with such convulsive force  
 That every fibre strained,—while in low sobs  
 She poured the mother's deep, prevailing prayer  
 Which conquers heaven ;—and as its cadence fell,  
 Her spirit entered there.—

( Morn after morn  
 Rose and retired,—and still as in a dream  
 I seemed to move. The certainty of loss  
 Fell hot *at once* upon me. Then I wept  
 As weep the sisterless.—For thou wert gone,  
 My only, my belov'd, my sainted one,—  
 Twin of my spirit,—and my numbered days  
 Must wear the mantle of that midnight hour  
 Which shut thee from me.)

L. H. S.

*To the Editor of the Ladies' Magazine.*

PLEASE to accept my kindest acknowledgments, for your politeness in asking me to furnish some poetry for the next Magazine. You have paid the compliment due to poetic talent—such, alas, as I once sighed to possess. It was on one of those “mellow” evenings, which poets so beautifully portray ; as I watched the “silver moon,” now modestly hiding herself behind the passing cloud, and then, shining forth in all her bridal beauty, that my thoughts and sighs became poetic. I saw the *Parnassian Fount* at a distance, and an unconquerable thirst, for some of its limpid waters, came over me. I fancied I had only to go, and taste, and then, fame and immortality were mine. Then, I could pour forth, in rich harmonic numbers, the *gush*, the *thrill*, the *swell*, and all the rapturous emotions of the soul, which poets only, can describe. I accordingly sallied forth,

amid hosts of scribblers, rhymers, songsters and poets. But when with the greatest difficulty, I reached the margin of the stream, like the impotent man, at the pool of Bethesda, before I could possibly touch the *coveted element*, some more nimble-footed hero stepped in before me, and drank his fill; and then, in the full tide of his intoxication, trampled over me with as little remorse, as he would have done a snail; and need I tell you, that after repeated trappings and crushings of the kind, every breath of "longing after immortality" became extinct, and I hobbled back to my homely cell, resolved to be contented with the plain *prose* fare, which might fall to my lot. This Madam, was my first and last view of the Parnassian Fount. I own, that some of the splutterings of its waters were ejected from the feet of those inhuman rhymers, as they trampled over me—but the effusions which they called from my brain, were like their origin—mere splutterings—not worthy a place in the Farmer's Almanac,—much less in the Ladies' Magazine.

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### THE DYING MOOR.

Why lingers the chief by the Orange tree,  
 Gazing so long and so mournfully,  
 As he leans o'er the bank of the white foaming river?  
 What does he see in the rolling stream?  
 Rubies and gold through his raven locks gleam,  
 The scarlet plume shading his ebony brow,  
 And there at his feet is the polished bow,  
 And the glittering quiver.

Knows he not that the daylight is pouring along,  
 And the sweet birds have wakened their earliest song,  
 And the gay flowering shrubs breathe their soft odours near him?  
 From the citron grove where glad ones are met  
 Comes the tone of the warbled canzonett;

From afar, on the breeze of the joyous morn,  
The voice of the Moorish flute is borne—  
But music and light may not cheer him.

Thou fear'st not the monsters of desert or flood,  
Nor the serpents that glide through the dark tangled wood.—  
See on the far hill thy white steed is bounding—  
Oft he has borne thee, proud and free,  
Leading thy dark-browed cavalry;  
Look where they pass like the lightning's flash,  
Adown the perilous steep they dash,  
The cliffs with their shout resounding.

'Tis thee they are seeking, proud chief of the land,  
Oh why hast thou fled from thy generous band?  
Alas thou wilt die—thou art faint and unheeding—  
Thou hast conquered, but now thou must give up thy breath—  
And there lies the Tyger—horrid in death.  
Raging he fell by thy terrible hand,  
Brave wast thou, chief of the Moorish band,  
But torn is thy dark breast, and bleeding.

How will the eyes of those hardy men fade  
When they find thee lifeless beneath the shade!  
Not a sigh will they breathe, not a word will be spoken.  
They will bear thee slowly in grief away,  
As low in their hearts to Allah they pray;  
But loudly and long will thy loved ones bewail,  
And the voice of lamenting resound in the vale,  
“For the beautiful rod, and the strong staff is broken.”

EVERALLIN.

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## THE VACATION.

It was on a calm, summer morning, that Augustus Wellfort rose full of health and vigor, and began with alacrity to make his arrangements for a pleasant excursion abroad. He was fond of the sport of fishing; and having come from the military academy, to his father's seat in New Jersey, to spend a short vacation, he resolved to make the most of his time.

Accordingly he took down his lines and pole, his hooks and basket, and arrayed himself in a russet colored dress with something less than a hundred pockets, each containing some little convenience of which the use is only known to a thorough bred angler, a genuine disciple of old Izaak Walton. Thus prepared, he laid his fishing apparatus on his study table, and joined his mother and two sisters in the breakfast parlor.

"So, brother," said Caroline, after bidding good morning, "this is the way you come to spend vacation with us. Now, the first day after your return, you betake yourself to the fields to follow the windings of the Dimple brook and pull harmless little fishes out of their element."

"Don't say a word about it, Caroline," replied her brother, "I will bring home the finest mess of trout you have seen this season. You are fond of trout, I believe."

"Yes, but a great deal fonder of my truant brother's society," said Caroline. "We have been a long time counting the weeks which were to pass away before your return, and laying out a thousand plans for enjoying the most delightful vacation. All our schemes depended on your presence and assistance, and now, it seems we are to have you with us an hour or less in the day."

"What were some of your schemes?" said Augustus, a little flattered with this new view of his own importance.

"In the first place we were in hopes that you would read to us an hour or two every day; for, you know, nobody reads so well as you, or at least no one's reading is so pleasant to two certain young ladies, as yours. Mary Ann and myself have been marking passages in Wordsworth and Cowper, and every author we have read for the last six months, on purpose to hear you read them in your best style."

"Excuse me there, Caroline," replied he; "if I must read, I entreat you to allow me at least a choice of authors and passages. But no one can read a whole day. You can at least allow me half the day for fishing."

"Oh that is not half of our allotted work," said Mary Ann. "I think a certain young gentleman, in his letters, informed us that at West Point, he had learned to draw in crayons, and promised to shew us his drawings, and in-

struct us in the art, and he was pleased to say that with our knowledge of other modes of drawing, we could learn it in a very few lessons. But as the song says, 'Men were deceivers ever,' and you had rather ramble among natural scenery than teach your sisters to copy it."

"Oh that need not hinder my sport," replied the cadet, "I can give you a lesson every morning before breakfast, and you can practise all day upon it if you please."

"But would that be kind, brother," said Caroline; "the pleasure we hoped to derive from learning to crayon, was to depend principally on our having you with us while we were practising. Every lesson would furnish us with pleasant recollections at some future time. Each of our early attempts would bear the marks of your taste and judgment, if we had enjoyed your instruction constantly."

"Now," said Mary Ann, "I entreat you, Augustus, to take off that odious, oddfashioned, roundabout jacket, with its thousand pockets, and give your society for this day to us. If you are not happy, we will take a large share of the blame to ourselves."

Augustus hesitated, looked out of the window, then at his sisters, and seemed to be more than half persuaded; when his mother put in a word in their behalf, and gently reminded him that he could not but find a gratification in conferring happiness on his sisters; that the pleasure of three persons was more worthy of pursuit than that of one only, and finally, that as his father was absent in New York, they had almost a positive claim on his presence at home at least till his return.

The young cadet could hold out no longer, but turning to his sisters, he told them that he was at their disposal for that day.

Accordingly as soon as breakfast was over, he went to his room, changed his dress, put a volume of poems in his pocket, and awaited their commands in the parlor.

"First, you must read to us," said Caroline, "and as it is rather pleasanter, suppose we take a walk to the lawn beyond the garden, where there is such a wide prospect, and enjoy the breeze and the shade there."

"No," said Mary Ann, "let us draw, this morning, by

way of serious employment, and have the reading for a treat in the afternoon."

"Just as you please," said Augustus.

Mary Ann's motion prevailed. The cadet brought out his port folio, and after shewing to his sisters a great many specimens of linear drawing, many of which were only suitable for an engineer, he produced a few beautiful little sketches which had been the employment of his leisure moments, and which exhibited ample evidence of his taste and genius.

He then set himself to give a first lesson in crayoning, with all the precision of a professor; and while the exercise was going forward, amused the whole circle with lively anecdotes of life at West Point, and stories about the summer excursions of the cadets, their visit to Boston and Cambridge, their sleeping in tents, dancing in saloons, standing guard, and dining in state.

Indeed, when he chose to make himself agreeable, no youth could exhibit greater conversational powers than Augustus, and his sisters thought that he was never half so amusing as on this morning. So that dinner was announced before they had supposed the morning half gone.

In the afternoon, they strolled to the lawn, and choosing out a pleasant, shady spot, they reclined on a green bank where the leaves of a spreading beech rustled over their heads.

"Now for some poetry," said Caroline. "I have brought Cowper and Campbell"—

"Hear my favorite first," said Augustus, "and when you are tired of him, we will have a taste of those."

So saying, he drew a thin duodecimo from his pocket, and began the beautiful piece of Bryant's,

"To him, who in the love of nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language."

The sisters scarcely moved or breathed until the piece was finished, and then burst into the most rapturous applause. The poems had just before made their appearance, and they had not heard of them.

"Whose poetry is that?" said Caroline. "Some rival of Byron and Moore, I suppose. When did you receive the

little volume from London, for it has not surely appeared in this country."

"It certainly never appeared in London. It is American," said Augustus.

"Now you are joking, brother," said Mary Ann. "You know poetry is not a production of our country, especially such poetry as that. If it had been a fourth of July ode, or political song, we could have believed you; but this surely cannot be the work of a native writer."

"But it is," said Augustus, "and unless I am much mistaken, beautiful American poetry will soon cease to be a wonder in the literary world."

"Pray read more of it," said Caroline.

Augustus complied, and finished the volume before the descending sun warned the little party to return to the house.

The young ladies were scarcely less pleased with the other poems than with the first which he had read, and warmly acknowledged the author's merit. But they declared that he stood alone, an oasis in a desert; and they would hardly allow that, with the exception of Irving, another author could be found in our country, who deserved to be mentioned in the annals of polite literature.

Augustus Wellfort had been carefully educated by his father in early life, and previous to his entering the Military Academy, at the age of seventeen, he had imbibed a strong feeling of nationality. He was a true born American. His youthful spirit was fired with the noble example of the early patriots and sages of our country. He had read its history with the liveliest interest. He had found in his father's library, the productions of the revolutionary period, the writings of Quincy, Dickenson, Adams, Jefferson, and Franklin; and he had founded on their manly and classical writings, the hope that his country would be distinguished, at some future period, not less for the excellence of its literature, than for its spirited defence of the rights of freemen.

Such notions were natural enough for a sanguine youth, and although not very prevalent at that time, have since been adopted, by many older and wiser persons. It will readily be supposed that, with such views, he should have



smiled at his sisters' surprise when they first heard the music of Bryant's verse, and that he should have listened rather impatiently to the complaints of the utter dearth of American works of genius, which Caroline thought proper to indulge in, on their return home.

He would by no means allow that our country was greatly deficient in this respect, and after a long discussion, he was fairly challenged by both his sisters, to produce specimens of fine writing, which would justify the high anticipations which he professed to have formed.

The discussion lasted after their return home, through the evening, and so interested did he become in it, that he resolved to make his sisters converts to his opinions, if what he considered to be fair reasoning and plain proof would effect it. Accordingly he accepted their challenge, and, entirely forgetting his proposed excursions for the purpose of fishing, he determined to search the library and spend every afternoon in reading selections from his favorite writers, until his sisters should be convinced.

The afternoons of a whole fortnight were devoted to this purpose, while the mornings were spent in drawing, performing curious philosophical and chymical experiments, and a variety of similar amusements, suggested by the nature of his late studies, and entirely suited to the taste of his intelligent sisters.

In reading his course of American authors, it must be acknowledged that at first, he found it somewhat more difficult to please them. Franklin's plain sense and practical wisdom were admirable, they allowed, and his humor irresistible, nor was there any fault to be found with his pure English style. But they thought he was hardly fine enough for the ladies. After reading a few of his essays, and some passages of his life, Augustus gave his sisters a specimen of Freneau's poetry, whose easy humor, and fine imagination, they were by no means backward in acknowledging.

Following the bent of his own inclination, he then selected some of the most spirited passages from the political writings of Quincy and Adams, which, with his powers of declamation, proved sufficiently pleasing for a while; but the ladies were soon tired of such masculine subjects as the "Boston Port Bill," and the "Rights of Freemen," and

called for fine description and pleasing narrative. Jefferson's "Notes," and Dickenson's "Letters of an American Farmer," furnished favorable specimens of these.

Before he had proceeded thus far in his selections, the young ladies had nearly given up the point; and when he produced one of the powerful and highly wrought fictions of C. B. Brown, and followed it up by repeating from memory the "Coral Grove" of Percival, they fairly gave in, and united with their brother in predicting the future literary eminence of America. They were careful, however, to stipulate that the reading should not be given up because its first object was answered; so the afternoons of the whole vacation were devoted to the perusal either of native or foreign authors.

Vacations, like the other good things of this world, are transitory. The one of which we have described the occupations, passed rapidly away and brought the dreaded morning on which Augustus was to take his departure. The family were all assembled in the breakfast parlor, Mr. Wellfort having returned from New York. The delicate country viands, the pure cream, the honey and snow white cakes, were scarcely tasted. Each member of the family was occupied with some part of the preparation for the expected journey. Mr. Wellfort was giving directions to the servant who was to drive his own barouche to the place, on the mail road, where his son was to take the stage coach. Caroline was carefully placing some little keepsakes in a small trunk, while Mary Ann affected to busy herself with folding some cravats, and placing them a little more nicely, although this was but a stratagem to conceal the tears that forced themselves into her eyes at the recollection that weeks and months would pass before she should see her brother.

At this moment Mrs. Wellfort inquired of Augustus if he had not passed his vacation in a more satisfactory manner than if he had devoted it to the sports of the river and field.

"Indeed I have, mother," replied he; "I never passed a more delightful vacation; and I hope Caroline and Mary Ann will agree with me in considering our time profitably as well as agreeably spent."

“The profit has been for us principally, I fancy,” said Caroline, “for Augustus has been our instructor.”

“That may be,” replied he; “but I trust that I have learnt one profitable lesson; which is, that no pleasure is so pure and exalted as that which arises from sacrificing our own inclination to promote the innocent gratification of others.”

Nor was this all that Augustus derived from this instance of self denial. The reading of American authors, to which the afternoons had been devoted, was the means of exciting a noble spirit of emulation in his sisters, and he had afterwards the pride and satisfaction of reading productions of their own, which, if given to the public, might have placed their names high among those who have contributed to the literary reputation of the land.

Their intellectual cultivation spreads a charm over the domestic circle; and when a letter from home reaches their brother amidst the Western wilds, where he is now serving his country, he often pauses with silent and unalloyed delight over a passage which alludes to the well spent, long remembered vacation.

F.

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#### THE FAIR CATECHISTS.

CLUSTERS of lovely children stood around  
 God's altar—and I heard a gentle sound,  
 Like the soft plaint of doves—it was the prayer,  
 By childhood's lisping lips made vocal there;  
 And two fair girls, like angels, moved intent  
 Upon a work of love, and as they bent  
 O'er their young charge with sweetly anxious care,  
 Sure 'twas no sin to worship beings so fair.

I love to look on woman when her eye  
 Beams with the radiant light of Charity;  
 I love to look on woman when her face  
 Glows with Religion's pure and peaceful grace;  
 O, then to her the loveliness is given,  
 Which thrills the heart of man like dreams of heaven.

T. C. O.

**THE DEAF AND BLIND GIRL.**

**MYSTERIOUS** being—shut from sound and sight ;  
 And barr'd, from all communion with thy kind;—  
 Would thou couldst tell me, what thy mental light,  
 And what the musings of thy lonely mind.

Would thou couldst tell me, what the hidden springs  
 Of joy, that gush out in thy gladden'd smile ;  
 What gay imaginings of unknown things,  
 Can charm thy spirit, and thy hours beguile.

What visions fair can fancy sketch for thee ;  
 No forms of life are on thy brain imprest ;  
 What is it then, can wake to ecstasy  
 The life, that seems an almost dreamless rest ?

I think on thee, as one shut out from light ;  
 The consciousness of being, thy sole thought,  
 Yet thou mayest be ethereal, pure, and bright  
 With sense of God into thy being wrought.

Unchained by senses that bind down to earth,  
 Thy soul may upward wing her glorious way,  
 Explore the regions whence she drew her birth,  
 And bathe in floods of everlasting day.

No sounds to jar thee—silent from thy birth,  
 Thy nerves may have a fine ethereal tone ;  
 And flowret's breath, and balmy breeze of earth,  
 May thrill thee, with a joy to us unknown.

Thine more than rapture, when thy soul shall spring  
 From this dull prison, to her native skies ;  
 When heaven's soft harmony shall round thee ring,  
 And heavenly beauty greet thy unseal'd eyes.

By Mercy's hand then sure the fate was wrought,  
 That placed the fountain of thy joys within,  
 That *being* gave, with life immortal fraught,  
 Yet clos'd the avenues to woe and sin.

E. W. B.

## THE PORT-FOLIO.—NO. II.

We have made a few selections from the "Scraps,"—more, we confess, from necessity, the imperious necessity of furnishing *copy* for the Magazine, than any particular merit of the articles. Our correspondents have of late been rather negligent, and repeatedly disappointed our hopes, though we cannot accuse them of breaking engagements. Should any reader be dissatisfied with the medley furnished by "A. Mist," (he says we mistook the initial of his christian name—it was A. not J.—what a blunder!) and if the complainant will forward, seasonably, a good and amusing original article of six pages, for the next number of the Magazine, the "Port-Folio," shall be omitted. Not otherwise. ED.

## SCRAPS FROM A PORT-FOLIO.

"The quality of Mercy is not strained,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven,  
Upon the place beneath."

What a beautiful description of that mercy which is charity, and which "doeth good," and yet vaunteth not itself." But, by the way, I always thought there was a mistake in the reading. It should be *earth*, not "*place*."

"Upon the earth beneath."

However, I will leave the decision to other commentators. I am not just now in the humor for criticism. My heart is swelling with the admiration of charity, and the most patient discoverer of similarities can find no likeness between *charity* and *criticism*, except that they both begin with the same letter.

Were I employed to teach the graces to the young ladies of a boarding school, I would in my very first lecture tell them that nothing rendered woman so lovely, there was nothing in which she could display her charms so advantageously, as in the graceful performance of an act of charity. But much of the merit depends on the manner.

“It droppeth as the gentle rain,”—soft, noiseless, refreshing. There is no tumult or terror, as in the storm. And there should be no bustle and parade in alms. The act should seem not only voluntary but gratifying to the donor. Perhaps an anecdote I heard from my grandmother will illustrate the subject better than any remarks of my own.

The scene occurred in those days when our ancestors had to work hard, and often fare hard; when they had hard hands, but rarely hard hearts. It was one cold winter day in 1768, (my grandmother was like the people of old times, very particular in dates,) that Mrs. W. was preparing to sit down to her dinner table. There was an excellent boiled dish served up; for her husband, though not rich, was an industrious farmer, and provided well for his family. He was absent—but Mrs. W., her six children and a hired man, were gathered round the table. Just then a neighbor entered and said he had come from the house of Mr. Pond, a poor man, sick with the inflammatory rheumatism, and that Mrs. Pond told him she had not a mouthful of food in the house for her children, and begged he would call on Mrs. W. and see if she would not *sell* some Indian meal and take spinning for payment.

What did Mrs. W. do or say? What would you have done, fair girl? or you, good matron?

“Given the poor woman the meal,” says one. “Told her she might have as much as she wanted and take her own time for payment,” says a second. “Sent her children some cold meat and bread,” says a third. “Promised to have gone among my acquaintance, and raised a subscription for her,” says a fourth. “Pitied her very much, but wondered she could have been entirely out of meal,” says the fifth. “Desired her to send immediately to Squire S., he always helps poor folks,” says the sixth. “Determined to visit the poor woman as soon as dinner was over,” says the seventh.

You have none of you thought of the expedient adopted by Mrs. W. She took the *warm* dinner, prepared for herself and her own children, and sent it *all* to the hungry family, with an injunction to her hired man to go speedily, that the food might not *cool* by the way. I have always loved the memory of that woman.

## LOVE.

There is a charm in childhood's hour,  
 A freshness in spring's earliest flower,  
 A brightness in the morning sky,  
 A softness in a kind reply—  
 These thrill the heart with tenderness,  
 We feel, but never may express.

And thus love warms and wins the soul,  
 And, yielding to its sweet control,  
 The spirit cherishes the spell  
 In pleasure undefinable ;  
 A deep and thrilling tenderness,  
 We feel, but never dare express.

But childhood's charm will pass away,  
 The freshness of the flower decay,  
 And clouds the morning brightness dim,  
 The loved voice cease its soothing hymn—  
 O, then life wears a mournfulness  
 We feel, but never may express.

And thus, fond Love, thy light and bloom  
 Are lost and shrouded in the tomb !  
 Yet never from the faithful heart,  
 Will thy dear mournful *memory* part—  
 'Tis cherished with a tenderness  
 We feel, but never may express.

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 THE TEA PARTY.

“ I hoped to have met Mary White here this afternoon,”  
 said Mrs. Campbell, as she took her second cup of tea.  
 “ Do you know, Miss Ray, why she is not here ? ”

Miss Ray was a beautiful girl, with the whitest hand I  
 ever saw. She was stirring her tea carelessly, and I was ad-  
 miring her fair hand, when, in a soft sighing voice, I heard  
 her reply to Mrs. Campbell,—“ Dear me ! how should I  
 know why Mary White is not here ? ”

“ Because, you are her particular friend,” said the matron, winking.

“ Yes, I *am* her friend, Mrs. Campbell, or I could not overlook some—some—pardon me. I know you are very charitable, and to you I may say, without reserve, (the affected whisper might have been heard by five ladies and four gentlemen, if they had listened, that number was within the circle of sound,) that Mary White does not conduct herself just as her friends would wish.”

“ Then her unfortunate partiality for Mr. Carlton still continues, I fear,” said Mrs. Campbell.

The beauty smiled, and begged to be excused telling her opinion. She could not endure to say any thing against her friend.

“ You would tell no news though you said she loved Carlton,” said Miss Williams, who was seated near them. She was a tall, ugly girl, but very rich and very proud.

“ I fear the world knows it too well already,” said Miss Ray, sighing, while she sipped her tea.

“ He never will marry her,” returned Miss Williams.

“ Has he not paid her particular attention for a long time ?” inquired an elderly lady.

“ Nonsense !” returned Miss Williams, scornfully. “ Carlton may aspire to the first ladies in the city ; and who will believe he ever thought seriously of Mary White ? What has she to recommend her to his taste or inclination—she has neither wealth or beauty.”

“ When I was young, *merit* was thought of some consequence,” observed the old lady, calmly.

“ I never heard that Miss White was remarkable for merit,” said Mrs. Campbell, as she took her third cup of tea. She had two marriageable daughters.

“ Nor I,” responded Miss Williams. “ What do you think, Miss Ray ? You are her intimate friend.”

The beauty begged to be excused, but finally alluded to some circumstances which it distressed her to mention—the other two ladies were equally distressed at hearing—but, still Miss Ray communicated, and they listened, till the appearance of Carlton himself engrossed their attention. His bow and compliment were received with such smiles of softness and benignity as we may imagine seraphs wear



when stooping to earth to fulfil some commission of mercy. And yet, detraction was in their hearts. I turned away disgusted, repeating, mentally, from the Salmagundian poem on "Tea,"

" Ah ! ladies—and was it by heaven designed,  
That ye should be merciful, loving, and kind ?  
Did it form you like angels, and send you below  
To prophecy peace ? to bid charity flow ?  
And have ye thus left your primeval estate,  
And wandered so widely, so strangely of late ?  
Alas ! the sad cause I too plainly can see—  
These evils have all come upon you through *tea*,  
Hateful weed ! that can make your fair spirits resign  
The character mild of your mission divine ;  
That can blot from your bosoms the tenderness true,  
Which from female to female forever is due."

But with all due deference for the inspiration of the poet, his opinion appears to me incorrect. The infusion of *tea* does not necessarily infuse "envy and all uncharitableness" into the female mind—it only allows an opportunity for her to display what she has been treasuring there. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Those women who keep their hearts pure and "right," will experience no *morally* evil effect from partaking of a sociable cup of tea. It is only the vain, envious, jealous and prejudiced that should tremble lest the confidence and conversation, inspired by the exhilarating herb, should betray their follies and foibles, their faults of temper and character. Such should always be on their guard at a tea party, and rarely speak but in monosyllables. Had Miss Williams used that precaution, I might have thought her very sensible—plain girls are usually sensible—and Miss Ray, had she not spoken, I should have thought her an angel.

*Note*—Carlton married Mary White just three months after the tea party. Miss Ray, Mrs. Campbell, and Miss Williams were among the first to call and congratulate the young couple. Miss Ray always styles herself the particular friend of Mrs. Carlton,

But, Friendship never yet found rest  
In the vain heart, or envious breast.

## TO "THE SPIRIT."

We have parted forever,  
Bright spirit, Romance !  
My heart again never  
Shall melt in thy glance.  
From brooksides and bowers  
Thy footsteps have gone,  
Though bright waves and flowers  
In beauty live on.

Still the cliff hath its echo,  
The calm pines their tune ;  
The vale its deep shadow,  
The hill-top the moon ;  
But thou art not taking  
Their shadow or light,  
Nor deep'ning nor breaking  
The stillness of night.

Long ago I might wander  
Through forest and dell,  
To watch for and ponder  
The power of thy spell ;  
From earth's beauties stealing,  
And calms of the sky,  
Some rich gush of feeling,  
Or thought pure and high.

Then I would sit stringing  
A laurel leaf band,  
With thee by me singing  
The songs of thy land—  
A world where there came not  
A shade o'er the sun—  
Alas ! now I name not  
That beautiful one.

Ah ! would that I knew thee  
 As a sister dear,  
 And could beckon to thee  
 To ramble out here ;  
 To drink in thy mild eye,  
 And calm voice awhile,  
 And change to a child by  
 The light of thy smile.

Yet we've parted forever,  
 Sweet spirit, Romance,  
 My heart again never  
 Shall melt in thy glance ;  
 Thy looks from the bowers,  
 The voice on the wind,  
 Have passed, as the flowers  
 Whom winter days find.

INEZ.

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## EDUCATION.

“ There can be nothing new in an article on education,” is the thought that will occur to most of my readers while looking at the title. Yet, read it, ladies, before pronouncing it dull. It was written expressly for your benefit. The title would doubtless have been more appropriate, had it been “ a woman’s view of education.”

It is in forming the minds of children that the grand effort must be made to eradicate the prejudice that has so long denied to females an equality of intellect.

“ He shall rule over thee,” was in reference to the social condition of man and woman, to be the punishment of Eve’s transgression ; but remember it is not said he shall have more *mind* or more *knowledge* than his helpmate. Authority over the men, therefore, must never be usurped;

but still, women may, if they will exert their talents, and the opportunities nature has furnished, obtain an influence in society, that will be paramount to authority. They may enjoy the luxuries of wealth, without enduring the labors to acquire it; and the honors of office, without feeling its cares, and the glory of victory, without suffering the dangers of the battle. All this they may obtain, and enjoy, if they are careful to train their young sons to industry, and teach them knowledge, and inspire them with the spirit of enterprize and the love of excellence. Which is the most celebrated and illustrious in history?—the Gracchi, or their *mother*? When women become fully aware of the important part they may act in forming the mind and character of the young, of the mighty trust, and treasure, thus placed at their disposal, and for their benefit, they will more sedulously avail themselves of their privilege; and when men connect, with the recollection of maternal tenderness, the recollection, also, that to the same kind parent they are indebted for their impressions of truth, and love, and knowledge—their ideas, energies, virtues—that the same soft voice which soothed their childish sorrows, and cheered their childish sports, breathed also those precepts that have rightly, and in wisdom, directed their manhood—then the rights, the character, and the intellect of woman will be fully vindicated.

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#### THE TALISMAN.

WELCOME rainbow tints of morn, the bloom of opening flowers,  
 The balmy breaths of summer winds that float around thy bowers;  
 Thou charmed spot of loveliness, so peaceful and sublime,  
 O would that such a home of bliss forever might be mine.

What spirit rules thy streams so clear, thy sunny glades so green,  
 Thy gales so taintless, skies so blue, so tranquil, and serene;  
 Why do thy softest moonbeams rest in lingering beauty there,  
 And glowing hues of parting day such splendid livery wear?

A voice replied whose liquid tones so mellowing came and clear,  
 The stars that sung in olden time might hold their breath to hear;  
 Or wish that on the glorious morn together as they sung,  
 This melting voice had mingled there with holy rapture strang.

There is a sacred *Talisman*, a charm benignly given,  
 That threw o'er all this lovely scene a radiant type of heaven.  
 From this the air its fragrance hath, the blushing flowers their hue,  
 The streams their clear translucent waves, the skies their heaven of blue.

It breathes in innocence divine, expands in virtue's breast,  
 And builds in hearts that own its sway, a happy home of rest;  
 It glows on budding beauty's cheek, it speaks in woman's eye,  
 And thrills in gentle cadences from love's first timid sigh.

This *Talisman* is *purity*; celestial in its birth,  
 It gives a hue of heavenly things wherever found on earth;  
 I gazed upon the fairy form, the soft and winning grace,  
 The fitting blush that came and went o'er youthful beauty's face.

The secret charm now stood revealed in innocence alone,  
 Around, above, beneath, o'er all in bursting splendor shone,  
 The *Talisman* of purity; its glowing lustre shed  
 A halo bright of loveliness around her seraph head;

It tuned her gentle accents, it kindled in her eye;  
 It breathed in every sighing gale that lightly floated by.  
 I felt the charmed *Talisman* press closely on my heart,  
 And owned that naught of earthly power such rapture could impart.

LILLIAS.

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OH, I have gazed on ocean's breast,  
 When eve's last purple gleam was shed,  
 And then I dreamed 'twere sweet to rest  
 Low in that pure and peaceful bed—  
 For never human care intrudes  
 On ocean's deep, calm solitudes.

## HEBER'S TRAVELS.

Seldom has genius and piety been so happily blended in a mind, as in that of the late lamented Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta. His excellent character and acknowledged talents, secured at once a favorable reception for his posthumous works. The volumes have been liberally praised and quoted, in this country, and it is not with any expectation of adding to their deserved popularity that we write this notice. But there are some circumstances, which none of the reviews, we have seen, have mentioned, that we deem important, and worthy of being known and considered. We would direct the attention of the public, and particularly of our sex, to the fact that Mrs. Heber was not only the sole editor of the "Travels," but it was to her, in the shape of a diary, that the original correspondence was addressed; and in these unreserved communications, the Bishop, a man of extraordinary abilities, and uncommon attainments, pays his wife the compliment of conveying his ideas, opinions and allusions, with full confidence that his meaning will be understood, and his sentiments appreciated. He does not seem to think it necessary to fritter down his knowledge, or belittle his subjects, because he is writing to a female; but displays as much reasoning and research as though he were addressing a learned friend of his own sex.

It is this which gives the peculiarity of character to this work, stamping it as one of the remarkable productions of the age, and a proof of the triumph of intellect, not only over the customs of barbarism, but the prejudices of society claiming to be civilized.

The mental inferiority of woman has so long been a favorite axiom in man's philosophy, that it is difficult, even now, in these enlightened days, when the wise and good acknowledge the fallacy and injurious tendency of the sentiment, to eradicate the prejudice. There is more in the example of Bishop Heber to correct the common but mistaken opinion that learning will make women less amiable, in domestic society; less kind, conciliating, endearing, than in volumes of argument. He treated his wife as, *mentally*,

his companion ; the participator of his ideas as well as fortunes ; the esteemed of his understanding, as well as the beloved of his heart. And what effect had this on her character, and his own happiness ? Judging by the whole tenor of his writings, and her exertions, since his decease, to perpetuate the memory of the man she adored, it must have been most felicitous. Much of the interest of the volumes depends on the manner in which the Bishop has, as it were, laid open his whole soul ; told, while describing whatever he saw, with a vividness and power that astonishes, all his own feelings and reflections. If we ever wonder how he could find time, amid the toils and embarrassments of his journey, to particularize so minutely, every step, we soon meet with a word or sentence that explains the matter. He is writing to his wife ; his "bosom friend," whose heart, he feels assured, goes with him, and whose personal absence seems to be the only event to which he could not be reconciled. Perhaps what he so much regretted was precisely the circumstance necessary to call forth his energies, and direct his genius most beneficially for the world. Had Mrs. Heber accompanied him, it is not probable he would have left such a memento of his labors and talents, because he would not have considered any other individual so interested in all his adventures, and for no other would he have felt that fervency of affection which is untiring. Certain it is, the admirers of poetry would have missed one of the most beautiful effusions that ever gushed from the warm soul of love, genius, and piety. We extract it, though it has often been published. It is one that will bear repetition.

If thou wert by my side, my love !  
 How fast would evening fall  
 In green Bengola's palmy grove,  
 Listening the nightingale !

If thou, my love ! wert by my side,  
 My babies at my knee,  
 How gaily would our pinnacle glide  
 O'er Gunga's mimic sea !

I miss thee at the dawning grey,  
 When, on our deck reclined,  
 In careless ease my limbs I lay,  
 And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream  
 My twilight steps I guide,  
 But most beneath the lamp's pale beam  
 I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,  
 The lingering noon to cheer,  
 But miss thy kind, approving eye,  
 Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star  
 Beholds me on my knee,  
 I feel, though thou art distant far,  
 Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,  
 My course be onward still,  
 O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,  
 O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,  
 Nor wild Malwah detain,  
 For sweet the bliss us both awaits  
 By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,  
 Across the dark blue sea,  
 But ne'er were hearts so light and gay  
 As then shall meet in thee!

“ If,” says Mrs. Heber in her preface, “ if the Editor has retained too many proofs of her husband's attachment to her, and love for his children, or too many traits of that kindness of heart for which he was so eminent, some allowance should be made for the feelings of one whose pride it now is, as it was her happiness, to have possessed the undivided affections of that heart whose qualities she so well knew and so fondly valued.”

We hope no reader will be found so destitute of elevation of sentiment, and tenderness of soul, as to deem the apology necessary. We wish not only that the Bishop's letters had been given at length, but that her answers had been also subjoined. The correspondence would undoubtedly have shown even more conclusively than the present work, how much influence an affectionate, intelligent, and pious wife, has on the mind, the pursuits, the happiness and the usefulness of her husband.



The christian will find much to interest his feelings in the perusal of the Travels. The truly catholic spirit of the writer is so apparent, and his zeal in the cause of religion so devoted and ardent, that those who feel a real desire for the spread of the Gospel, without reference to any particular sect, will rejoice at his successes, and cherish an admiration, almost enthusiastic, for his character. There is also much encouragement in these volumes for those who are engaged in promoting missions to India. We have never read an account from our missionaries, which so rationally displayed the need of endeavoring to teach these idolaters the worship of the true God, nor any statement which showed that the efforts of the Bible societies had already been so beneficial, and that there was so much reason to hope for ultimate success, as may be found in this work. We give one short extract from the "Journal of a Tour in Ceylon," which was written by Mrs. Heber.

"Here we found two very young men, with their wives and children, separated from all European society by many miles of country impassable, save in two directions, even to palanqueens, devoting themselves entirely to the service of their Maker, in spreading his religion among the heathen, and in the education of their families. The two families, indeed, seem to form but one household, living together in Christian fellowship, and with no other object but to serve their God, and do their duty to their neighbor. I have seldom been more gratified, I may say affected, than by this sight. I am aware how strong a prejudice there exists, in many quarters, to missions in general, but I felt that if one of their strongest opponents could have witnessed what I then did, and could have informed himself of the real good that is doing, (not here alone, but by the other missionaries in the island) by the silent, judicious, and unwearied labors of these good men, his opposition must have ceased."

The last extract we can make, is the affecting account of the decease of the man to whom many minds were looking for instruction, in righteousness, and some fond hearts clinging, as to the anchor of their earthly hopes and happiness. But the summons came, and there is "no discharge in that war."

"Agreeably to his Lordship's desire the Tamul congregation assembled very early on Monday morning the 3d of April, at the

Mission Church in the Fort. His Lordship arrived at sun rise, and after the reading of usual prayers, he confirmed in Tamul eleven young persons of the Trichinopoly mission. The service was solemn and affecting, and I sincerely hope that every one of those who were confirmed by the hands of our late dear Father, were deeply impressed with a lively sense of the solemn act performed by them. The service was concluded by the blessing pronounced by his Lordship in Tamul.

“After service his Lordship took a view of the Mission Church, and expressed his regret at the decayed state it was in, and the distress of the mission, adding, that, after deliberation, he would communicate his thoughts for the repair of the Church, and the good of the Trichinopoly mission; he also took a view of the English and Tamul schools, and the missionary's house, which are all built near the Church. A great part of the Tamul congregation being still present, his Lordship exhorted them to be Christians not only in name, but in reality, to shine as lights before the heathen among whom they lived. He promised to send them soon a missionary, and wished that God would pour down his blessings upon them. He then very kindly took leave of me, and returned to the house of Mr. Bird, Circuit Judge. Little did I think that that was the last farewell—and never to see him again in this world.

“Three hours had hardly elapsed since his Lordship left the Church, when a rumour was spread in the Fort that his Lordship had been taken dead out of the bath in which he went after his return from the Fort. The first notice was brought to me by one of the catechists, who came running out of breath, and delivered the mournful news with bitter cries and lamentations. I could give no credit to the melancholy report, till it was confirmed by a note from the Rev. Mr. Wright, which informed me that our dear Father was no more an inhabitant of this world.

“In the afternoon I called on Mr. Robinson; we shed our tears over the smiling countenance of our late dear departed Father, and comforted ourselves with the thoughts of a better world, where there will be no sorrow, and where all tears will be wiped away. It is mournful, indeed, to reflect upon the sudden and abrupt manner in which our dear Father was removed from our eyes, when we were admiring the Grace of God that appeared in him. To himself, however, death was gain. He died like a good servant of his lord, who found him engaged in his proper work. But our loss by his departure seems irreparable. We have lost a Father, and this is a loss which God can alone make up. May He graciously grant that we may not be wholly disappointed!”

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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“POLITICAL ECONOMY.” *Bowles & Dearborn.*—We assure our readers, that a book with the above formidable title, (formidable to the ladies, we mean—the men, in this age of *politics* and *economy*, ought to comprehend the matter, as clearly as Adam Smith himself,) has been written by a *woman*. We hope that females will feel a curiosity, not only to read this notice, but actually read the work. The subject can be understood, as it is familiarly explained in “conversations” between two ladies. The circumstance, that the book is principally designed for the higher classes in schools, should induce mothers, particularly, to examine it, as they ought carefully to heed whatever will have an effect on the minds and opinions of their children.

To the author of ‘Conversations on Chymistry,’ &c. the public are indebted for this volume. The indefatigable exertions of Mrs. Bryan, in the cause of education, must insure her a high rank in the esteem of all who feel interested in that important subject. To her own sex her example is invaluable. It is a pledge that females may not only *attempt* to acquire science, but that they may succeed, and that their knowledge may be alike honourable to themselves, and useful to society. And when the young and lovely shall strive to become *learned*, and then, like Mrs. Bryan, industriously devote their talents to do good, to promote virtue, and disseminate knowledge, the picture of woman will be as perfect as ever poet dreamed.—The American editor of this work deserves much praise for the judicious plan by which he has adapted the several productions of Mrs. Bryan, to the use of schools, and thus been the agent of introducing her works extensively to public notice. The method of teaching by questions, is one of such obvious utility, that it now seems strange it should so long have escaped the sagacity of instructors. But to Rev. J. L. Blake, we believe, the credit is due, of first preparing school books with questions, systematically arranged, to assist the pupil in discriminating the important portions of his lesson.

We subjoin a few extracts, that our readers may have some idea of the spirit and manner of the work.

“The science of political economy is intimately connected with the daily occurrences of life, and in this respect differs materially from that of chymistry, astronomy, or electricity; the mistakes we may fall into in the latter sciences, can have little sensible effect upon our conduct, whilst our ignorance of the former may lead us into serious practical errors.

“There is scarcely any history, or any account of voyages or travels, that does not abound with facts and opinions, the bearings of which cannot be understood without some previous acquaintance with the principles of political economy.”

“If a more general knowledge of political economy prevented women from propagating errors respecting it, no trifling good would ensue. Childhood is spent in

acquiring ideas, adolescence in discriminating and rejecting those which are false; how greatly we should facilitate this labor by diminishing the number of errors imbibed in early youth, and by inculcating such ideas only as are founded in truth."

"I once heard a lady ask a philosopher to tell her in a few words, what is meant by political economy. Madam, replied he, you understand perfectly what is meant by *household economy*; you need only extend your idea of the economy of a family to that of a whole people—of a nation, and you will have some comprehension of the nature of political economy."

"I would call it the science which teaches us to investigate the causes of the wealth and prosperity of nations."

"NOTIONS OF THE AMERICANS: *Picked up by a travelling Bachelor.*"—We do not think this book will answer the expectations excited by the name of Cooper, as author of it; although it may furnish much entertainment, and some information. To begin with its faults, its principal one is the affectation which abounds in every page—a petty detail of affectation, which arises almost entirely from the fundamental error of giving the work a fictitious origin. Mr. Cooper is no bachelor; he is no European, ignorant of America, and her customs, until they are opened to him by a casual and fantastic ramble, and bearing with him all the tastes, prejudices, and predilections of a monarchical aristocrat; nor are his correspondents and natural companions comtes, barons, and baronets—these are fictions, unnecessary, and misplaced. In a book of travels we expect facts; in a novel, fancies. When searching for information, falsehood disgusts; and if we would revel in imagination, reality breaks the spell too harshly. Mr. Cooper, by these idle whims, and masquerading, has entirely destroyed the air of truth which would otherwise have given a charm to his book, without substituting imaginative brilliancy enough to make it attractive. If he composed the volumes for the amusement of his countrymen, he has thus greatly subtracted from their interest; if for the use of foreigners, these fictions, by creating a distrust, for which his readers may want knowledge to set limits, have rendered the work of little value. The faults of style are the usual ones with Mr. Cooper; a too artificial manner of detailing unimportant events, and of describing common scenery.

The excellences of the work are also numerous. The author displays, in many instances, quite judiciously, certain points in the character and habits of his countrymen, which to a traveller are apt to appear distortions. He defends their morality and republican manners, with good sense and impartiality. The ladies, or rather the women of America, are particularly obliged to him, for doing them full justice on all points, and rendering them all the substantial praise which they deserve. He also compliments them by giving their fathers, husbands, and brothers, ample credit for the tenderness and respect with which they watch over and care for them. Some of the statistical parts, if correct, are quite valuable; and most of the anecdotes, etc. etc., amusing. The account of the Fayette ball, at New York, is *really* a fairy thing—a more brilliant and fanciful scene than Mr. C. ever imagined for his novels. It would occupy more room than we could spare, to notice particularly each part of the book. We can only recommend it as worth perusal, although it would read, we confess, somewhat better on the other side of the water, than on this.

"THE CONTRAST; by *Maria Regina Roche*."—This novel is certainly inferior in plot and composition, to the former celebrated work of its author. Yet it is free from many faults which have pervaded its contemporaries. Its tendency is moral, and its general character inculcates a good lesson. The misfortunes of its heroes and heroines proceeding, mostly, from want of frankness, or a propensity to unnecessary concealment, than which, nothing is more destructive to social intercourse. Without a certain degree of confidence in those around us, and a candid avowal of our own views and sentiments, we must expect, not only to be subjected to the inconvenience of being continually misunderstood ourselves, but to be never certain that we are doing justice to others. In fact, most of the squabbles, fevers, and heart-burnings of society, proceed solely from this pestilential atmosphere of simulation and mystery. The fiction does well in placing the evil consequences of those faults of refinement in a strong light—one which enforces in the mind of the reader the "Contrast" which a course of simplicity and truth would have produced. The story is tolerably interesting, although lacking in continuity, and the style rather easy and pleasing.

"CONDITION OF GREECE IN 1827—8; by *Col. J. P. Miller*."—This volume will, we are assured, prove an exceedingly acceptable one to those of the American people, who have felt and manifested so strong a sympathy for the sufferings of their fellow beings in that venerated and deserted portion of the world to which it relates. Many of the benevolent, who have contributed their charities for their relief, naturally desire to know how, and with what effect, their donations were distributed. Here they have an accurate record of all. There could have been no better way of displaying, at full drawing, the condition of Greece, than the journalizing manner which Col. Miller has chosen; and the vivid and true pictures he has given, fresh from the glow of present impressions, have the effect of almost transporting his readers to the same scenes. Let all who care for Greece, her struggles, her agony, her mighty and endearing hope, read this book, and rise with their hearts strengthened and re-awakened for her cause.

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#### ERRORS.

THERE has never yet been an *errata* inserted in the Magazine. Not that it was unnecessary, for the *errors*, we are compelled to acknowledge, have not in the least resembled "angels' visits." But reasons, which need not be mentioned, determined us to defer noticing the mistakes till the volume was completed. In the December number of the work, a *copious* *errata* shall accompany the index; rectifying all mistakes of the pen and the press. In the meantime we hope our readers will be charitably inclined, and, where the meaning of a word or sentence appears doubtful, always interpret it to our advantage—remembering, that,

"Whoever thinks a *faultless* work to see,  
Thinks what never was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

# LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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VOL. I.

OCTOBER.

No. X.

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## THE FIRST PAGE OF AN ALBUM.

“What’s in a name?” The associations we form when first becoming acquainted with that name. These are in our minds, they will recur: and though the “rose by any other name would smell as sweet,” yet to us none other would ever awaken the sweet thoughts which the word *rose* conjures up.

Albums are pretty looking books, and they are fashionable ones for young ladies, and yet I question whether the name *Album* awakens, even in the mind of the fair owner, very pleasing ideas; what then must be the associations of those unlucky scribblers who find it impossible to resist an invitation to contribute to its pages? There may, however, be exceptions to this. Some young Bards may delight in the opportunity thus presented of gracefully waving their poetic pinions and taking “a flight among the stars.” O, what sublime flights they sometimes take! It is strange booksellers do not get up a volume entitled “Beauties of Albums.” The book would undoubtedly be all the rage, especially at the season when literature in the “Literary Emporium” is proverbially dull. This period may be dated from the “leafy June,” when flowers of rhetoric are abandoned for garden flowers, and to muse in green fields is more fashionable than to skim through the

field of the muses. From that time till the frost and "yellow leaf" bring us back to our

"Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness"—

to our parlors and books, there is a perpetual bustle and struggle to be abroad, travelling in steamboats or stages, by land or by water; and then "light reading," which certainly must include Albums, is only tolerated. And moreover the frequent partings with friends and acquaintance, and the affecting leavetakings of lovers, must render the fine manner of "Farewells," "Adieus," &c. with which Albums abound, peculiarly necessary and appropriate. The following, copied from a written collection of these lacrymal poems, and furnished by one of our first geniuses, would hold a distinguished niche.

"O! the sweet hours we have past, my love,—  
But bright things never will last, my love;  
Fled are those hours, like the foam on the river—  
Farewell—fare thee well—but remember me ever."

That "fare thee well" is an excellent imitation of the Byronian style, which our junior poets are so ambitious of attaining. Philosophers may argue that the influence of Albums on the character of the age will be of little consequence; but the philanthropist, who remembers how often great events arise from trifling causes, will regret that books so much used should not be more useful. The following anecdote will illustrate more forcibly than a labored oration, the good effects which may arise from a line in an Album.

"Promise me not to look at the first page," said Lydia Curtis as she drew back her beautiful,—*"Friendship book"* as she termed it, on which Captain Barker had just laid his hand. There was a pensiveness in her tone, and her blush, smile and sigh were so blended, that whether her prohibition was serious or sportive, caused from fear lest he should discover some dear cherished name, or merely said to awaken his curiosity, he could not at first determine. He was not long in doubt. Her manner soon convinced him that she was quite in earnest; nor could he obtain possession of the book till he had promised, on the honor of a soldier, not to look at the first page.

Lydia Curtis knew, and sighed while she recollected it, that the honor of a soldier was a far more sacred and binding oath with Captain Barker, than the faith of a christain would have been. He styled himself a *Freethinker*, which with him meant, not that he thought *freely* on religious subjects, but, that he did not trouble himself to think at all about such matters. Now it may be surmised that Barker had secretly cherished a passion for the sweet Lydia, but this was not the case. He had merely thought of her as a fair, young, innocent girl, which in his opinion was a much more flattering title than "angel."

But the blue smile and sigh of Lydia haunted his mind, and somehow he did feel very curious to know what was written on the first page of her Album. He held a man's opinion of such books—that they were morocco-covered, gilt-edged receptacles of rhymes and rhapsodies, flatteries and farewells, pretty nothings and pert nonsense. Yet he had urged Lydia to allow him the pleasure of examining her Album, saying, with the usual truth of a compliment, that he had no doubt of being much interested by the perusal. Lydia felt this compliment as a condescension, for Captain Barker was a rich and fashionable man, and he was handsome, and agreeable, and admired.

She claimed nothing on her own part but youth, innocence, a sweet disposition, and a mind cultivated with care. She knew she was not beautiful, and felt she was poor; and why Captain Barker should be so anxious to read her Album, was a mystery that she pondered all the afternoon without being able to solve. So if there was no *thought* in the book, it certainly caused thought in two very superior, though very dissimilar minds. Captain Barker had rhymed a little in his leisure moments, enough to give him a turn for criticism, if not a taste for poetry; and his critical skill was absolutely astounded by the specimens of verse which the book disclosed. But he had not seen the first page. He read the last page—it was an extract from a maudlin "song of sentiment"—he looked at the middle page, but *that* the cramp characters forbade all attempts at reading—and then, as the book lay carelessly in his hand, it opened, of its own accord, at the first page. His eye was riveted, and



unconscious of his promise, of the consequences of every thing save the import of the sentence that seemed penned expressly for him, he remained for a long time apparently unconscious of all, save the writing on the first page.

Captain Barker is now a distinguished clergyman, with the sweet Lydia for his companion and helper; and to the first page of her Album he ascribes the impressions that led to a change of his principles and pursuits.

The sentiment that had this surprising effect on the mind of the gay, infidel soldier, was penned by the mother of Lydia, and was this—

My child, I would on thy young mind impress  
One rule, the onward path of life to bless,  
Ne'er be thy soft and sweet affections given,  
To him who scoffs at piety and heaven.

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#### BILLET.

*The Fairy Fancy, to Clara S—.*

LISTEN, lady, to Fancy's lay !  
Listen at the light-wing'd sylph shall say—  
And as a song you refuse to receive it,  
At least as a plain tale of *truth* you'll believe it.  
For however the world at her phantasies rail,  
They still bend the ear to her song and her tale ;  
The wisest of sages on her have relied,  
And all that is bright is on Fancy's side !  
Then listen, lady, to Fancy's lays,  
And be sure you believe her, whatever she says.

Last even, so dull was the world below,  
And wore such an aspect of *dolour* and wo,  
The wild wind moan'd so drearily,  
And howl'd and whistled along the lea,  
The tall, dark woods *careering* o'er,  
And rivalling the *torrent's* roar ;

The eyes and the hearts of the gayest were clouded,  
 And every thing seem'd in the vapours enshrouded ;  
 The heavens look'd so black, and the world so blue,  
 That I wav'd my wings, and away I flew.  
 And gaily I soar'd to the bowers of love,  
 The cold, rude earth and its storms above,  
 To pay my devoirs at the jewell'd shrine  
 Of Luna, goddess of love divine.  
 I beat my knee at her saphire throne,  
 Where the lucid pearl and the topaz shone,  
 To her bright pale cheek my lips I prest—  
 O ! never was fairy love so blest !  
 Men say she's cold, but she's warm to me,  
 And I love her holy serenity ;  
 I love to bathe in the balm of her sigh,  
 And glance my plume in the light of her eye.  
 When the dews of sorrow have damp'd my wing,  
 And the fetters of earth on its lightness cling,  
 The cold dews vanish beneath her warm ray,  
 And the dark chains melt in her brightness away ;  
 And as gaily I revel it through the swift hours  
 As the bee sings over the valley of flowers.

O ! it was holy to list to the song  
 Of the vestal stars as they roll'd along ;  
 They sang of glory and truth and love,  
 And the peace and beauty that reigns above.  
 Ah ! few and favor'd the mortals be,  
 Whose hearts have thrill'd to their harmony ;  
 Tho' men do say such strains have stole,  
 Like heaven's own voice, on the pilgrim's soul,  
 When his hope-lit eye was glazing fast,  
 And his toils and sorrows were well nigh past,  
 'Till his 'raptured spirit hath spread its wing,  
 And soar'd to meet their welcoming.  
 And O ! 'twas a glorious sight to see,  
 Grand and gorgeous exceedingly !  
 How the clouds in the moonlight toss'd and roll'd,  
 Like a mighty ocean of molten gold.  
 And silently sleeping above the wild sea,  
 In serene and soft tranquillity,

The large white clouds in their purity lay,  
 Like snow cover'd hills in the evening's ray ;  
 And their varying peaks and silver slopes made  
 A beauteous mingling of brightness and shade.  
 Like the islands of beauty and bliss they seem'd,  
 (Men say *their* minstrels of such have dream'd,)  
 Where the souls of the lovely and innocent rove,  
 And hearts, on earth sever'd, are mingled in love ;  
 Where the tempest of passion is hush'd to repose,  
 And the world-wearied spirit beguiled of its woes.

Wearied with revel and sated with joy,—  
 For the sweeter our pleasures the sooner they cloy,  
 I flung me to rest on the glittering height  
 Of a cloudy pyramid's pinnacle bright,  
 And bask'd in the bliss of my lady love's smile,  
 And gaz'd on the beautiful scene the while.  
 Full gally I nodded to each brother fay,  
 As all drest in their bravest and blithest array ;  
 They were glancing along in their moonlight cars,  
 And kissing those shy little nuns—the stars.  
 And many of frolicking sylphs, I ween,  
 In their gossamer garbs of broidery sheen,  
 Were riding with glee on the golden waves,  
 Or sleeping soft in their silver caves.

Then close my feathery couch beneath,  
 In a bower enclos'd with an ether wreath,  
 I saw reclining our fair Fairy Queen—  
 (A sight of glory that few have seen,  
 Save when array'd in her glittering vest,  
 When the carbuncle glows on her beautiful breast,  
 She springs on her buoyant wing afar—  
 You mortals do deem her a '*shooting star!*')  
 And pensively there around her sate  
 Her fairy maidens disconsolate ;  
 From their eyes the bright pearls glistening roll'd,  
 For the bower they lov'd was drear and celd ;  
 Some dæmon the blithe reed of joy had crush'd,  
 And the soft lute of pleasure was broken and hush'd ;  
 Young love had flown from its dark shades away,  
 On the damp earth shivering Friendship lay ;

And they wept for the spot they lov'd!—no more  
 Such boding sorrow shall cloud them o'er,  
 A voice has arisen that banish'd each fear,  
 And chased from each fairy eye the tear,  
 For it swells in a deep, holy cadence that tells  
 Joy shall be with it wherever it dwells.  
 O sweet is the tune of the streamlet's wave,  
 When rippling out from its fountain cave—  
 O pure is the mild voice of pity and love,  
 That calls the mated spirit above—  
 So soft, so holy, among the bright wreaths  
 Of ether, its tremulous symphony breathes!  
 In the fairy queen's bower it linger'd awhile,  
 And dimpled each cheek with a tear and a smile,  
 Then on shadowless wing to that altar arose,  
 Where the pure spirit's incense in purity glows;  
 For thoughts and breathings from Heaven that come,  
 When flung on the air, will seek their home.  
 Such high and holy imaginings,  
 Die not like the insect's murmurings,  
 But rise to the seraph choirs on high,  
 And join in their mingling melody.

"Sweet vale of Avoca!" thy wild warbled name  
 Went wandering on thro' love's temple of flame,  
 Entwining each pillar with witcheries soft,  
 And wreathing in luminous spells aloft;  
 With a crown of melody shading his brow,  
 And tinting his eye with a holier glow.  
 It was heard afar in those bowers of light  
 That glitter beyond the dark regions of night—  
 O nothing that's earthly can e'er enter there,  
 For the eye of the holy one looks on the air!  
 And bright are the spirits that wander forever,  
 In those starry domes where a shadow falls never.  
 For the light that jewels a mother's tear,  
 And glows in a mother's smile, is here;  
 And here the mild spirit of pity is found,  
 That presses the lip to the venom'd wound.  
 Sweet sympathy that cools its smart,  
 And heals the mourner's bleeding heart;

Chasing the grief from the widow's brow,  
 And cheering the lonely orphan's wo.  
 Here, crowned in beauty and thron'd on high,  
 Sits Hope, fair daughter of peace and joy ;  
 With her smile of placid benignity,  
 Like the deep blue heaven of the waveless sea ;  
 When the night of summer is on the deep,  
 And the waters in starry silence sleep.

Chide me not, lady, that thus I stray,  
 For the path of fancy's a devious way,  
 But turn we again to the fairy queen's court,  
 And as grave as a gowns-man I'll make my report.

Then thus her high mandate Titinia spake,  
 ('Twas the voice that the lutes of the summer winds  
 wake)

“ Our herald, Ariel, go spread thy wing  
 And swift to our presence the tidings bring—  
 What lip' on the drear earth such music can breathe ?  
 What mortal such heavenly symphonies wreathes ?”  
 Then wav'd Ariel his pinions of light,  
 And earthward wing'd he his meteor flight.  
 As fleet returning her messenger came,  
 And, beauteous lady, *he whisper'd thy name !*  
 But when he declar'd you of mere mortal birth,  
 Not some heaven born sprite that had wandered to earth,  
 We stared, and each fairy exclaim'd in surprise,  
 ‘ Whate'er be her birth, she's allied to the skies !’  
 Then again spake Titinia—“ haste, fairies, away  
 And accomplish our wishes—our mandate obey.  
 Attend ye her footsteps wherever she roves,  
 Breathe around her the airs of earth's loveliest groves ;  
 Let not sorrow nor care ever darken her path,  
 And drive far from her dwelling the dæmon of wrath ;  
 Let her bosom be fill'd with the sunlight of joy,  
 And the mild ray of cheerfulness dance in her eye.  
 O gild ye with pleasure her life's dawning hours,  
 And her couch strew at even with odorous flowers,  
 That will still shed a fragrance when spring time is past,  
 And smile in their bloom beneath age's chill blast.

With peace her attendant and virtue her guide,  
 Smooth be her path o'er life's wilderness wide ;  
 And when on time's border all lonely she stands,  
 Let her steps be supported by love's twining hands ;  
 Let the sigh of affection impel her swift sail,  
 And light bound her bark on the odorous gale ;  
 'Till the fair lands of promise burst bright on her eye,  
 And her pure sister-spirits receive her in joy."

So spake our fair empress her regal decree,  
 And the task to *report it* devolv'd upon me.  
 I obey—lovely lady receive my rude lay,  
 Adieu ! and believe me your true, Fancy Fay.

August 1825.

INEZ.

## SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

### NO. X.....THE APPARITION.

ABOUT fifty miles from Albany, in the proud state of New-York, there is a pleasantly situated little village, which we will call Harmony. Some events which occurred there a few years since, may perhaps interest those readers of the Magazine who have the good taste to prefer exhibitions of our national and republican peculiarities of character to descriptions of European manners, and the good nature to concede, that the efforts of those American writers who are attempting to awaken the love and the pride of national literature among their countrymen, deserve, at least, to be tolerated. The southeastern line of Harmony is bounded by a high, rugged mountain, that seems to look frowningly down on the neat, thriving farms stretching along the borders of a small river, which winds silently through copse and plain at its base. The meanderings of this quiet stream are marked on the western border

by a narrow strip of rich meadow land, displaying alternately patches of mowing, fields of corn, or of that vegetable which an European might with propriety term a *republican root*, as its discovery and use have more perhaps than any other resource, contributed to support an increase of population among the laboring classes in the old world. The broad harvest moon had just risen above the rugged mountain, and there trembled over the landscape that soft silvery lustre which so frequently tempts the poet to write and the maniac to rove. But neither poet or maniac had ever been known to exist within the precincts of Harmony, and it seemed quite improbable Luna should there find a worshipper. Yet *one* there was, and a *fair* one too, regarding that bright moon with an attention as absorbing, if not a devotion as sincere, as ever a devotee of Ephesus paid at the shrine of Diana. Lois Lawton was the last surviving child of the clergyman who presided over the only church which had then been organized in Harmony. He was a Presbyterian, a good preacher and a strictly conscientious man, and but for two reasons might have been very popular among his parishioners. In the first place he did not sufficiently regard the feelings of the minority who were from principle or prejudice (it is sometimes very difficult to determine which predominates in the human mind) opposed to his settlement; and in the second place he strenuously insisted on the fulfilment of a promise which the majority had made him, namely, that at the expiration of five years from the time of his installation, there should be a convenient and handsome house for divine worship erected in the town. No one disputed the need of such a building, as the congregation were obliged to assemble alternately at a school-house and a hall. The unchurchlike character of the hall, where the Fourth-of-July revels, and New-Year balls, were held as regularly as the summer and winter came round, was, in the opinion of all the good women, quite a scandal to their religious services. The men were not quite so scrupulous. They wisely considered that the building of a church would involve the payment of taxes, and that inconvenience came more home to the sensibilities of many rich men than the recollection that where the fiddle had resounded, prayers and holy hymns were to be fervently

breathed, or devoutly sung. But finally Mr. Lawton, by dint of private expostulations with his church members, and public reproofs from the pulpit, succeeded so far that a town meeting was warned to be held, to see what steps should be taken to provide ways and means for building a meeting-house.

There is no record of a nation on earth whose origin, progress, character and institutions were, or are, in their predominating features, similar to ours. Democracies have been, and governments called, *free*; but the spirit of independence and the consciousness of unalienable rights, were never before transfused into the minds of a whole people. The trammels of rank have always been, since the days of Nimrod, worn in the old world; and there men, even when attempting to throw off the yoke of despotism, will be found stooping to established customs, and wearing the "fardels" of fashion as if still in the harness. But in these United States no idol of nobility was ever set up; and consequently, the people have never been degraded by cringing at the nod of a fellow mortal. Our citizens walk the earth with a consciousness of moral dignity which places them on a level with the king upon his throne. The feeling of equality which they proudly cherish does not proceed from ignorance of their station, but from the knowledge of their rights; and it is this knowledge which will render it so exceedingly difficult for any tyrant ever to triumph over the liberties of our country. However, to know the rights of man is but half the benefit imparted by our free institutions—they teach also to know his duties. Persons accustomed only to those establishments where the interests of church and state are inseparably blended, and where some particular form of devotion is enforced and supported by authority, can hardly believe that were religious worship left wholly to the free choice and voluntary support of the people, it would be adequately maintained. Yet our history will conclusively prove that piety of heart and freedom of mind are not only perfectly compatible, but that the exercise of the understanding in the examination of creeds, and the volition of the will in the admission of truth, are favorable to the cause of religion and the Bible. Is this doubted?—then let the caviller point to the Christian nation in which are so few infidels as *here*; here, where freedom of inquiry, and



conscience, and belief, and worship, are not only enjoyed, but exercised without the least shadow of civil control.

These remarks are not foreign to my subject, though they may *seem* misplaced, and actually be uninteresting or dull. It was only the conscientious feeling of duty, which freedom of inquiry and conduct brings home with a sense of awful responsibility to those who profess to be Christians and know themselves free, that would have induced the frugal, pains-taking, unostentatious citizens of Harmony to tax themselves with the expense of erecting a handsome house for religious worship, when they were many of them still dwelling in their small, inconvenient log tenements. The town patent had been originally granted to a Dutchman belonging to Albany, and the first settlers were descendants from the Dutch colonists; but about the year 1790 the unoccupied parts of the patent were purchased by a Yankee speculator, and most of the later emigrants had been from New-England. The inhabitants, however, lived harmoniously together. Not that they agreed exactly in sentiment on every subject, but they seemed for some time to cherish a spirit of mutual forbearance. The Dutchman suffered his Yankee visitor to talk without interruption and argue without contradiction, and in return for this politeness the latter saw his phlegmatic neighbor still adhere to those old customs, which he had been striving to convince him were not only extremely absurd, but very expensive and inconvenient, without exhibiting much disgust.

The settlement of Mr. Lawton was the first occurrence that threatened to make a deadly breach between the parties. The Yankees were nearly all congregationalists—the Dutch presbyterians;—the former made the most bustle, but the latter polled the most votes, and the settlement of their favorite was accordingly effected. The congregationalists were at perfect liberty to seek a pastor after their own faith, but as the town did not contain more people than might conveniently be accommodated at one meeting, and Mr. Lawton was respected by all and acknowledged to be a good man, the Yankees finally concluded to attend on his ministry, and pay their proportion of his salary. Had Mr. Lawton been what, in worldly language, is termed a managing man, he might doubtless have satisfied both parties.

But he had fixed rules of action, from which he would not swerve, and settled principles which he would not soften, even though he might by that means have gained the popularity of a Chalmers. And then he had a serious dislike to the Puritan mode of church government, which he took no pains to conceal or qualify. In short, though, as I have said, he was a good man, he was not sufficiently careful to prevent "his good from being evil spoken of." The consequence was, that his congregational hearers soon took mortal offence and withdrew from his society. Had they stopped there, perhaps their conduct might not have deserved much blame, as it was evident to all that Mr. Lawton's sermons were oftener calculated to rouse their sectarian prejudices than awaken their religious feelings. But they were not satisfied with acting merely on the defensive, for when was a Yankee ever known to underrate his own importance, or quietly submit to have his religious faith and mode of worship censured as unsound and unscriptural?

Meekness and forbearance was not certainly the spirit evinced by the congregationalists of Harmony; and from protesting against the presbyterian forms, they soon came to detest and vilify the man, who so strenuously supported them, and the people who were his adherents.

Matters were in this state between the parties, when the meeting-house was voted to be erected. This vote was conscientiously given, for when roused to reflection by the arguments and expostulations of their pastor, the presbyterians knew it to be their duty to build the house, and yet, so wayward is the heart, so deeply rooted is selfishness, that many were dissatisfied, almost angry, because Mr. Lawton thus urged upon them the performance of an inconvenient duty.

Some Europeans have suggested that while depending entirely upon the people for their support, our clergy must be timid and time-serving, and while their own interest is involved in pleasing their hearers, that there is cause to fear they will often make a sacrifice of conscience to convenience. This might be the case, were not the clergy sensible that they are themselves a part of the sovereign people, and that to bow, cringe and fawn, would be a renunciation of the dignity which here entitles a man to respect from his

fellow men. It is the great merit of our free institutions that they accustom those who enjoy them, to reflection and reasoning. It is not that our citizens may choose their own governors, and enact the laws by which such governors must be guided, that makes the privileges of which Americans should be most proud. It is, that, with the knowledge of his own personal independence, which is as familiar to the republican child as "household words," there is also inculcated a conviction of man's responsibility, not only to his God, but his country, posterity, the whole world. And so far as the human mind can shake off selfishness and act from a sacred regard to truth, justice and duty, so far will men not only be virtuous, but fearless in virtue. And will not a clergyman be more likely thus to feel and act, in a situation where he is placed and retained by the sober approval of a majority of his free parishioners, than when he owes his station to caprice, or favoritism, or stipulation with an individual? There needs no proof, but to attend our churches or read the sermons of our divines, to convince the most sceptical that our clergy are faithful in the cause of religion, and that their flocks esteem them higher for such plain dealing. But every thing excellent is liable to be abused or perverted; and this plain dealing may be rendered ungracious by a disagreeable manner. It is the manner which offends; and it was the manner of Mr. Lawton which made his people complain. No one thought of blaming him for supporting freely his own opinions, or insisting that the promise concerning the meeting-house should be fulfilled; but it was said he was too dictatorial, and that he hurried on the workmen without reference to the extra expense which it made the people to move faster than the usual considerate motion of a Dutchman would allow.

But what has this long explanation to do with Lois Lawton, the clergyman's daughter? Much—it will enable you, reader, if you have read it, which I somewhat doubt, to judge of the perplexities which surrounded that young, fair girl who is my heroine, and I hope will be yours, while she was earnestly seeking to heal those divisions which had unhappily, for some time, rendered the inhabitants of Harmony as unharmonious a set as can well be imagined. To

soothe suffering and calm the turbulent passions of men, is so naturally the office of woman, that Lois Lawton need not be considered a heroine merely because she was a peace-maker ; but it really must be placed among extraordinary achievements, that she, by her prudent and conciliating conduct, so ingratiated herself with the good *vrows*, that they actually came to the resolution to abstain from the use of tea and sugar for a given period, till they had saved a sum sufficient to pay for painting the church, which expense, by the way, was the one of which the Dutchmen most loudly complained ; and it was likewise an item on which Mr. Lawton had strenuously insisted. But to appease and please the Yankees, required more address, and yet their good will was very necessary to the happiness of the clergyman's daughter.

She thought, as she gazed on the bright moon, of the bitter prejudices that existed between her father and Captain Isaiah Warren, the chief leader of the Yankee faction ; and then she thought of his son, the young Isaiah, between whom and her father's daughter, prejudices, but not bitter ones, also existed.

“ He said he had a plan which he hoped would heal these differences, and make my father look with approbation on our love,” said the fair girl, softly yet audibly, a blush crimsoning her cheek, even though alone, and veiled around by the shades of night, at the thought of marrying Isaiah.

“ And you consent I shall pursue my plan,” said Isaiah, who had advanced, unperceived, and then stood close beside her.

Lois had not expected him so soon, but she was not easily flurried, or at least, she never affected more fright than she really felt, and though somewhat confused that he had overheard her soliloquy, she neither screamed nor fainted ; but, after a moment's silence, turned calmly towards him, and begged he would explain why he had so anxiously urged this interview. “ I wish to return home before prayers,” said she—“ or my father will be uneasy, perhaps offended, at my absence.”

The lovers were standing partly in the shadow of a broad sycamore that threw its branches over the little stream at their feet. • The water there looked dark and deep, but fur-

ther on, it was sparkling in the moonbeams, that came down with that glistening power which so sweetly invites "lovers to breathe their vows," and disposes "ladies to listen." I wish I had time to describe these two young persons, just as they looked while they glanced their eyes alternately at the charming prospect around them, and then turned, by stealth, their gaze on each other.

A genuine descendant of the pilgrims, has usually, a high, bold forehead, and a firm expression around the chin and mouth, which gives a decided, and generally a grave cast to the countenance. This gravity, however, is, in a degree, more or less, according to the age and character of the person, counteracted by the expression in the deep-set eye—keen, lively, penetrating; it announces quickness of thought and humor, which is always allowed to the Yankees, both by friends and foes—the one terming the quickness wit, the other wickedness. When I say that Isaiah Warren had a fine complexion, good features, and real roguish-looking, Yankee eyes, that would flash with thought or merriment till the blue iris appeared nearly black as the pupil dilated, I mean to be understood that he was very handsome, or, to use a more indefinite, and therefore, more polite phrase, that he had a very fascinating expression of countenance. And he thought Lois Lawton was beautiful as an angel. It is therefore of little consequence what others would think, should she be portrayed. A woman should never sigh for personal admiration, except from the man she loves.

"You have heard, I presume," said Isaiah, the blood flushing over his cheeks and temple as he spoke, "that my mother is firmly persuaded that I am to become a clergyman."

Lois half smiled, as she answered in the affirmative.

"It is a foolish whim," he continued, "and yet my mother is a worthy woman, and a sensible one, in all, except what relates to me. Somehow my parents, from my being the first born, I presume, always appeared to expect I should do marvels. I am sorry they indulge such hopes, and yet the knowledge of their expectations, has, I confess, spurred me on to attempt being the first, both at school and college. At school my superiority was never denied, and at college, though I labored under the disadvantage of being poorly

fitted, and having to be a teacher every winter, in order to earn money to support myself, my father being, with his large family, unable to furnish sufficient funds; yet I know I maintained a respectable standing in my class. But I have now graduated; and my parents are urging me to commence the study of divinity. Could I study with your father, Lois, I would willingly obey them."

Lois looked astonished, and yet gratified, for her father was, in her opinion, the best man, and best minister, in the whole world. But how could the matter be brought about? Captain Warner would never suffer his son to study with a presbyterian clergyman.

"My mother," resumed Isaiah, "is confident she once saw a vision; though, I presume, it was nothing but a dream. When I was an infant, she says, that one night a figure, clothed in the costume of spirits, which is, I believe, always white, approached her bed, and told her that I would be a marvellous boy, and that I must have a good education, and then it would be again revealed what I must do. Since that time, my mother has watched every incident which has occurred to me, and tortured them all into omens, which she constantly interprets in my favor, till she has worked herself into the belief, that I am to be a great man; and, as greatness and goodness are, in her pure mind, inseparably connected, she is convinced I am to be a *great, good* man, which must mean a *minister*. It is in vain for me to combat these imaginings. Indeed, I do not wish to disprove her fancies, but to fulfil them; still I should like, I own, to make this romance, superstition, or prophecy, whichever it may be, somewhat subservient to my own happiness."

"But how has this any reference to my father?" inquired Lois, timidly.

"I have thought——," and he hesitated, as if afraid or ashamed to say what he was intending—"I have thought, if the apparition would again inform my mother that it was necessary for me to study with Mr. Lawton, that all objections, on the part of my family, would be removed at once."

"You would not, surely, deceive your mother, Isaiah?" said Lois, turning on him her dark, expressive eyes, with a look of reproachful tenderness.

“She has deceived herself, Lois. You are not more credulous than I; nor do you imagine, that, like Glendower—you remember it in Shakspeare—

‘ These signs have marked me extraordinary,  
And all the courses of my life do show  
I am not in the roll of common men.’

Yet my mother firmly believes it. The Yankees are not credulous, or easily imposed upon; but, when once they have imbibed a superstition, it is difficult to eradicate the prejudice; because they are constantly reasoning themselves more and more into the belief of the reality of their fancies. Thus, everything, even the most common incidents, concerning me, are marked, and noted, and made, in some sense or other, to refer to the destiny for which my mother thinks me born. Where can be the harm in taking advantage of this superstition, which I cannot remove, to heal the prejudices that, at present, unhappily divide our families; and thus overcome the only obstacles that exist to our union?” He then went on to state, that what he proposed was, to envelope himself in a white sheet, appear in his mother’s room, and say, in a hoarse, sepulchral voice, that “Isaiah must study divinity with Mr. Lawton.” And he wished Lois to aid in disposing her father to credit the story and receive the student. The families would then be necessitated to hold some intercourse, which, the sanguine lover was confident, would ripen into fellowship and friendship.

“But we must not do evil, that good may follow,” said Lois, with that solemnity of manner so peculiarly affecting when assumed by the young and lovely. “This deception on your good and kind parents, though not intended for evil purposes, is still a deception. It will be derogatory to the sacred character you are intending to assume. It is wrong—I cannot tell you all the evil consequences that may follow—but my conscience tells me it is wrong. You must not, Isaiah, you must not do it.”

It was all in vain, that he represented he should otherwise be sent to Connecticut, to study there with the favorite clergyman of his mother; and that, in the interim, the jealousies and divisions in the town would probably increase; and, perhaps, his father and hers, become so exas-

perated with each other, as to forbid their children to marry together. It was all in vain. Lois would not be convinced that expediency was any excuse for practising deception; and though Isaiah's passion had, in a measure, stifled his conscientious scruples, his sophistry could not stifle hers. So they separated—she, with a sad face and slow step, proceeded homewards—and he, with a sadder face and slower movement, wended his way towards a neighboring house, where he had promised to assist as a watcher with an old man, who was dangerously sick. The man died that night, and Isaiah gazed on a scene he had never before witnessed—the last scene of all. It struck him most painfully; because the old man frequently adverted to, and lamented, the follies of his youth,—while it was continually occurring to Isaiah, that he had been guilty of a great sin, even to plan a deception upon his kind parents.

When the youth entered his father's house, the next morning, he found the whole family in commotion; and he learned, to his astonishment, almost horror, that his mother had seen the white apparition again, and it had told her that if Isaiah would prosper in this world, and be saved in the next, he must study with Mr. Lawton.

Isaiah was thunderstruck,—and, in the consternation of the moment, he acknowledged what had been his own intentions respecting the personating of the apparition. The matter grew more solemn, and Mr. Lawton and Lois were summoned; when the clergyman was, for the first time, apprised, that his daughter and the young student were looking to each other for their earthly happiness. As nothing, to clear up the mystery of the apparition, appeared, it was believed, by all the women in the town, to be an awful warning, a solemn call to the two religious parties, to lay aside their prejudices against each other; and as the meeting-house was now completed, and the people were curious to attend in the new building, Mr. Lawton had the satisfaction, and a heart-felt satisfaction it is to a good man, of seeing a full audience listening to his sermon on the first Sabbath he performed divine service in the new church.

From that time, there was more unanimity among the inhabitants, than had been since Mr. Lawton began his ministry. This change was universally ascribed to the priest,



who, his hearers observed, preached fewer doctrinal sermons, and insisted less on the doctrinal points than used to be his wont. Undoubtedly there was a change. Mr. Lawton as firmly believed in the apparition as any of his people. Neither was this strange, as he was descended, by the father's side, from a Scotch emigrant, who fancied himself gifted with the second sight, and his mother was a German, fully believing in all the wild and awful legends of German superstition. And, notwithstanding Mr. Lawton was a man of sound sense and fervent piety, it is not strange he should be a little infected with superstitious or imaginative notions. But these had, in this instance, a salutary effect; because, as the apparition had, as it were, borne witness to the saving creed of the minister, he did not think it necessary to argue continually to prove his creed the saving one. And so the town of Harmony seemed soon more deserving of its name.

There was a marked change of manner in Isaiah Warner, from the time he commenced his religious studies; and when he was licensed and entered on the duties of his sacred office, no young clergyman could be more devout and devoted. Fourteen years passed away—The Rev. David Lawton and Captain Isaiah Warner were both gathered to their fathers. They had died in full charity with each other, and in the assured belief, that presbyterians and congregationalists were to inherit the same heaven. But Mrs. Warner still lived—lived, to enjoy the pious triumph of seeing her favorite son installed as pastor over the destitute church of Harmony. And all this, she firmly believed was foretold her by the apparition. She was never undeceived—but the reader must be.

Isaiah Warner had a brother Benjamin, a wild, roguish, adventurous fellow, who finally went to sea, and was absent many years. After his return, as he was sitting one evening in his brother's study, telling such tales of his wondrous chances as sailors will tell, he remarked an air of incredulity on Isaiah's countenance, and instantly paused.

“Why do you not proceed?” inquired Isaiah.

“You do not credit me,” returned Benjamin; “and yet it does not require a greater degree of faith than you once exercised about an apparition.”

Isaiah saw the keen eye of his brother sparkle with mirth,

and something that announced a triumph. In a moment, the truth flashed on his mind. He started up, and striking the table with a volume of Grotius (the favorite book, next to the Bible, of his father-in-law, the late Mr. Lawton) as if the said book had been a batten, he exclaimed—"Ben, I know you were that apparition!"

After a hearty laugh, Ben confessed the whole. "I was," said he, "down close by the river, among some bushes at your feet, where I had crept to fix a trap for a mink, and there I lay and heard all your conversation with Lois. After you had gone, thinks I to myself, I will even play the trick on mother, and it will be no sin, for I am not intending to be a minister. So I wrapped up myself, and stole into mother's room, on tiptoe, and I said 'Isaiah must study with Mr. Lawton,' and then was out again in the twinkling of an eye. That was all I did say, and that about your being saved, was no words of mine. When I found how seriously the affair was taken, I did not dare to own what I had done. But, on the whole, I think it was a good thing. You obtained your wife, and the people were all made more peaceable and christianlike, and no bad effect has followed. This, I guess, happened, because I was not influenced by any bad or selfish motives, for our chaplain always said, that it was only the indulgence of selfishness that caused us to sin."

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#### LOVE.

The Shrine, where Life's sweet flowers are laid,  
Ere a cold world has bid them fade ;  
Where Beauty, in her bloom, attends ;  
And Hope, in gay devotion, bends ;  
And the young soul's unburthen'd wings,  
Go forth in joyous wanderings :—  
That Shrine is Love.

The Flow'r, which on Life's desert grows,  
 Unheeded in its young repose,  
 Till the mind's ray its shadows break,  
 And youthful thoughts their pinions take :  
 That lives the same thro' changing years,  
 Thro' smiles of joy,—thro' Sorrow's tears :  
 Aye, Hopes may vanish as a dream,  
 Joys bring no warmth upon their beam ;  
 It will bloom on, tho' all should flee,  
 Changeless as angel purity :  
 That Flow'r is Love.

The Lyre, upon Life's pathway hung,  
 By Nature's inspiration strung ;  
 Whose thrilling tones in silence sleep,  
 Till to a kindred note they leap :  
 A sigh will stir its gentle strings,  
 And to the breast from which it springs,  
 Breathe its first soft whisperings ;  
 But sweeter, louder swells its strain,  
 When it is echoed back again :  
 That Lyre is Love.

Oh ! when before that Shrine ye bow,  
 Bring there no false, no heartless vow ;  
 Let not that Flow'r's young beauty die,  
 But guard its native purity ;  
 And never let that Lyre be giv'n  
 To passion's grasp : but tun'd to Heav'n.

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### A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

THE moon's pale crescent was dimly visible through the light, fleecy clouds of a pleasant September evening ; the lulling murmurs of the little river that glides beneath my window, and the distant bugle note, now swelling full on the evening breeze, and then dying away in feeble echoes among the far off mountains, like the soft, unearthly breath-

ings of the silken-winged zephyr over the chords of an Æolian harp, fell upon my ear with all their sweet associations. My soul was revelling among scenes of other days, and amid the reverie my senses became wrapped in sweet forgetfulness—I slept—The untiring soul never sleeps.—However dull and inanimate the clay in which it has pleased the Great Disposer of events to place a scintillation of his own immortality, still that spark is ever bright ; when the senses of man are steeped in forgetfulness, it oft sparkles with a lustre which is unfelt, unseen, amid the noon-day walks of life. My soul wandered back to the days when my earliest recollections, my spring of life, clothed every thing in the brightest verdure. Those friends who commenced with me the journey of life, who rambled with me through childhood's gay parterre ; but who have long since sought “that bourne from whence no traveller returns,” were again with me. I saw them all, I again recognised their mirthful countenances ; they were the same as I saw them in our morn of life, when we used to gambol away the long summer days in happiness together. It seemed like reality—our greetings were so ardent. And then, I thought, it cannot be—Have I not been told that these are all dead ? And have I not seen many of them deposited in the silent tomb ? Then, how can they be here ? But we *had* met, and were roving together in all the carelessness of youthful joy. A female form, garbed in the pure robe of innocence, and bearing a golden harp, came toward us ; she greeted us with a heavenly smile, “while her heart rung symphonius ;” the following song, accompanied by the most thrilling music, burst from her lips.

The beautiful maid, in the flush of youth,  
 To the worms of the dust must be given ;  
 The bloom on her cheek shall melt away,  
 Like the rainbow that spans the heaven.

The young warrior has mounted his gallant steed,  
 And spurred to the battle-field ;  
 Where'er his gleaming sword doth flash,  
 The bravest and best must yield.

Swifter than ever the meteor glanced  
 Across the clear blue sky,  
 From rank to rank he hurries on,  
 Mid the shouts of victory.

Where is the plume that waved but now  
 In the thickest of the fight?  
 'Tis fallen!—And he who bravely fought?  
 His eyes are closed in night!

Thus earthly fame is an empty sound,  
 And earthly loves must be riven;  
 But there is a *home*, where rest and peace  
 To earth's wanderers shall be given.

And am I in that blissful country, where eternal happiness shall be my lot? And are these the companions of my youth, who have passed the dark valley before me?—It is that country—and these are your companions. Your immortal part is again clothed in the garb of youth, for in that you were most happy on earth; and here you will enjoy an eternity of bliss. Years will pass away as moments, and centuries as days; but old age is unknown here—the eternal sunshine of youth shall forever light up your countenance. I was happy, and moved about in the company of angels and disembodied spirits. My mother, who had long since been numbered with the dead; a brother, who, for years, I have not ceased to mourn, welcomed me, with smiles of joy, to heaven. Earth knows no waking happiness such as mine was. Alas! that it was but a dream! Was it a mere flight of fancy, or was it really so? Do not our souls leave this cumbrous tenement of clay, when sleep sheds its influence over us, and wander away through happier scenes? It must have been reality, for I saw them all—they whom I so much loved on earth, and who have gone.—I awoke; the moon had long since sunk beneath the horizon; the damp vapor of midnight was about me; the blast of the bugle had ceased; no star was visible in the beclouded heaven; earth was, indeed, a reality; but that dream of heaven can never pass away. B. B. F.

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The beam of the morning, the bud of the spring,  
 The promise of beauty and brightness may bring,  
 But clouds gather darkness, and touched by the frost,  
 The pride of the plant, and the morning are lost—  
 Thus the bright and the beautiful ever decay,  
 Life's morn, and life's flowers—O, they quick pass away!

**TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.**

Hail ! Queen of high and holy thought ;  
 Of dreams, with fairy beauty fraught ;  
 Sweet memories of the days gone by ;  
 Glimpses of immortality ;  
 Visions of grandeur, glory, power—  
 All that in inspiration's hour,  
 Like sunset's changing glories roll  
 Within the poet's raptur'd soul !

Thy throne is in the crimson fold,  
 Around the setting day-star rolled—  
 Thou walkest through the sapphire sky,  
 When the bright moon is sailing high,  
 Touching the stars with purer light,  
 And lending holier charms to night—  
 The clouds a deeper glory wear,  
 The winds a softer music bear,  
 And earth is heaven, when thou art there.

There's not a murmur on the breeze,  
 Nor ripple on the dark, blue seas,  
 Nor breath of violets, faintly sweet,  
 Nor glittering dewdrop at our feet,  
 Nor tinge of mellow radiance, where  
 Soft moonbeams melt along the air ;  
 Nor shade, nor tint, on flower or tree,  
 But takes a softer grace from thee.

And love itself—the brightest gem  
 In all creation's diadem—  
 Oh ! what were mortal love, didst thou  
 Not lend a glory to his brow ?  
 Degraded, though of heavenly birth,  
 And sullied with the cares of earth—  
 Wasted and worn, by doubts and fears,  
 Its youthful smiles soon change to tears—  
 But, at thy spirit-stirring breath,  
 It bursts the bonds of sin and death ;  
 And, robed in heavenly charms by thee,  
 It puts on immortality.

An exile from its native heaven,  
 To this dark sphere of being driven,  
 By his own lofty thoughts opprest,  
 On earth man's spirit cannot rest.  
 Thou art his refuge from despair,  
 The solace sweet of earth-born care,  
 The balm for every pang we prove,  
 From faithless friends and slighted love,  
 And all the nameless forms of wo,  
 That haunt our pilgrim path below.

The waving of thy starry wings ;  
 Thy voice, that stirs the hidden springs  
 Of love and joy—oh ! these have power  
 To soothe the soul's desponding hour ;  
 To take from our dark eyes the seal,  
 And life's deep mysteries reveal—  
 A soft, a living ray to pour  
 Along life's bleak and barren shore.

Thou art religion, virtue, faith ;  
 Through thee the martyr conquers death ;  
 Thy voice, like solemn music, leads  
 To godlike thoughts, and glorious deeds.  
 Borne upwards on thy radiant wings,  
 Man's soaring spirit heavenward springs,  
 And bursts the ignoble chains that bind  
 To earth's dull dross the immortal mind.

To thee alone, the power is given,  
 To render earth a present heaven :  
 Oh ! may thine influence elevate  
 My soul above the ills of fate :  
 May thy pure presence ne'er depart,  
 But, treasured deep within my heart,  
 There may thy spirit ever be,  
 A beauty, and a mystery.

HELEN.

## A TRUE STORY.

IN the autumn of 1826, I returned to my native country, after an absence of many years, and gratified some of the most delicious feelings of my heart, in strolling over old walks, and visiting scenes endeared to me by associations with all that was bright and beautiful in youth. It is true, many hearths were desolate, that I had left surrounded with gay and happy faces,—and where the laugh and song had gone gladly out, there was silence. I had no “household loves” to welcome my steps. I was alone. Decay and change had wrought successfully among the small circle of familiar hearts, and I had anticipated the loneliness of spirit which I felt. Yet the old elms greeted me as loftily as in other days, and the brown forest leaf descended in a familiar circle: even the dwellings of my friends stood almost unchanged, under their coverings of woodbine: The soul only, that gave life, and loveliness, and individuality to them, was gone! It is true, there is a pleasure in the return of the traveller to his native land—there is a deeply-cherished, sacred fountain, that plays about his heart, as he retraces old steps—but it is mingled with so much bitterness of regret, as to make the delight almost questionable.

Somebody has written, or said, that “there is not an individual, whose history, if faithfully recorded, would not equal the wild and fanciful creations of romance,”—Like the hues of a summer sunset, which, if transferred to the canvas, we should, at once, pronounce unnatural. It is not true, or rather, not generally true, that all meet even mental vicissitudes—for many plod on through life, scarcely feeling that they have a mind and heart to be affected—and more, pursue the even tenor of their way, guided by the light of reason, conscience, and common sense, unseduced by the meteors of fancy or passion, and go down to the grave, peaceful as the silver lake, that the breath of heaven has dimpled, without having agitated. My life has been full of vicissitudes—most of them mournful ones—yet they have been useful. That of my sister Harriet, was a book, wherein I read beautiful truths, some intelligible to all, but



many written with the invisible ink, that requires the fire of sorrow to draw it forth, and present it clearly to the eye. Till I saw her live—and die—I did not believe in the faithfulness of a woman unto the death.

What matters it that I retrace the loveliness of person, whose chief merit was its faithful reflection of the beauty of her mind? Do I think of the dazzling fairness of her complexion, or the tinting of her cheek, now? No! I scarcely know even whether she were beautiful in the world's eyes or not. Faults of person she might have, and probably did have; but I learned to love even those faults, and to remember with little pleasure, if at all, the excessive beauty of her face, when a child. All I remember of her face is its general character; and that was of the loftiest and most intellectual kind. Her features might have been shaped by nature for the ready expression of her soul, if they were not,—that soul pierced the shadow, and played ever over them with vivid and varied eloquence. In thought, we are still together: While I roam in these deserted paths, her voice speaks to me, in whispers of more than mortal sympathy; and, in the world of spirits, shall I not recognise hers above all others—her fancy bright, as none other was, her thought holy, chaste, subdued, as none other ever was—her affections, concentrated in so mild a radiance, and all making an individuality of spirit, that I shall know among all? Let the materialist assert, that we cannot conceive of spirit, separated from the gross substance which here envelopes it—I feel it otherwise. Harriet's ashes are under a slab, perishable as themselves. What gave beauty to the ashes is as entire, in another sphere of existence, and communes now, thought with thought, as distinctly as when it communicated itself by sense.

I said, she was an evidence to me, of female constancy, to death. He, to whom she gave her deep devotion of soul, had as clear and lofty a mind as her own, purified too, by the prospect of death, by severe sickness, by the loss of all that makes life valuable. He had known Harriet from childhood, and loved her; yet to me, her brother he said, he would never attempt to win her affection. "And why?" said I. "Because I shall never live, to reward, by years of kindness and care, the gift of such love. A secret, but sure

malady, preys on my life. I know that if she were to give me her heart, the grave would be no separation. She would know no other love."

"But it is impossible that your acquaintance with her should have any other effect than that of attaching her to you."

"Do you think she loves me?" said he, calmly.

"Perhaps not, now—yet I cannot doubt the result of time. I wonder it has never occurred to your modest self, before now."

"It never did. I only thought of myself." After some time, he added, "My course is taken: To-morrow I set out for France. My physicians have recommended the south of Europe to me, for some time, as my only chance for recovery—and I have been selfish—very—not to go long since. If I do recover, I shall return, to be happy;—if not, I may at least prevent unhappiness." His paleness increased. "I shall never tell Harriet how entirely, how long I have loved her. You will sometimes talk of me, and think of me, as a friend—a most attached and grateful friend"——

I sat still where he left me, for a long time, perhaps an hour or two, pondering on the propriety of his decision, and wondering whether he would take occasion to discover the state of Harriet's feelings. If she loved him, according to his own theory, there would be no use in the journey to Europe: better, if he were to die, that it should be among the long known and loved. Harriet was but eighteen. The impression he had made, or might make, on her mind, would be easily effaced by time, new scenes, and new admirers. So I reasoned and pondered, until the twilight deepened into gloom. The next day, Willis was to set out. I started from my seat, and suddenly entered the small sitting-room, usually appropriated to Harriet. She was standing at the window, and talking in a low and earnest voice to Willis. His face was buried in his hands, and his whole frame agitated with weakness or emotion, greater than I had ever seen him express. He had been talking to her of his illness, and the short time he probably had to live; but he had said nothing of his intended departure.

and she was cheering him with the hopes and encouragements she herself vainly felt.

“Do you still persevere in your intention of setting out to-morrow for France?” said I.

The bright smile faded from Harriet’s lip, and a death-like paleness overspread her features. Astonishment apparently settled into resignation. She knew the inflexible nature of his disposition, and that, the resolution once formed, could not be overcome. So she sat quietly down, perfectly pale, and perfectly silent. Willis too, was silent. The painful tremor which shook him all over at my first entrance, had subsided, but he did not speak or move.

“I will walk out, and leave you to combat, at leisure, this strange resolution of our friend,” I said, and left them.

The coolness of the night air calmed my agitation, and I had leisure to appreciate and admire the resolution of my friend. It was wise, noble, disinterested, just. It was like my friend. He could command himself. Harriet’s feelings would be concealed, from dignity or pride, if, indeed, she were attached to him; which, notwithstanding her emotion, I did not believe. If he lived to return, it would be time enough for a declaration. In any view, affairs had better remain stationary. I returned to the house quite satisfied.

The low window in Harriet’s room was covered with shrubbery. She had trained a woodbine and multiflora to enter the apartment, and time had formed a most luxuriant bower over the window-seat. Here we used to sit in the summer evenings—a small circle, and as happy a one as ever sat by moonlight. The woodbine is still as luxuriant; the roses cluster as heavily over the lonely seat; the moon shines gently and softly now through the thick trees. But the seat was not then, as now, unoccupied. Harriet was still sitting quietly; but her hand was in that of my friend; and his voice had a strange mixture of pleasure and apprehensiveness, as he talked earnestly and low to her, for which I could not account. I looked at my sister, and she was smiling all over her face, so peacefully; and yet the proud beauty of her eye was dimmed with tears. What did it all mean?

I might have known what it meant, and have expected it.

Willis did not go to France then—nor ever. He knew he was to die, and he endeavored to prepare Harriet's mind for a separation. Her hope has always seemed to me like a derangement—a delusion, wholly unaccountable. Not for an instant did she allow herself, or me, to despair of his recovery. Weeks, months of watching, intense, untiring care, seemed to have no effect on her mind. Her only anxiety was to relieve him, amuse him, wile him from the contemplation of his situation. At length, Willis ceased to converse on his own dissolution; and it was only by the increased weakness of his voice that I saw the gradual decay of his frame: he never uttered any word that should show how intensely he suffered, and his placid smile gave token of his inward peace.

One night, I knew he must die: he had not spoken for several hours, but with extreme difficulty; and now he had sunk into an unquiet slumber. Harriet sat by his pillow, watching every breath. A low cry of agony told me when all was over: he had gone, without one struggle or sigh. Harriet did not awake to consciousness for months. Her vivid imagination continually pictured Willis in his last moments, and she fancied herself unable to go to him. She would stretch her wasted hands in supplication, just to be allowed to go to him, till, exhausted with sobs and cries, she would sink into convulsed slumbers. Care, and a good constitution, eventually triumphed over her malady; and she once more was restored to health. With health, came a quiet, placid frame of mind—not melancholy—but, as if her spirit were not of this world. She resigned herself to no useless repinings. I never saw her even shed tears, or appear unhappy. If possible, she was more than ever attentive to her daily duties, and anxious to promote the happiness of all around her. She never spoke of Willis; and I used, sometimes, to think that the tempest of sorrow she had been through, had shattered the fine fabric of her mind. I had heard of such instances; of the memory of some particular event being lost in the agony of its consummation. At any rate, I did not dare touch the chord, lest it should vibrate to madness.

As years passed on, Harriet, as I expected, had many admirers. But she quickly dismissed them all, with coldness

and dignity. She had none of the folly about her that leads some females to offer their *friendship*, forsooth; in the place of their hearts—an offer, by the way, which few men receive otherwise than as an insult, however kindly the lady may seem disposed in the proffer—and of which *none* avail themselves.

Harriet grew to be less fair and attractive in her person—the habits of her mind had tinted her countenance. I remember vividly her appearance, one bright evening in July, about ten years after Willis' death. I should premise, that comparative poverty, had, for a year or two, induced us to live very much secluded, and to see no company which required expense. That she might be able, however, to pursue most of those elegant avocations which had, so long, been her solace and delight, and, at the same time, be enabled to bestow her accustomed charities, Harriet had been induced to deny herself every unnecessary addition to her wardrobe, and even to toil daily. The last exertion had impaired her health. Educated to every refinement of enjoyment, with leisure at command, the reverse became too great for her frame, already so enfeebled by severe shocks. On this evening, she sat with me in the window-seat I have before described. I had asked her to play the guitar for me, and she was bringing out tones of the most exquisite richness and delicacy; her attenuated form, habited in a simple muslin wrapper, seemed already fit for heaven; while her large eyes were lifted to that heaven, in serenity and holy peace, the strong light of the moon, as it shone full in her face, gave her the aspect of a spirit, such as we dream of, after weeping long, and sleeping from mere exhaustion. As I looked on her placid face, I saw the fixed expression of loftiness give place to almost wild earnestness, and her lips quiver convulsively, and move as if in intense supplication. I now remembered that the air she was playing was a favorite one of Willis', and the one she had played to him the very day he died. A memory of something agonizing seemed to come over her spirit; for her eyes flashed with an unearthly brightness, and her cheek blanched to mortal paleness. I was thankful to be interrupted, by a step, approaching through the thickly embowered avenue that led to our dwelling. It came rapidly

round the house ; and, entering at the low window, surprised and delighted us, with the sight of an old friend. The tones of hilarity and cheerfulness which succeeded the stillness of a moment previous, seemed to have banished the recollection of past days from Harriet's mind. She welcomed Eugene Haller with all the cordial warmth of her nature, and the friendship due to their early acquaintance. He had been absent from his country for many years, and now returned, with wealth, and, what made wealth valuable, a heart to appreciate and enjoy the bounties of Providence—a heart, too, full of nobleness, faith and honor—full of feeling and refinement—and more than all that, very frankly and fully devoted to my sister. The last mentioned particular he confided to me, requesting my opinion on the probable success of an application to herself. I told him her story, and my uncertainty with regard to her feelings at present, over her memory on the subject. He told me, after a night's reflection, that he would venture to speak to her himself. "I have always, always loved her ; and now, though she is the wreck of the loveliness she was, when I left America, I still worship that pure and beautiful dove, as intently as ever. You say she may have no heart to give—it may be buried. Still, I may be allowed to watch over her life and comfort, and time, perhaps, may win for me her love. To see her placid and happy, will be enough for me, if I, indeed, cannot look farther. At any rate, I will try."

He did try—and Harriet wept long and bitterly, as she entered into a full explanation of her feelings. She told him it was impossible she should ever marry any one :—"I am married, Eugene—to the grave. Every thought, every wish, every hope, is connected with, and devoted to, that once-loved, idolized being, who now waits for me, in that heaven where he is gone : he watches over me, while I toil through the weary path appointed for me : he soothes me when I murmur that I did not die with him. Eugene, a few years, and I shall go to him. Can I meet him, leading by the hand *another* ; *another*, than he, the only loved !"

Haller was convinced, and he left us. Harriet was right : her pilgrimage was short—and after that conversation with Eugene, she seemed to fade day by day. She afterwards

spoke freely of him to me, at times.\* At the age of thirty she died. She died—and I am alone. She died, an evidence of the faithfulness of affection in a woman. There is little in her history to interest the lover of excitement:—There is much, to the lover of truth. It is no idle fiction; but a long and mournful reality, that has ceased to draw tears from my eyes, and lifted them to the heaven where she is, in full faith of a re-union, when this mortal shall be clothed with immortality.

E. B. W.

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LAMENT.

By the lake and the mountain, the forest and vale,  
By the stream and the fountain, the thicket and dale,  
Where whispers the zephyr, or bellows the blast,  
Like the dew in the morning, the red man hath past.

His eye was the lightning, his foot was the wind,  
On his prey keenly bright'ning, as speed lagged behind;  
His war-whoop shot terror to bosoms of steel,  
For the limbs of our fathers waxed faint at the peal.

Exhaustless, pursuing—and patient of toil,  
Where the death-work was doing, or scattered the spoil;  
In wild independence he gathered his food—  
His store-house and garner, the lake and the wood.

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\* I once asked her if she did not think it possible that she might be happy, or comparatively so, in a marriage with Haller. His enduring and deep love, had been, and would be, a pledge of his future constancy: and, knowing just what her feelings were, he would expect no more than friendship from her. She was ill, and poor—She would be an ornament in the world, as the wife of Eugene, and time might and would do wonders. Eugene, too—it would make him so happy. I urged her to think of it, at least. She shook her head mournfully. "My brother—since the death of him I love—his spirit has been ever—ever with me. Not an hour—no, not a moment passes, without his presence in my memory. The thought that I have been loved, by such a being as he was, is happiness enough for me. I wish to be resigned—but every morning's sun breaks heavily on my eye—and every object is like the harrassing obstacle in the hasty traveller's path, while he sees afar off his dear and quiet home, and the bright star shining above the couches of his loved ones. Am I fitted for a bridal?"—I was satisfied, and I never spoke to her again on the subject.

The long flight of ages still saw him the same ;  
 No wisdom of sages the savage could tame ;  
 His quiver was rude as his fathers had worn ;  
 His song kept the burthen it ever had borne.

He stood to the foeman, and strove hard and late ;  
 His, the neck of the Roman, bowed only to fate ;  
 He strove—he strove nobly, till spirits were crushed,  
 And the pride of his vigor was trampled in dust.

Now lives but in story the hero of Hope,  
 Though crowned with the glory that never may droop ;  
 And the son of his nation—go, hearken his wail,  
 That tells you his nation is now but a tale !

His wigwam is banished, his war-whoop is still ;  
 His council-flame vanished, that lighted the hill ;  
 In the depths of the forest, he stifles his moan ;  
 He withers in silence, despairing—alone !

W. S. A.

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### THE PORT-FOLIO.—NO. III.

“ Though with their high wrongs, I am struck to the quick,  
 Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury  
 Do I take part; the rarer action is  
 In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,  
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
 Not a frown further.”

No doubt the conjuring Prospero felt much complacency of mind, when he came to the magnanimous resolution, not to inflict on his former persecutors, already distraught, or “brimful of sorrow and dismay,” any more of those fearful bursts of the “tempest” of his wrath. And there is a magnanimity in his thoughts and feelings, that wins exceedingly on the heart of the reader. We feel an admiration, mingled with terror, it is true, but more exalted on that very account, while the “wronged duke” is enumerating what he has done, no modern sleight-of-hand tricks,



either, it must be confessed, but such feats of power as would have immortalized a magician under the reign of Haroun Alraschid, that is, if Prospero may be credited, when he boldly avers,—

—————“ I have be-dimmed  
The noon-tide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,  
And, 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault,  
Set soaring war : to the dread, rattling thunder  
Have I given fire, and risted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt : the strong-based promontory  
Have I made shake, and, by the spurs, plucked up  
The pine and cedar : graves, at my command,  
Have waked their sleepers !”

But, can the admiration of his magical powers be compared with the sympathy we feel in his human, or rather heavenly emotions, when he determines to abjure his “rough magic,” “break his staff,” “drown his book,” forgive his brother, and retire to Milan, where, he says,

“Every third thought shall be my grave.”

There is the moral of the play—the necessity of forgiving our enemies, if we would be at peace with our own hearts.

The noble-minded man may be gratified that he has crushed his foes, and trampled them in the dust ; but none, save the mean and cowardly in spirit, will ever resolve to keep his foes for ever in the dust.

Women, especially, should always cherish that meek and forgiving temper which not only pardons the fault, but also pardons the offender. There is no lessening of dignity in this.

Mary Crafts (the *names* only, are fictitious) did not compromise her dignity, when she forgave and assisted Margaret Long. These ladies were school-mates in childhood, and companions in youth, and yet their intimacy was begun and continued, like a thousand intimacies, more from propinquity, than sympathy of mind, or accordance of principle. Margaret Long was handsome, and fond of being admired ; Mary Crafts was sensible, and solicitous to win esteem. There was a young man, Mr. Edward Loring, whom they both wished to please—but from very different motives. Mary loved him, and Margaret loved herself. Mary wanted to secure his heart, and Margaret his admiration. It would make a long story, if told circumstantially ;

but the abridgment amounts to this :—Margaret Long had the art to detach Edward Loring from Mary, whom, for many reasons, he esteemed; indeed, was inclined to love—and when she had secured him so far, that he offered her his hand, she rejected him with disdain; and, in a fit of mortification or despair, (the reader may decide which,) he embarked on a voyage to China. Poor Mary had not only her own disappointment to endure, but also the grief of knowing, that the man she still loved, was disappointed. However, she bore this double sorrow in silence, and with serenity, as a true woman will do. Margaret Long soon married a rich man, and began a brilliant career in the fashionable world; yet still she seemed bent on wounding the feelings of her early friend. Many, and oft-repeated, were the slights and affronts which Mary Crafts had to endure from Margaret, without even the poor privilege of complaining, because expressions that are very cruel, and actions designed to wound, may yet be so artfully done or said, that to notice and resent them, would only subject the sufferer to the imputation of jealousy, or the suspicion of growing old-maidish.

Well, seven years passed away, and Edward Loring returned. His complexion was a good deal bronzed, to be sure, and there were slight wrinkles perceptible across his forehead, and now and then a white hair might be marked among his dark locks, especially when you stood close beside him. But he was still a fine-looking man, and appeared happy, and had been very fortunate. He married Mary Crafts. What reader does not rejoice that he married her? Yet the woman that called herself a friend, repined. Margaret was really too ill from vexation and envy, to attend the wedding of Mary.

Seven years more passed away, and the husband of Margaret had failed, become a poor, dissipated wretch, and abandoned her and their children. Who comforted the deserted wife? Listened to her complaints, and assisted her distresses? Mary.

## YOUTH.

The hope, the glow of early youth,  
 When life is love, and feeling truth,  
 Gild objects with their own pure light,  
 Till nature seems all fair and bright :  
 We think no evil, fear no wrong,  
 But pleasure's pathway dance along,  
 And sport as careless and as gay  
 As swallows on a summer day.—  
 O, might such angel fancies last !  
 But youth is fled, and all are past.

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## THE LONG DAY.

“What a very tedious, long day it has been !” exclaimed Jane Carly, as she languidly seated herself on the sofa, and drew her beautiful white hand over her face, to conceal a yawn she could not overcome.

“You are fatigued with your exertions, I presume,” said her uncle Jacob, looking compassionately upon her. “Permit me to inquire what have been your employments during this long, tedious day?”

“Employments ?” repeated the young lady, coloring. “O, for that matter, uncle, I cannot remember all I have done.”

“But you can enumerate some things, no doubt. Have you walked, or rode, or read, or worked ?”

“I detest walking, when the wind is so high, and the streets so dusty. Why, no lady of fashion would be seen abroad to-day, uncle,” replied Jane, with great vivacity.

“And so, of course, I may conclude you have neither walked, nor rode,” observed uncle Jacob, as he very composedly put on his spectacles, and surveyed his niece through them, with an air as deliberate as a fop levels his eye-glass at the theatre. Jane, however, shrunk more from her uncle's scrutiny, than she would have done from the fop's. “Well, reading and working may be performed when the wind is high and the streets dusty.”

Jane was silent, for reading came next in course, and she was too well acquainted with her uncle, to attempt to im-

pose on him by pretending to have read books, which she knew only by their titles, or the reviews. Some young ladies may think Jane very conscientious. They see no harm in palming off a little of that smattering of knowledge, which they gain by mingling in society, as their own. Why could not Jane have named some book which the old gentleman never heard of, and then, if she did mistake names, and misapply characters, and misquote sentiments, he would never have detected her? Many a young lady has thus rattled away, to her own great delight and fancied importance, when with those whom she deemed could not readily discover she was ignorant whether the authors she so familiarly named, wrote in prose or poetry, or whether the book she pretended so lately to have read, was a sermon or a song.

The truth is, Jane read nothing but novels; and, as she had, only one week previous, solemnly promised her uncle not to touch a work of fiction for a month, she did not dare to acknowledge she had passed the whole forenoon poring over "A Marriage in High Life." She would as soon have confessed she had spent the hours, planning when her own marriage was to be.

"Have you read Heber's Travels, yet?" resumed uncle Jacob, attempting, by a question, to oblige his niece to converse.

"No—not all—not much," returned Jane, speaking very quick. "I am not interested in it, uncle. I always hated a diary. It looks so methodistic and mechanical. I think no author can be so particular, without having, in all his actions and speeches, reference to the note-book. Can thoughts be free, when one is subjected to the trammels of entering them all on the diary, as regularly as a merchant would his accounts? I would not, for the universe, undertake to be thus particular; and I always pity the writers of such minute facts too much to enjoy the information their labors would otherwise afford me."

"But there is one care that frequently oppresses you, which the good bishop seldom, if ever, appears to have felt. He never had to endure a very tedious, long day," said uncle Jacob, smiling.

“ Will keeping a diary always preserve us from ennui ?” demanded Jane.

“ The endeavor to have something worthy to record, would preserve us, my dear. The industrious and the studious, seldom complain of a *very tedious, long day.*”

“ Now I shall hear that saying of mine for this whole season, I presume,” replied the laughing girl, as she took her uncle’s hand, and affectionately pressed it between both hers. “ Yet I said it merely because I did not, at the moment, think of any observation more wise. I forgot how very circumspect it was necessary to be”——

“ When conversing with your old-fashioned friend,” interrupted her uncle. “ Well, well, I forgive you, and if I loved you less I should be more indulgent to your little foibles. But, Jane, in this age of energy and improvement, nothing strikes me more unpleasantly, except gross vice, than to see young persons idle, and hear their listless complaints of the tediousness of time. I can very well believe, that the days must be tedious and long to those of your sex, excluded as you are from the business and bustle of the world, who have no literary resources. But now, when we men are willing, not only to allow you have talents, but even to encourage you to employ them, the woman who wastes her time in frivolous pursuits, or fashionable amusements,—and such people are those who oftenest complain of very tedious, long days,—deserves to be despised and laughed at.”——

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#### THE COTTAGERS.

They sit beside the murmuring brook  
 That winds its verdant way,  
 From out that little shady nook,  
 Where crones and rustics say  
 The fairies dance their nightly rounds,  
 Charming the moon with liquid sounds.

A mother, and two healthful boys—  
 The one upon her breast,  
 Full of an infant's simple joys,  
 Alternate sport and rest.  
 And one, a lad of thoughtful air,  
 Yet not less happy, nor less fair.

Beside them, pleased, the father lies ;  
 And they have wandered there,  
 The Sabbath's sacred services  
 Being o'er, to scent the air  
 And the fresh flowers of the spring ;  
 And hear the young birds to them sing.

Ye simple ones—no thought have ye  
 Of pomps and pageants cold ;  
 Of princely domes and revelry,  
 Rich feasts or glittering gold.  
 Yours the deep mine, as yet unwrought,  
 The wealth of uncorrupted thought !

Blest are the pure and simple hearts  
 Unconsciously refined,  
 By the free gifts that heaven imparts  
 Through nature to the mind.  
 Not all the pleasures wealth can buy  
 Equal their happy destiny !

For them the spring unfolds her flowers,  
 For them the summer glows ;  
 And autumn's gold and purple bowers,  
 And winter's stainless snows,  
 Come, gifted with a charm to them,  
 Richer than monarch's diadem.

A. M. W.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

"THE TOKEN—1829."—We have been favored with a copy of this work, which is soon to be published. We are aware the public is expecting to see a beautiful book, and we are happy to say such expectations will be fully realized. Perhaps there has never appeared in the "Literary Emporium" a more splendid specimen of the arts of printing, engraving, &c. than will be furnished by the Token, of 1829. Its appearance and contents reflect much credit on the taste and liberality of the Editor and Publisher, and it is a production of which "Boston folks" may, with reason, be proud.

Among the engravings, "Saturday Afternoon," and "The Seaman's Widow," deserve to be particularly named and praised. They are so different in character, and yet both so true to the subjects intended to be illustrated, that they present a striking proof of the dissimilar emotions which may be awakened by a touch of the pencil. Who so old, so melancholy, but feels to exclaim, while gazing on the merry group in the first picture—

"Play on! play on! I with you there,  
In the midst of the merry ring!  
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,  
And the rush of the breathless swing.  
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,  
And I whoop in the smothered call,  
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,  
And I care not for the fall.

\* \* \* \* \*

I love to look on a scene like this,  
Of wild and careless play,  
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,  
To see the young so gay!"

Then turn to "The Seaman's Widow," and who so young, so volatile, but acknowledges at once, the influence of that pale, sorrowful, yet meek and resigned countenance and attitude; and what heart but feels "sadder and better" while musing over a picture in which is exhibited "the calmness of a meek spirit, passing in the strength of its duty, of its affection, of its trial; and there is *indeed*, a world of consolation and of instruction to be drawn from the scene." The *story* is excellent.

The "Italian Boulevard" is next on our list of favorites. It is very good; and so, also, is the "Prairie on Fire;" but the latter wants coloring to appear advantageously. The "Capture of Andre" is a very interesting engraving to an American, but the execution is not perfect; the foot of the unfortunate spy is a libel on humanity. However, the attitude and look of the soldier refusing

the purse are so admirable, that we are half inclined to forgive or forget the faults in the piece. We may read in the countenance of the patriot American,

“Briton! put up thy gold!  
Nor hope thou thus, by prayer or threat,  
To go hence free and proud;  
How faintly falls the speech of man  
Where God’s deep voice is loud!  
‘God and our country!’ hallowed word!  
Breathe it but in thy heart,  
Briton! *then* ask us that we bid  
Her mortal foe depart!”

By the way, the whole poem is beautiful, and worthy of being the production of J. W. Miller. The literary part of the work is much indebted to the Editor, N. P. Willis. His contributions, in prose and verse, *anonymous* and avowed, are good, though not all equally so; indeed, the articles may with few exceptions, be entitled excellent, and such as might be expected from the pens of our best native writers. Still we confess we were more surprised than gratified to find so large a portion of the volume devoted to the muses; *blank-verse* too, abounds; a measure which we never loved, though we have sometimes admired. To judge by the quantity of rhyme and the number of poetic contributors (nearly thirty different names) one would conclude our country was the nursery of poets; and we do consider it a matter of triumph that there should be so much poetic talent among us as is exhibited in the *Token*. Nearly all the specimens are above mediocrity, and many of them really and eminently beautiful. Such is the following, from the pen of the Rev. G. W. Doane.

“WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?”

“What is that, mother?—The lark, my child!  
The morn has but just looked out and smiled,  
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,  
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,  
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,  
To warble it out in his Maker’s ear:  
Ever, my child, be thy morning lays  
Tuned, like the lark’s, to thy Maker’s praise.

“What is that, mother?—The dove, my son!  
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow’s moan,  
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,  
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,  
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,  
For her distant dear one’s quick return:  
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,  
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love!

“What is that, mother?—The eagle, boy!  
Proudly careering his course of joy;  
Firm on his own mountain vigor relying,  
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;



His wing on the wind, and his eye in the sun,  
 He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on:  
 Boy! may the eagle's flight ever be thine,  
 Onward, and upward, and true to the line!

"What is that, mother?—The swan, my love!  
 He is floating down from his native grove;  
 No loved one now, no nestling nigh,  
 He is floating down by himself to die;  
 Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,  
 Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings:  
 Live so, my love, that when death shall come,  
 Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home!"

The person who is not moved by the beauty and truth of such poetry, can hardly have a soul. There is something peculiarly touching in the display of a mother's tenderness and judgment, thus seizing every opportunity of conveying instruction, and mingling with affectionate explanations of natural objects those exalted moral reflections which will teach her son how to live, and how to die. It is just the kind of instruction that an intelligent, judicious and pious woman is qualified to impart, and which, more effectually than the lessons of tutors, and the lectures of professors, insures the goodness and greatness of men.

Among the prose articles, "Otter-Bag," notwithstanding its unpromising title, gives, more than any other piece, the character of *American* to the volume. The talents of John Neal are too well known to need our commendation; but the fearless philanthropy with which he advocates the cause of the poor Indians, the deep feeling with which he dwells on "their sorrows and their sufferings, their valor and their virtue," creates for this story an interest which even his genius might otherwise have failed of awakening. But we wish he had told the tale in his own language, or, at least, had not introduced so many imitations of Yankee phraseology. We have no doubt Mr. Neal acted from patriotic motives, for we believe, with "Major Dick Smith," that he is "a true American," and that he exposes these improprieties of speech in order to correct them; but will not the mode he has adopted give an erroneous idea of the Yankee "peculiarity of language" to those personally unacquainted with New-England society? Is there not a difference between a provincial dialect and an *old-fashioned* manner of pronunciation? It should be borne in mind that the *latter* only is the cause of the peculiarities in the conversation of the northern people. There is no provincial dialect, but only the improprieties which these ignorant of grammar are liable to commit. The public schools, for which our New-England is so celebrated, are correcting these improprieties, and the improvement is very perceptible between the language of the veterans of '76, in which number "Jerry Smith" must be enrolled, and the grandchildren of those worthies. Yet John Neal makes no explanation, and on his au-

thority,—and what better authority can be desired?—our southern citizens, and foreigners, may conclude, indeed assert, that every “native New-Englander,” in pronouncing the word *pretty*, gives to the *e* the sound of *u* in *pull*, or *o* in *book*!

The beginning of the story, however, is liable to none of these objections, but is written by Mr. Neal in his happiest and most forcible manner. We wish we had space for a dozen pages, but can hardly insert as many lines.

“Centuries and centuries ago, North America must have been more populous by far than it is now; the tumuli that are ploughed up every year in the western wilderness, are to be regarded as proof. They are like a chain of military works now, link after link overshadowed by large trees that have grown up out of the wreck of other large trees. Or it may be that they are burial-places; it may be that they are outworks of a great empire—the path of her battles—the route of her march from sea to sea—the places where she halted in her career from the rude north to the warm south, from the rough Atlantic to the smooth Pacific, from the high parts of our earth,

‘Where the stars and the hills are together at night,’

away to the green level, where she disappeared forever. But in either case they prove, that ages ago, the very solitudes were peopled from shore to shore.

“What a field for inquiry! The white man of our day, weary of the life that men lead in fellowship, plunges into the awful woods of that country where the chief nations of Europe might be concealed from each other; and hoping to find a spot on earth never visited by mortal man before, journeys away week after week, and month after month, pitches upon a spot, prepares to be happy, sets fire to the trees, gets ready the plough or the spade, with a notion that he is about to see what was buried there on the morning of the first day, and lo! when it cleaves the earth, it turns up the vestiges of a mighty people, the skeletons of a race that is no more. If he go further, it is the same. At every step, he treads upon the proof that a nation has preceded him. Wherever the soil is reached by the sunshine or the wind or the rain, wherever it is laid open to the sky, flowers and herbage start up that appear to belong to another world.”

We recommend to those who feel an interest in the cultivation of American talent and literature, to encourage the efforts *annually* making for the improvement of our taste, as well as the amusement of our leisure hours.

“THE BEATITUDES.” *Bowles & Dearborn*.—This book is another proof of the capability of woman to furnish judicious instruction for the young. The design is well described in the preface—“to convey religious instruction to children, by stories and familiar illustrations of some of the doctrines and precepts of our Saviour.” The twelve first verses of the fifth chapter of Matthew are explained and enforced with a simplicity that a young child may comprehend, and persons of mature age find profit in perusing. The stories told as explanations are well managed, especially the first one. We think the book worthy of being patronized by parents, and sincerely hope the “mother who wrote it” may be encouraged to continue her exertions.

## FATHERLESS AND WIDOWS' SOCIETY.

THE *object* of this Society, and the necessity for its operations, need not be explained. The title which those ladies who constitute the association have adopted, at once reveals their office—to minister that charity which is “twice blest,” to the most hopeless and helpless class of sufferers in our world of sorrow. But these ladies, though unwearied in their benevolent exertions, cannot, unaided by friends or contributions, relieve even the most pressing wants of the poor widows and their young children, now to be found in Boston. It is necessary, that the public should be informed on this subject, and then, there can be no doubt, but the sympathy of those, who have ample means of assistance, will be awakened. To do this, it was thought by the Society, that some extracts from the excellent and impressive sermon, preached by the Rev. E. S. Gannett, in aid of this charity, would, if published and read, have a powerful effect. They have accordingly, obtained from Mr. Gannett, permission to use his manuscript, for the benefit of the Society; and the editor of the Ladies' Magazine, is happy to have the opportunity of giving, through the medium of her work, a part of this truly eloquent discourse to the public. Those who listened to the sermon, will regret it should be so abridged, but our limits forbid the insertion of the whole, and we consider it a generous proof of the entire devotedness of Mr. Gannett to the cause, he so ably advocated, that he would consent his discourse should appear under the disadvantage of extracts, made solely with the design of subserving the interests of the Fatherless and Widows' Society.

“I know not that there is any Benevolent Society, which could, with more confidence solicit encouragement, than this, by whose invitation we are assembled. Its objects are certainly as worthy as those of any institution in the land; and it would be impossible, I conceive, to imagine one, whose purposes should be better. It aims at the relief of the Fatherless and the Widow—of her who has lost her nearest friend, and of them who are deprived of their best earthly guardian. If suffering ever has claims upon our sympathy, it is, when presented under such circumstances. There are those who, from principle as they say, refuse assistance, to the *man*, who can obtain the means of supplying all his wants, by his daily labor. But can they withhold relief from her, who comes in her desolation and weakness: *woman*, who, by the law of her being, is excluded from paths in which coarser man may find a livelihood, and by the customs of society, is obliged to accept less than half of what the most stupid of the other sex can earn, as a compensation for her unintermitted toil? Can any turn with a close hand, and a closer heart, from orphans, in their childhood and misery, friendless, cold, starving children? No: he is not sound in mind, who can do this. His reason is disordered, he is more to be pitied than the wretched sufferers who would bless him, even for a kind look. The widow! shall I attempt to depict her grief? shall I draw the outlines of her condition? Her sufferings are too holy to be often made the objects of public gaze. Yet sometimes we may lift the veil

from such misery, in the hope of awakening compassion. The widow, by a single, perhaps an unexpected event, brought to the nearest sense of loneliness, the most bitter experience of loss. He who was her friend, her adviser, her solace, her reliance, is taken from her; he, with whom she shared her hopes and fears, her anxieties and joys, the intimate and inmate of her bosom, in whose life, her own seemed to be involved, has been removed; his body is in the dark grave, his soul in the unseen, unknown world. Must not despondency weigh down her heart, and in the agony of her grief, will she not exclaim, it is more than I can bear?"

"Still this solitary woman, has not sounded the depths of anguish. Her neighbor is not only a widow, but a mother. Fatherless, helpless children are dependent on her. They must be fed, and she has not a morsel to put into their hungry mouths, nor a garment in which to wrap their shivering limbs. May she not exclaim?

"I have slept  
Weeping, and weeping, I have waked; my tears  
Have flowed as if my body were not such  
As others are; and I could never die."

I assure you my hearers, I mock you not with a tale of imaginary distress. I tell you of suffering which has been borne, and has been relieved by the society, in whose behalf I address you. I remind you of misery which I have known to exist in this city. It is not fiction which describes a mother wasted to the bone by watching and fatigue, over the sick bed of her husband, left after his death, heartbroken and penniless, with little children crying to her for the bread she knows not how to get, but from charity or by theft. Such a one was she who left her infant in the care of a neighbor, (who was only less indigent than herself,) and who, after weeks, in which she vainly sought a home, returned to her only friend, and asked if it would be a sin to destroy her own child."

"I have often thought, when visiting the lonely widow in her destitute chamber, says one of the managers, that if the friends and patrons of this society could witness the gratitude and joy there expressed, it would amply compensate them for all their liberality. One woman, whose story interested me very much, observed, if the kind hand of charity had not been extended to her in a time of great need, she should not now have been numbered with the living. She said, when she came to this city a few years since, her prospects were bright and flattering; she then had a kind and tender husband, and lived in happiness and plenty. Soon business called him to the South, where he fell a victim to the fever, leaving me a lonely and helpless widow. I was then obliged to leave my boarding place, with all its accommodations, and retire to an upper chamber in an obscure part of the city, which was the birthplace of my dear, fatherless child. The contrast in my situation was so great, so trying, so heart-rending, that nature sunk under it. I was driven almost to despair, and thought death was my only relief. One night, one dreadful night, I went to the water side, with a full determination to thrust myself into a watery grave; but through the goodness of that Being, in whose hand my life is, I was snatched from a doom so dreadful, and brought back to my helpless child. The thought that my child would suffer want and hunger, and I have nothing to relieve her, was insupportable; but, said she, I ought to be truly thankful that God has spared my life, and raised me up so many kind friends. From them and this benevolent society, I have had many, very many wants supplied. Had it not been for these charities, I must have suffered with hunger and cold, if not died."

"Such are the beneficiaries of this charity, the destitute, disconsolate widow, and fatherless, perishing children.

"That a society of this nature may accomplish its purposes, its members, or at least a portion of them, must incur much fatigue, and endure many unpleasant scenes. The dwellings of distress must be visited, their inmates be seen, assistance must be administered judiciously, comfort be imparted, energy be awakened, hope be inspired, the sinner must be invited to repentance, and the contrite be led to trust. The blessings of Christian faith must be dispensed, together with the bounties of Christian charity. This is not an easy nor an agreeable service, except to those, who, in the simplicity of benevolence, go forth to imitate the author of our religion,—to do good. This service the Managers of the Fatherless and Widows' Society have undertaken, and from year to year have faithfully executed. Their institution, like a kindred charity of our city, began in silence and obscurity. By its own merits, it has secured wider patronage. Its means of usefulness have increased, and the calls upon it for aid have increased proportionably. Within the twelve years of its existence, it has expended for the poor, nearly five thousand dollars, and has assisted nearly one thousand widows and orphans. During the last year, more than one hundred widows have been relieved from its bounty. These facts are not stated as grounds of boasting, but as proofs that the society deserves the countenance of the benevolent. The managers solicit the encouragement of public favor. They ask for the means of doing yet more good. They promise to be faithful almoners of the treasures committed to their hands. Can we desire any better guarantee than the history of their past labors? If their objects are worthy of patronage, if the recipients of their bounty have claims on us, who are more prosperous in the things of this world, if the funds of this society be wisely appropriated, I know not how we can refuse compliance with the solicitation.

"The sums contributed to this treasury will visit the indigent in those forms of relief which will most effectually diminish their necessities. Many who are anticipating with fear the severity of winter, will find unexpected aid. A cheerful blaze will be kindled in damp and dreary chambers, and a still more cheerful warmth will be diffused through the heart of the widow, and of them who thought they had none to help them. A bed will be prepared for the limbs of feeble age; food will be provided for them who would else have felt the gnawings of hunger; sickness will have attendance, and the mouth that was ready to utter complaint, will send forth the notes of gratitude and praise. When we have forgotten that our bounty was bestowed, it will be performing its silent office of love. When we are busy amidst the temptations of the world, the prayers of many will rise for us, their unknown benefactors, and the blessing of them who were ready to perish will come upon us, in the influences that those prayers shall draw from the Source of all good. Our charitable deeds shall throw protection around us, when we are unconscious of our danger; and He who is now looking upon us, will reward our liberality to his children, with that which money could never buy from the storehouses of human wealth—his favor, which is life, and his loving kindness, which is better than life. Come, then, blest spirit of charity, spirit of Jesus, influence of God—enter our hearts, and make us wholly thine."

# LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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## GRACE WENTWORTH.

MRS. WENTWORTH was blessed with an abundance of this world's goods. In the bloom of youth and beauty she was united to the man of her choice; a man, whose intellect commanded her respect, and the daily beauty of whose life ensured her love, while his fortune and standing in society gratified her highest ambition. She might, by those who looked only on the surface of things, have been pronounced happy. *Happy!* How much is comprised in that one little word, and how superficially must they have examined the springs of human feeling, who trace happiness to any other source than the heart. Mrs. Wentworth had not a grateful one; and while all good and pleasant things were profusely scattered in her path, she passed them unheeded, or received them as her due; but never has gifts from the bounteous father of all good, to be meted out to others.

In the arrangements of her domestic establishment, at a period when females were celebrated for their knowledge of household goods, Mrs. Wentworth was unrivalled. The quick glancing eye of a Miss Pratt, would never have "seen a broom, where a broom should not be," nor detected a mote in her elaborately neat abode. Then her dinners,—they, like the *chef d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist, comprised the pride of every cook, and the perfection of every receipt-book. So extremely exact was she, in all the observances of etiquette, that, by the good people of Boston, she was

pronounced the very mirror of decorum:—and, like the mirror, she was bright, polished, and unfeeling; like the mirror, her heart received no abiding impression.

Mr. Wentworth's character, was most rich in christian graces. With him the sovereign good was to communicate happiness; for he deemed it the first principle of action, with the Author of all existence. Happily for him, their daughter Grace possessed none of her mother's traits of character, and it was delightful to her father, to watch the gradual development of a disposition, so free from all that was cold, calculating, or selfish. So fearful was he of making her an artificial character, that he suffered her to remain, much as nature formed her,—with the faults of an open and confiding temper, and most in danger of erring from "excess of feelings edged too keenly."

Grace Wentworth had a highly cultivated mind, though not what is termed a masculine one. She had judgment, and discrimination, and taste, and a rich, beautiful imagination, which cast its roseate hues over all, and through which she delighted to view the world, and its living men and women, spiritualized and beautified. Her countenance expressed every emotion of her soul, and its animated, varying expression, rendered it beautiful—most beautiful to those who knew her, and saw how much the joyous and benignant emotions prevailed over the gloomy and discontented. Mr. Wentworth loved his daughter with fond, engrossing affection; and Grace repaid his love with attachment the most devoted. When his spirits were depressed, she would cheer him; when weary, she would amuse him; when sick, she would sooth him; and would laugh with so much good nature, at some fancied disease, that the saddest hypochondriac would have found her merriment infectious. But one slight glance of disapproval would instantly change the merry brow and arch smile, to seriousness and thought, and convert the laughing girl, to the grave, intelligent companion.

Grace was admired; and it has been said, that no female can have many admirers, without attracting them by *coquetry*. The truth of this I doubt. "Who can view the ripened rose, nor seek to wear it?" Who can behold beau-

ty, sweetness and intelligence, without feeling, and offering admiration? Though Grace was not insensible to the praises of her loveliness, she never sought, nor courted admiration; and no delicate and pure minded female ever can.

She was accustomed in her youth to seeing, collected around her father's board, the most distinguished worthies of the day, and they were not a few. There she listened to that stern, fearless, but able republican; he, who amidst a host of patriotic spirits, was called *the patriot*—Samuel Adams. There, too, she saw the idol of the people, the generous, affable and hospitable Hancock; and the wit, sarcasm, and eloquence of Otis, with the cultivated taste of the excellent and benevolent Bowdoin, enlivened their social circle. One of the most celebrated divines and politicians of New-England, was also a frequent and welcome guest. In him these characters were admirably united. "Dr. Cooper," observes his eulogist, "well knew that tyranny opposes itself to religious as well as civil liberty; and being among the first to perceive the injustice of the British Court, this reverend patriot was among the first who took an early and decided part in the politics of his country." His uncommon colloquial talents, his extensive learning, brilliant imagination and retentive memory, would have made any subject interesting. What wonder then, that when the spirit stirring events of the revolution were discussed, they should have awakened Grace's warmest enthusiasm? But this was not all; her gratitude and affection were excited by the kind attention with which he answered her inquiries, and endeavoured to awaken her susceptible mind to the perception of the deep beauties of the sacred volume. The mantle of his father had fallen upon him, and he possessed the rare talent of making religious truths deeply interesting, and of enforcing them by appropriate scriptural allusions—admirable, but, at the same time, familiar to the meanest capacity.

Boston has been called the "paradise of ministers;" at all times, its citizens have evinced their descent from the puritans, by their respect for their pastors. Grace inherited this true New-England feeling—veneration for hers.

Thus matured amid the master spirits of the age, it can-



not be supposed that her young affections were to be won by any ordinary character, and it was no common spirit that at last obtained an interest in her unpractised heart.

Among the greatest delights that Mr. Wentworth enjoyed, during his residence at a foreign court, was the friendship of M. de Valliere, and he was the only person whom Grace had ever heard her mother warmly praise. Favors so peculiarly disinterested had been rendered by him, and so delicately rendered, that no unpleasant sense of obligation was felt, and even the selfish heart of Mrs. Wentworth was made sensible to the emotion of gratitude.

M. de Valliere was a French West Indian Planter, and for years, had been a correspondent of Mr. Wentworth's. Grace had been delighted with the good sense and eloquence of his letters, with the glowing and animated descriptions of the scenes he had witnessed in his foreign travels. She had also felt deeply interested in the benevolent plans, and noble and philanthropic sentiments expressed towards the degraded Africans. Her imagination had pictured him a venerable old man, yet wearing a smile as bland and courteous as her pastor's, with the same clear eye, bearing the evidence of temperate youth.

Returning one morning from her usual walk, she observed a foreign travelling apparatus in the hall. "Phillis," said she to an old favorite domestic, whose face appeared more than usually joyous, "what strangers have we here?"

"Mister Valer come, Miss Grace, and make us all glad."

"Dear father," said she, entering the drawing room, "how happy this arrival must make you. Kind de Valliere, is he not, to cross the ocean at this inclement season, and at his advanced age, too, to visit his friend?"

Her father's unchecked laugh startled her, and she turned her head on hearing an approaching step. She met a smile, bland and courteous, it is true, yet showing teeth brilliant and glittering as pearls. The clear lighted eye was there, but the lofty mien wore no stamp of age. True, the brow was not fair as youth, but it bore the "thought of years," not their decrepitude.

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In a year from the time he first beheld her, Grace Went-

worth stood by the side of Robert de Valliere, his wedded wife; and in the Island of St. Domingo, in the summer of 1791, Mr. Wentworth witnessed their almost perfect happiness. Grace's character had become more perfect by her fulfilment of all the sweet offices of wife and mother. He saw her amiable hospitality, diffusing around her an atmosphere of light and happiness; he witnessed the charm of her delightful vivacity and endearing domestic virtues, "virtues, which, though they are said to love the shade, are sometimes chilled by the cares of domestic life." He saw the beloved and affectionate mother;—the heart of the husband safely trusting in the principled and conscientious wife,—the watchful mistress of a host of dependants, grateful for their ameliorated condition, and looking to Mons. and Mad. de Valliere as the creators of their happiness.

With so much kindness and liberality had the negroes on their plantation been treated; so many advantages did they enjoy, that it had become a proverbial expression among the white lower people in Cape Francois, in speaking of another's happiness, to say "*il est heureux comme un negre de Valliere.*"

To Mr. Wentworth, all appeared like a summer's morn of bright and tranquil beauty, with not a breeze to disturb its repose and softness; but the calm was treacherous—and only made the night of darkness and horror that followed, more dreadful.

Business of importance called Mr. Wentworth to New-England; he went, accompanied by De Valliere; but Grace, unwilling to leave her children during the sultry month of August, remained on the Island.

She had passed a restless night, and on the morning of the 23d, arose, unrefreshed by her broken slumbers. Her serenity was disturbed by a confused recollection of being awakened before dawn, by the report of a cannon, and she felt a gloomy foreboding, an unaccountable depression of spirits, which she could not dispel. Even the performance of her morning devotions had failed to restore her usual equanimity and buoyancy of spirits. She sought her nursery, and in the caresses of her children, in gazing on their merry brows and sunny smiles, listening to the gush of en-

joyment that broke forth in irrepressible laughter, she forgot her own sadness. Her youngest boy was in her arms, endeavoring to blindfold his mother, by binding her luxuriant hair over her smiling eyes, when a loud, sudden and savage yell, broke in upon their innocent merriment. She heard the dying groans of her faithful negroes, mingling with the shouts and execrations of the merciless slaves, who had arisen in rebellion against their masters. Breathless and motionless—her hushed and frightened children clinging around,—she perceived at once the horrors by which she was surrounded. Uncertain how extensive was the revolt, she knew not if safety could be found in flight; but it was horrible, thus hopelessly to await her own and her children's massacre.

The door of the veranda was cautiously and silently opened, and James, (a servant, whose superior intelligence and fidelity had obtained from his master his freedom,) appeared. Not a word was spoken,—but catching two of the children in his arms, and motioning his mistress to follow; he passed through the veranda and the garden. Silently and rapidly, with her child clinging to her neck, Grace reached the outskirts of the plantation. Here, new horrors awaited her. A band of insurgents demanded with savage exultation, the blood of the white woman and her children.

“Stand back, and let us pass,” said James, sternly, but calmly. “Are ye men, and would ye take the life of the black man's friend? Have ye gratitude, and would ye murder the children of those who have always protected and sheltered the negro in his wants?”

“The lady may go,” said they; “but the boy shall not escape us.”

One of the most ferocious of the band tore the trembling child from his mother. Quicker than thought, James disengaged himself from the children, recovered the boy, and levelled the savage to the ground.

“Begone,” he cried, “I will lose my life before you shall harm this boy.”

For the honor of human nature, they were suffered to escape. Grace passed rapidly, and with averted eye, scenes

too horrible to be related; and reached in safety a retreat in a neighboring and mountainous wood.

At night, the faithful James brought them provisions, and intelligence of the proceedings of the insurgents; and during the day, he kept watch around their retreat. But anxious for their safety, and knowing his single arm would avail little, should the excited slaves again discover them, he provided a canoe for their escape, and conducted them to it by slow marches in the night, along the banks of the river. They entered the canoe, but it was soon upset by the rapidity of the current, and after a narrow escape they returned to their retreat in the mountains.

Nineteen days Mad. de Valliere and her children remained in the wood, before James felt they could leave it in safety. He constantly supplied them with provisions from the rebel camp, and watched around them like a guardian spirit. He at length provided a passage in a ship bound for New-England, and conducted them, with much hazard and difficulty, to the port.\*

Grace knew not how extensive had been the storm of death and desolation, till she saw the once flourishing and beautiful town, a waste and ruin, with thousands of its inhabitants exterminated in the massacre. Her voyage was tranquil and happy; and in her own, native land, she again embraced all who were dear to her.

Many years have come and gone since the events recorded. Time has whitened the locks of Mad. de Valliere, and robbed her cheek of its smoothness; but it has left untouched that heavenly spirit that sustained her under the pressure of ill, and enabled her to endure her sorrows patiently; it is not the meteor light of levity, but an unwavering, placid beam, that illumines those whose faith is fixed upon the Rock of Ages.

S.

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\* The account of the escape of Mad. de Valliere, through the fidelity and attachment of her servant, is derived from an authentic source. His name was *James Francois*.

**HAPPY MOMENTS.**

THE golden age of childhood !  
 Oh, there are happy moments then,  
 That come, and go—yet come again,  
 And the young heart secure  
 From fears, and pains, and follies vain ;  
 And free from guilt's disgraceful stain,  
 They keep the spirit pure.

The days of youthful friendships,  
 When heart to heart is lightly bound  
 In rosy wreaths, that twine them round  
 More beautiful than strong,  
 And even in breaking, scatter flowers,  
 The rapid growth of sunny hours,  
 That heal their wounds ere long.

The spring of early love too—  
 When the true soul is linked forever  
 In holier bonds, that never, never  
 By earthly power are riven,  
 Ere yet sweet confidence forsake  
 The heart that must be loved or break,  
 Dreams, earthly dreams of Heaven !

These, these are happy moments,  
 And such are those that bid rejoice  
 The awakened chords, when Nature's voice  
 Calls up in kindred glow,  
 The mothers' hope, the mothers' pride,  
 Joys, tenderness, and all beside,  
 That only mothers know.

But dearer things than these do lie .  
 Within our mortal grasp ;—and earth  
 Hath not a moment from our birth,  
 The cradle to the sod,  
 Like that, when freed from passion's sway,  
 The mind rejects a feebler stay,  
 And rests its hope on God !

A. M. W.

## SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

## NO. XI.

## WILLIAM FORBES.

*“What answer did Elizabeth give?”*

THOSE readers of the magazine, who have been sufficiently interested in the work, to retain a recollection of the contents of the May number, may remember, that “The Village Schoolmistress” was left undecided respecting the answer she should make to the matrimonial suggestion of her recreant but repentant lover, William Forbes.

We have given her six months to consider the matter, and in this steam age of the world, no woman ought to require a longer time to make up her mind. What enviable advantages the antediluvian ladies enjoyed! They might reflect and reject, doubt and delay, consider and coquet, for at least, three hundred years, without any risk of incurring that appalling epithet, which now, in the brief period of thirty, is sure to be bestowed on the fair one who dares to remain in “single blessedness.” Yet I never envied that long-lived race. I am inclined to believe, the movement of the spirit was then as sluggish as the course of time. It must have been so, or the body could not, for so long a season have resisted the efforts of the soul, to escape from its prison house. And this sluggishness must have infected their literature. What interminable, prosing articles, many of our writers are even now, inclined to perpetrate? and if their hours might be lengthened to years, would infallibly inflict upon the public. Nothing but the necessity of accommodating himself to the proverbial speed of time, will induce your thorough quill-loving author, to come to the conclusion of his favorite argument or article. And from this mania of “long talks,” which seems inherent in most writers, we may safely conclude, that those men of a thousand years, would not neglect their mighty privilege of making folios. To be sure, in the dullest of all dull matter-of-fact knowledge, chronology and genealogy, they had the means of excelling. But romance—

dear, delightful romance—what chance for a romance writer, when every event that had occurred since creation was within the memory of man! And how could they write poetry, among such an unchanging and deathless generation? It would not certainly be the poetry of feeling—melting, moving, melancholy poetry; for instance, like that most beautiful of all Burns' beautiful productions, 'Highland Mary.' And where did they find metaphors to express the long unfading duration of the youth they must have enjoyed? Not in those bright, beautiful, but evanescent, or shifting things—buds and flowers—the morning and the moon. Only think of comparing the charms of a lovely girl, to the firmness of the mountain oak, or the unwasting, unvarying appearance of the solid rock! Then they had no rainbow. Ah, they never wrote poetry—that's certain!

Other reasons, quite as pertinent and conclusive, might easily be offered, to prove what a dull, cold, formal, changeless and charmless race they must have been,—but of all kinds of knowledge, I consider antiquarian lore as the most unwomanly. It must be gained by so much research, and explained by such learned terms, and defended by so many arguments, in the Sir Pertinax style of obstinacy, that, heaven defend me from ever meeting with that anomaly in our species—an antiquarian without a beard. Leaving it therefore, to some future Jonathan Oldbuck, as curious and communicative as he of Monkbarne, to pursue the inquiry respecting the precise age at which we may conclude a belle of the Nimrodian era, became an old maid, I will return to the explanation of those modern causes which gave to Elizabeth Brooks that uncoveted title.

I have said, or ought to have said, that William Forbes was an excellent scholar, the very first in his class, and, undoubtedly indebted for much of his mental superiority, to that circumstance, which is so often, and truly too, considered a serious obstacle to the literary career of a collegian—namely, his love engagement.

This unusual result, must be attributed to the fact, that Elizabeth Brooks had the good sense, to use rightly and rationally, the influence she possessed over the heart and

soul of the young student. Instead of wishing to engross his mind and time, with the trifles which must occupy much of the life of a young girl, she admired, and sought to imitate him in his studies. And that simple circumstance, contributed more to animate him in his exertion, than all the lectures of his tutors, or the prospect of obtaining triumphs over his class-mates. How eagerly he read, and how early he answered all her long epistles with letters still longer;—and yet their correspondence was like that of literary friends. To a stranger, their letters would scarcely have betrayed that they were lovers. His were filled with translations from the classics, beautiful sentiments that enchanted him, and must therefore enchant Elizabeth—explanations of ancient customs and costumes, which threw light on some otherwise obscure passages he had read to Elizabeth,—solutions of problems, or explanations of questions that had been proposed by Elizabeth. Her answers were more sprightly than his, (a woman who can write at all, seldom writes a dull letter,) but nevertheless, were sufficiently learned to have entitled her, had they been seen by a literary coxcomb, to that frightful appellation, a *bas bleu*. I say frightful, because the terror of that name, has prevented, and still prevents more women from cultivating their minds, than would the fear of the dungeon or the rack. It is the intellectual Blue Beard, threatening an awful and unknown punishment to those women, who dare a single peep into the secret chambers of knowledge—and where is the learned lady, who can ever hope for a generous Selim to rescue her from the keen, uplifted edge of the sword of sarcasm?

Elizabeth Brooks, however, was wiser than most wise ladies,—that is, she did not assume those airs, which some learned women think so indispensable to distinguish their important selves from the crowd. She might be a little proud of her learning, she was certainly proud of William's learning, but the pride of teaching him—that pride which makes men so thoroughly dread, detest, and ridicule a learned woman, she never displayed. Even when, as was frequently the case, he acknowledged, the superior justness of her remarks, or submitted to the justness of her criti-



cisms, she did not express any triumph—but modestly ascribed her discernment to some hint or information he had before given her; thus making his self-love aid in the influence she possessed over him. And for many years, the attachment fostered between these young persons, appeared, and indeed was of that pure, refined, intellectual and exalted character, which poets would tell us, was “half divine” and would be quite eternal. It was that kind of affection which, if ought dependent on human passion were changeless, might hope to be so. But, alas! the heart—Who can answer for the wayward heart, or more wayward fancy?

The parting, and as affecting one as a novel writer ever witnessed, maugre all their sentimental descriptions,—the parting of William and Elizabeth has been already recorded, and it irks me quite as much to tell a story twice, as to listen to a twice told tale. So we will without further ceremony, accompany my hero to Albany, and consider him entered as a student-at-law, in the office of Judge Morse. (Note. Almost every lawyer in New-York, has, or might have, the title of Judge.) Mr. Morse was a good, that is, a true specimen of the professional, political, popular men in New-York. He was social and hospitable, frank, cheerful, and fond of humour, if not himself a wit. He was also rich and respected, had a gay, agreeable wife, and several children, and his house was one of the most fashionable in the city, and the resort of all the fashionables.

Here was a marvelous change to William. He was transferred at once from the formal routine and rigid rules of a college life, where no flirting with the ladies was permitted to be thought of, except the ethereal flirtation of wooing those shy lasses, the “sweet and sacred Nine,” and where nothing in this round world was considered so important, as to have the first appointment in the class, or be able to write the best “ode to Hope, or sonnet to Despair,” and introduced into the society of elegant and, as he thought, the most enchanting people on earth, and to the bustle and business of a large city.

Judge Morse had been long and intimately acquainted with the father of William Forbes, and to that circum-

stance, the young student was indebted for the enviable privileges he enjoyed of being admitted to the family parties of the distinguished lawyer. Indeed, William was soon considered and treated as one of the family. (What an excellent passport to really good society those young people enjoy who have good parents.) William Forbes had promised to write particularly of all that befel him—all his adventures, and all his reflections were to be communicated to Elizabeth. But he soon found it very perplexing and disagreeable, if not impossible, to keep his word. He could describe the country tolerably well, and the people *en masse*—but to tell Elizabeth of all the parties, balls, &c., he attended would, he feared, make her unhappy in her retirement; to tell her of the pretty and fascinating girls he met, might make her jealous. His amusements, therefore, could not be described to Elizabeth. Neither would his employments figure much better in an epistolary display. In all his studies at college she had participated in *inclination*, if not in *understanding*—but Law—dry, musty, unintelligible, inexplicable Law—how could he make her comprehend what was to himself incomprehensible. He knew indeed, that she was so devoted to him and his pursuits, that had she been near him she would, for his sake, have looked on the volumes of Blackstone without shuddering; perhaps have looked *into* them sufficiently to have learned the difference between *lex non scripta*, and *lex scripta*. At any rate she would have been interested, and listened delightedly to the history of her lover's progress in that study so exclusively masculine. But this sympathy could not be excited by a written correspondence; so William relinquished the idea of describing his studies to Elizabeth.

Most of our scholars pass their three years of preparation and four years at college, solely with the view of being better qualified for active life. Few, if any, are intending to devote themselves to science or the cultivation of elegant literature. The necessary details of business, and the feverish anxiety of politics, in a few years wholly engross their minds, and unless the memory be exceedingly tenacious, of all the rich hoards of Greek and Roman lore they had once boasted only a few sparkling gems, kept for display, remain. This

does not happen because Americans are incapable of comprehending the profound depths of science, or of appreciating and admiring the sublimities of genius—it is purely the effect of our situation. With such a vast country to cultivate and control, unceasing activity is demanded, and there are, at present, no supernumeraries. Then the chance of success in public life is so tempting to the ambitious,—and who will not be ambitious, when there is a chance of success? that almost all our men of talents are, at least once in their lives, members of Congress—in expectation, I mean. William Forbes had thus visited the Capitol, and been installed in the speaker's chair before he had spent six months with Judge Morse. And that was a Quixotic speculation which he would by no means have been willing to communicate to Elizabeth.

Thus the sources of confidence and sympathy seemed, on his part, constantly contracting, and he grew formal without intending it. If Elizabeth noticed this change she did not note it. She had much of that kind of good sense, commonly called sagacity, which means, the faculty of foreseeing consequences; and she must have reflected that reproaches never have the effect of enkindling the passion of a *lover*, however they may operate on that of a *husband*. So she did not complain that William's letters were cold, formal, short; but she wrote often and affectionately, and described her business and her pleasures, her school and the neighbours, just as if she felt confident he would be interested in every thing that concerned her. It was the best plan she could have adopted, to maintain her sway over the heart of William; and it served, notwithstanding the temptations by which he was surrounded, to keep him for more than two years, constant to the idea of making Elizabeth his wife. And though he might sometimes show a little more gallantry, than is usually displayed by an *engaged* man, towards the fair and fascinating ladies with whom he associated, and about whom he was often rallied, yet he never regretted his engagement, never, in his secret soul, meditated proving, what he did prove,—a traitor to his love;—never till the fair Clarinda appeared. I must describe her. Clarinda Curtis was the daughter of a New-

York merchant, a successful merchant, for at the age of twenty, he left the vicinity of the Green Mountain, with only two changes of apparel and two dollars in cash, and in thirty years, passed in the "Commercial Emporium," he had acquired a princely fortune. Clarinda was the only child by his first wife, and from her mother inherited a large estate. She was also rich, in expectations, from her maternal grandmother, by whom she had been brought up. Then she was beautiful, splendidly beautiful: tall, even to the majestic, as Vermont beauties usually are, and so finely formed! Her height she inherited from her father but the symmetry, so gracefully elegant, the rounded arm, taper fingers and slender foot, were not quit so strictly Vermontese; though these perfections are much oftener possessed by your rural lasses, than the city belle, or the more fastidious city beau, who is usually a perfect Chinese in his admiration of small feet, imagines possible. Clarinda's features, with one exception, were perfect as statuary could be moulded. Her forehead was too narrow and receding, but examined by the rules of art, no other fault could have been discovered. Arched eyebrows, Grecian nose, the rose-bud mouth, with the sweet curl on the upper lip that so easily and advantageously displays the white teeth—the round dimpled cheek, and exquisite chin, defying all adjective descriptions of round or square, or long or short,—all we can say of it is, that it was shaped precisely as a beautiful chin should be. And these features were harmonized by a brilliant complexion; pure red and white, and both in their proper places; and enlivened by a pair of blue eyes, of a softness that would have looked almost sleepy in a small girl, but belonging as they did, to a majestic beauty, seemed to throw an additional grace, the grace of repose over her loveliness. Fine, glossy, "nut brown" hair, which she wore in a peculiarly becoming style, completed all we shall describe of her outward form of beauty. Alas, that this should be a show merely, not the index of inward excellence, that this comeliness should not extend to mind! Who can imagine such a lovely looking being as I have described and believe her a simpleton! Yet Clarinda Curtis with all her charms, was a dunce; that

thing which sensible and educated young men often admire for a mistress; but which sensible and educated married men will always find exceedingly disagreeable for a wife—an accomplished dunce! Nature was not wholly in fault. The original constitution of her mind was undoubtedly dull, she was slow to comprehend—but then she was brought up by a doting grandmamma, and never, till she was full twelve years old, suffered to do any thing save to grow. Could her tender relative have spared her that trouble she would, as she used often to express her fears, that the poor child would weary herself with so much stretching and yawning. At length Mr. Curtis interfered, and threatened to take his daughter home if she was not better instructed; and frightened at the prospect of losing her darling, grandmamma resolved the child should learn every thing. Masters of all kinds and professions were engaged, and poured their lessons like a mingled flood over the unprepared mind of their pupil, till the few ideas, that had, by the kindly influence of nature, began to shoot, were deluged or uprooted, and no other ever had time to fix. All her knowledge seemed floating, unsystematised, and unconnected as the sentiments in a scrap-book, where, although you may have collected something on every subject, you can never be sure of finding that which is needed, or appropriate to the subject under discussion. Not one of her numerous masters but was ashamed of their pupil, except the dancing master. Strange as it may seem, with her indolent habits, she did love to dance. The excitement of motion was so novel, she was in perfect extacies with dancing, and she soon danced gracefully. For the rest, she could play a little, sing a little, draw a little, and speak a few French phrases; but she could not have told whether Mexico was in North or South America; nor have subtracted 7 from 15;—nor wrote a letter of a dozen lines without misspelling as many words; nor read a paragraph in a newspaper intelligibly. She was a dunce; and yet William Forbes, with all his learning and penetration, his taste and talent, did not discover it. She passed a fortnight with her aunt, (Mrs. Morse was her aunt,) and William saw her every day, and conversed with her every day, and fell in love with her,

and never discovered she was a dunce. It was strange, he afterwards acknowledged, but then she was so beautiful it would have seemed profane to have doubted the elegance of her mind, the propriety and beauty of her thoughts.

But though William was enchanted with her appearance, and actually in that most woful of all lover-like predicaments, engrossed with the charms of one fair maid, while he was engaged to marry another not so fair, he might, and I am inclined to believe he would have acted the honorable part, and been true to Elizabeth, had he not discovered that Clarinda was in love with him. How the discovery was made I do not know, but made it was, and William must have been a hero indeed if, besides subduing his own inclination, he could have rejected the beauty and fortune that seemed, as Judge Morse remarked, designed by heaven to make him blest, and insure his success in the world.

N. B. Judge Morse was not aware of the ignorance and indolence of his niece; he had seen her but seldom, and *heard* her less; for she had the good luck to be naturally taciturn, and real good luck it was, since her appearance was so much in her favor, that her silence was called eloquent. Had she spoke—but she rarely did, except in monosyllables. She was too indolent to converse. William Forbes married her, as all my readers know, but they do not know what mortifying disappointment he endured, when he found with what a “soulless” being he was destined to pass those hours of domestic intercourse his fancy had always painted as the most enviable privilege the married state afforded. Had she been, as many superficial ladies are, sprightly and amusing, he might have thought, as many men do, that learning was quite unnecessary for the sex; but such indifference and inanity displayed her ignorance in the most glaring and disagreeable point of view. She seemed unfeeling, because she could not enter into any of his ideas, or respond to his sentiments. With Elizabeth his intercourse had been so truly and purely that of intellect, their affection had been so founded on mutual esteem for each other’s capacity, that nothing but experience would have convinced him, that the love of rational and intelligent beings could be maintained without some sympathy of

mind. But he knew his wife loved him, and wished to please him, and that knowledge made him feel indulgent towards her ignorance, which he pitied more than he despised. So passed the time for a few months, and though not happy, yet he might have enjoyed the pride of being thought happy, as the having a handsome wife and rich wife, is pretty generally considered a passport to happiness, had he not unwisely taken it into his head, that it was possible to make his bride wise. He thought she could improve, and that she would improve if she only knew how much his felicity depended on finding a companion in his wife; and so he took a whole evening for the purpose, and gravely as a teacher, told her what he wished her to study and read, and how he expected she would join in the conversation with him and his friends &c., sketching precisely, though he might not be aware of it, the intellectual character of Elizabeth as a model for his Clarinda. He might with just as much reason have drawn the portrait of Clarinda's beautiful features, and expected Elizabeth to mould hers by the picture. There is an old and quaint verse that I recollect reading when a child, which now frequently recurs to my mind when I witness some ridiculous displays of those who attempt to fill a niche for which nature never designed them.

The man of wisdom may disguise  
His knowledge, and not seem too wise;  
But take it for a constant rule  
There's no disguising of a fool.

There is no disguise for such an one but in silence; and thrice blest are those simpletons who have the gift of silence. Clarinda possessed it, but love, what will not the magical power of love effect? loosened her tongue. Her husband requested she would read, and she determined to read; her husband wished her to talk, and she resolved to talk. But unfortunately, the jumble of ideas that had pervaded her head, ever since she underwent the penalty of listening to the lectures of six different masters in the course of the twenty-four hours, besides her grandmamma's advice to remember all she heard, had so confounded her memory and understanding, originally weak, that though

she read, she could neither compare, reflect or generalize; and when she attempted to introduce in her conversation, any thought she had gathered from books, it was done with such an effort, and her quotations were so inappropriate, that her ignorance was never so apparent as in her learned phrases. Then she had the habit into which your poor conversationalists usually fall, namely, asking questions. I know nothing more disagreeable that does not absolutely shock one's principles, than to be subjected to the society of a questioner. And William Forbes disliked it exceedingly, but nevertheless, he bore with his wife's questions for a long time magnanimously, hoping she would, as she gained information, become capable of maintaining a conversation without such "questionable" aid. He hoped in vain. She never, in society, could speak upon any subject but by a question, and the more confidence she gained in her own powers, and the more she conversed, the more ridiculously her questions were distributed among her acquaintance. How often did her husband wish, while his cheeks were glowing with shame at some blunder she had committed, that he had never urged her to talk. And she did it to please him—what could he say? No matter what the subject of conversation was, she would question. To give a few instances. One day when an eminent counsellor dined with Mr. Forbes, they happened, in their legal disquisitions to allude to a writ of *fi. fa.* and Mrs. Forbes eagerly demanded if that writ was not made against a singing master? At another time, she asked a lawyer, with a real compassionate voice, if John Doe and Richard Roe, could not take advantage of the insolvent act?—Those blunders to be sure, related to matters which a lady is not obliged to understand, yet she should understand enough to say nothing when they are introduced; but another blunder she made, could not be so easily excused. Her husband was appointed to deliver the address before an Agricultural Society, and proud enough she was of the honor conferred upon him. She could talk of nothing else, and among her host of questions on the occasion, she asked a celebrated rearer of merinos, why he did not obtain some cotton-wool-sheep and exhibit at the show?



I mention these circumstances that young men, intelligent and educated young men may be warned against marrying a dunce, though she may be beautiful and rich, and affectionate, yet if she be a dunce—"she must, she will bring shame and sorrow" on her husband. And young ladies—is there not a lesson to them in this exhibition? Do they not feel that though they may be beautiful and rich, and married to the man they love, and who returns their affections, yet, unless they have cultivated and improved their minds, they cannot make their husband happy or respectable.

Mrs. Forbes suddenly died during the tenth year of her marriage, and those who think her husband rejoiced, will do him foul wrong. He shed tears of unaffected sorrow over her pale corpse, for he felt she loved him, and that the pang of death to her was separation from him. But then his grief was not of that deep, enduring kind which is cherished by the survivor when kindred minds are torn asunder. He grieved that his wife should die more for her sake than his own, or that of his two little daughters, to whom he knew she never could have been a competent instructress or mother. And we may conclude that he did not think riches and beauty were the most important qualifications a wife could possess, because, as soon as decency would permit, he wrote to ascertain if Elizabeth Brooks was still at liberty.

*"What answer did Elizabeth give?"*

She said no! unhesitatingly, as any woman of refinement and delicacy treated as she had been, would say.

But Mr. Bennett would not send her answer to his nephew, would not allow that she could decide on so important a point without first seeing William Forbes. "I wish my nephew to visit me," continued Mr. Bennett, "and if I send him your rejection he will not come to New Hampshire. No, no, Elizabeth, we will give him a hearing before we pronounce his doom."

William accordingly came. A noble looking man he was; it seemed that his manly beauty had improved by years. There was a striking contrast between his appearance and that of Elizabeth. He so large and portly, and

his black eyes still as bright, and black hair as glossy as ever, only around his temples it had grown thinner, and gave to his ample forehead a more judicial dignity. She was slender and pale, or rather inclining to yellow; our villainous climate, cold winters and rough winds, soon tarnish a fair complexion. But then Elizabeth's countenance looked so animated and intelligent, that I really believe William Forbes thought her comely, for he gazed on her with the look of a lover regarding a beautiful girl.

That appealing look, or his eloquence, he was said to be a very eloquent pleader, and doubtless taxed his persuasive powers in the suit he was urging, finally obtained him the victory. Elizabeth, however, told Mr. Bennett the day before she was married, that she should not have consented to wed Mr. Forbes but for the sake of his children, his little girls who, he said, so much needed her care and instructions. Thus by appealing a little to her professional pride, for all successful instructors are somewhat proud of their vocation, the lawyer succeeded, and carried home a sensible and intelligent woman, and was never afterwards ashamed to invite his friends to dinner or a party lest they should discover his wife was a dunce.

Reader, the "Sketch" is finished; and I think it proper to announce it, lest those who read to the end of the article should pronounce it dull, merely because it is long. What follows is intended entirely for the ladies; *gentlemen*, therefore, will please to pass it over. Gentlemen never indulge their curiosity about the forbidden, so I feel perfectly secure they will not read the next three pages. But the ladies *must* read them.

In the preface to the Village Schoolmistress were some remarks which, either from their novelty, or the ambiguous manner in which they were expressed, were not, I fear, understood in the sense intended. Perhaps the best method to state the objections urged against the sentiments in that Sketch, and the explanations I would wish to make, will be by the introduction of extracts from two letters—the first written by a lady, a friend of mine, the second my answer to her letter.

## FIRST EXTRACT.

“There are certain *heretical* sentiments in your last Sketch, as some think.

‘What,’ inquired a good lady of my acquaintance, ‘does Mrs. Hale say that all we are made for is to please the men, and all we care for is to get married?’

‘O! no,’ I replied, ‘but she says that woman was intended by her Creator as a “helpmeet” for man, and that her ambition is to marry *well*—to which you will assent I hope.’

‘Not her *highest* ambition’ said she.

But we will let that good lady pass—And let me say that I read your last number with more than ordinary delight. I thought your Sketch characterized by a more than usual degree of depth, originality and boldness—it was full of reflections that made the reader *think*. But while I perfectly agree with you, that the aim of woman should be, to qualify herself to discharge the duties of a daughter, wife, mother,—and that this would necessarily produce a similarity of “thought and feeling, and consequently character,”—still I cannot assent to your remark, that *manners* is the only essential difference in the character of women. I think there is a great diversity. To be sure there are no women who make Law, Physic or Theology their calling;—but I know Physicians and Theologians among them,—and I would engage, for every variety of male character in your ‘Sketches’ to match you with a lady.

One of the severest remarks made by that ‘*little crooked thing*,’ that *great* libeller of our sex, *Pope*, was, that the only difference in woman arose from complexion,—that we were ‘best distinguished by black, brown, or fair.’ Upon the whole, I am not sure but what I like *Pope*’s distinction best—his is natural, yours’ artificial.”

## THE ANSWER.

“I find you did not comprehend my meaning in the prefatory remarks to the ‘Village Schoolmistress,’ and I regret that you did not, because I think, could I explain my meaning and motives intelligibly, you would agree

with me in opinions and principles. I did not intend to be understood that there was no *difference* in the minds of women. I believe, in the original conformation of soul, there exists as much dissimilarity among women as men—and the reason that the original capacity is not more distinctly developed and displayed, is wholly to be attributed to the situation of the female sex. There is for them but *one* pursuit. Of what use is it for us to deny the fact, that it is in the marriage establishment only, that woman seeks her happiness and expects her importance, when all history and our own observation, confirm it to be the truth. It is not so with men,—they have more than *one* medium through which to seek for fortune, fame and happiness, and that is, in my opinion, the sole reason of their superiority of mind over us. How I do wish women to be sensible of this, and endeavor to find or make an employment, consistent with *propriety*—that must never be relinquished;—which would give to their minds strength and dignity, that strength and dignity which is acquired from exertion and self-dependence. But while women imagine they are gaining importance, and are flattered with those compliments on their intellectual progress, which the gentlemen sometimes deign to bestow, they seem perfectly unconscious that they have not made one step of advancement in the scale of society, or at least, they are only engaged in the same occupations, namely, that of canvassing fashions and superintending household affairs, that occupied the sex a thousand years ago. I do not say women have not more learning, that they do not *read* more, but pray tell me what difference this has created in their *pursuits*? except to make them less useful—because they now, many of them, think that to ‘work with their hands’ is disgraceful for ladies, and yet there is no employment provided, in which they can exercise their talents and learning advantageously—or indeed, at all. I would rouse them from this supineness,—I would have them seek some employment, have some *aim* that will, by giving energy to their minds, and the prospect of an honorable independence, should they choose to continue single, make them less dependent on *marriage* as the means of *support*.

They will then *really* improve, because their minds will have a wider circle in which to move and act. Women might succeed in many of the fine arts; but still, I think the business of instruction, the one best fitted to their character, to the situation, which they must, indeed, *ought* to hold in society, because it was evidently assigned them by their Creator. It was for these reasons I urged upon their consideration the importance of *school-keeping*.

You may be assured I am a true woman, and that I shall seek to promote the happiness and the best interests of my sex; but I do not think that happiness, or those interests will be advanced by flattering women that they are *angels*, or that they have, as yet, much claim to a mental equality with men, if *equality* consist in the *exertion* of *mind*. We have reason, my dear friend, but we seldom use it; we might about as well be guided by instinct. We proceed day after day, and year after year in the same routine, without exhibiting one *original* idea. All new discoveries and inventions are made by the men; even the chemical combinations in cookery, and their causes are unknown to almost every female, to those who have cooked all their days. We do not *think*—there is the fault of our education—we are not taught by necessity,—the necessity that arises to men in their diversified pursuits,—to *reflect*.”

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THE bird that soars on joyous wing  
Must stoop to earth when darkness reigns;  
The flowers that gem the breast of spring,  
Fade when the frost comes o'er the plains:  
And thus gay Fancy droops her flight,  
Beneath affliction's starless night;  
And thus, sweet Hope, thy flowers are lost,  
Chilled by neglect's unkindly frost.

## STANZAS

*For my Sister, Mrs. A. C. B., with a withered Rose, which bloomed on her wedding day.*

Sister, this rose, so faded now,  
Was once as bright and gay,  
As garlands wreathed for beauty's brow,  
On the joyous nuptial day ;  
When Hope's bright sunlight gilds the mind  
With dreams of bliss—with joys refined.

I watched its little bud unfold,  
'Twas the first rose of spring ;  
And with its petals half unroll'd  
It was a lovely thing.  
No diamond in a crown that glows,  
Was brighter than my half blown rose.

And, Sister, at thy bridal hour,  
A full blown rose it grew,  
And then I thought my pretty flower  
An emblem was of you ;—  
'Twas pure, and blushing, sweet and fair—  
As maidens at the altar are.

And then I mourned a thing so bright  
Should ever fade and die.  
To sunniest hours there comes a night,  
Age dims the clearest eye.  
Alas !—how withered, shrunk and sear,  
Doth this, once beauteous, rose appear.

And so ephemeral is life,  
Days fleet like hours away ;  
E'en youth, with bloom and beauty rife,  
In years will soon decay ;  
And Time's swift courier, Age, will blight  
The red blush on thy cheek so bright.

And then with this poor withered rose  
Again thou wilt compare,—  
But in thy breast immortal, glows  
A soul even Time shall spare—  
Which in eternal youth shall bloom,  
Unscathed 'mid desolation's gloom !

B. B. F

*To the Editor of the Ladies' Magazine.*

I KNOW as good a story about an Album as the one you have related in the last number. The only difference is, yours has the best telling, and the best ending—because it ends in matrimony; nevertheless, mine will in some measure atone for these deficiencies on the score of truth, a most important *desideratum* in the formation of a good story—as nothing can be strictly good without being strictly true.

Not many years ago, in "Penn's throng'd city," a young lady by the name of Martha, got up one of those "morocco-covered, gilt-edged receptacles of rhyme and rhapsody," and sent it out to be filled. Every gentleman of her acquaintance, and every gentleman who was *not* of her acquaintance, provided he stood high in public estimation, and could write a neat hand, was invited "to record the initials of his name," which the fair solicitor knew would be preceded by an original rhapsody, for such was the design of the book, as he could see for himself. There was a "sonnet to Martha's black eyes," signed O. S.—another "To Martha's heart," signed B. D.—an acrostic on her name, signed F. L.—An offer of his heart and hand—*Anonymous*—together with numberless rhapsodic effusions and affecting farewells, addressed "To Martha," and bearing the signatures of living men. I have often thought Albums a species of duelling, and have no doubt but many a brainless wight has been frightened from the society of ladies within the last ten years, merely because he could not stand the challenge of an Album. False honor, as in the case of duelling, seemed to brand the fellow with the epithets of coward and fool, who could have the effrontery to refuse "to record his initials" in a gilt-edged book. Besides, what gentleman could refuse the request of "beauty" almost "in tears." He does not possess "one drop of heaven's sweet mercy" who could withstand the entreaty. Therefore, in addition to the epithets of coward and fool, he must bear that of *savage*, if he barbarously refuse to *fight*—that is—to defend his honor by accepting the challenge, and giving vent to a violent paroxysm of *feigned* rhap-

sody—at best fulsome flattery, that ought to shock the delicacy of every lady, although conveyed to her ear under a “morocco cover.” But most happily for the true honor of ladies and gentlemen, the Album *mania* has subsided. There seems to be, it is true, a few scattering remains—here and there a case occurs—but the disorder has assumed a milder and less terrific form; and no doubt, from the change which has taken place in the symptoms of the remaining few, the happiest effects may result, as in the case you have named. Lest, however, there should be found some of the old stamp, I will finish the story of Martha’s Album. I said she was young—I said it not because she looked young—but because every lady who keeps a “receptacle of rhyme and rhapsody,” wishes to look very young. She might have been twenty—she might have been forty. I never heard her tell her age—and what right has a historian like me who has pledged his truth, to *guess* on a subject of such delicacy. She had beautiful black eyes—but I shall not say whether her hair was black or white—or an uncivil mixture of both. Certain it is however, there were no sonnets addressed to her “Raven Locks,” or her “Jet Black Hair”—although her eyes were extolled by every poetic name which could possibly convey the idea of palpable, undeniable black.

The Album was nearly filled with “rhyme and rhapsody”—and the dying sigh of many a hero—and the farewell tear of many a rejected lover—shone conspicuous there. Many were the proofs of bravery which should resound to coming ages the courage of man! more glorious than to have saved a nation, because he had proved his prowess by his own invincible right hand! The Album had just returned from one of its rhapsodic excursions, richly laden like the bee to its hive—what is sweeter, than flattery *believed*?

And my heroine was inhaling anew its delicious sweets, when the General Assembly convened to discuss affairs of the church, as is their wont to do every spring. Among other good men who were sent on this heavenly embassy, was a clergyman from “the land of steady habits.”



Whether he wrote an uncommon neat hand—or whether he stood uncommonly high in public estimation—whether he had ever accepted a challenge, or had ever written a rhyme or rhapsody—is left untold. This much however is revealed to his everlasting praise. When he was challenged (alias solicited) by the “dark eyed maid” to record his initials, he took the “gilt-edged, morocco-covered book” home to his lodgings, and wrote—not a word of rhyme or rhapsody or farewell. But nobly supporting the sacred character of his heavenly mission, which had bound him by solemn covenant to administer wholesome reproof, to reclaim if possible deluded souls, and point out to them the strait and narrow way—he wrote simply the chapter and verse of a text of scripture—signed his initials and sent home the book, leaving my heroine to search out the text—as I must do by my readers.—It was Luke—10 :—41, 42

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It is my candid opinion that the happy revolution in the Album world may date its era from that meeting of the General Assembly.

S\*\*\*\*\*.

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### THE BRIDE'S SOLILOQUY.

I MUST o'ercome this sadness !—Though I've left  
 For aye, a happy home ; a father's arms,  
 A mother's more than love, kind brothers too,  
 And sisters most affectionate and dear :  
 For if I weep, my husband's eyes are on me  
 With such a mournful look, ['tis almost sorrow,]  
 As if he thought 'twas he had made me wretched,  
 And that I wept for very desolation,  
 Because he'd torn me from my childhood's haunts,  
 From all my youth's companions, and the friends  
 Whose sympathies were echoes of mine own,  
 In joy or sorrow. Oh, that sadden'd look !  
 It breaks my heart, and bids me summon back  
 The truant gaiety, whose loss it mourns.

If, for a time, I gather animation,  
 And chat with life and glee, as I was wont  
 In my now far off home, in joyous days,  
 How that dear face lights up with grateful smiles ;  
 Kind looks beam on me with so sweet expression,  
 As thanking me that I essay to enjoy  
 The passing hour, and lure the wanderer happiness :  
 Ah, what resolves those looks are conjuring !  
 I then forswear all sorrow—vow, that sadness  
 Ne'er shall again usurp ascendancy ;  
 But I will ever wear a sunny brow,  
 And thus will make kind looks perpetual.  
 Oh, Heaven avert ! But should the time e'er come,  
 When a fair brow hath lost its potency,  
 I'll waken memory of by-gone days,  
 Remind him of these happy hours that fleet  
 So swiftly by, they scarce give time to note them.

IRIS.

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### WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

I might with propriety adopt the title of "a true story;" but I find the world pays little regard to names. Whatever is too refined for the fashionable, too generous for the selfish, too spiritual for the worldling, will be termed fiction. However, my story is true, absolutely and essentially true; and I could name as many living persons as the law requires to substantiate a fact, as evidences of its truth. But I think such a proceeding unnecessary. The narrative will carry its own conviction. It portrays woman as she is, constant "even unto death." And man—But I will tell the story.

During the last war between England and America, there lived, in a town on the sea-coast, an old man who had "Jephtha's treasure—one fair daughter and no more." A sweet girl she was, that pretty Mary—sung like a lark, (a comparison, by the way, not very appropriate where

there are no *larks*) was industrious as a bee, as lively as a swallow, and tender hearted as a pigeon. She fell in love, as such sweet girls are very apt to do, with one who was, if not beneath her in condition, very displeasing to her father. The young man beat a drum, and the old man detested the noise of a drum; the young man enlisted as a soldier, and the old man protested his daughter should not wed a soldier—so the lovers were separated.

But before they parted, they mutually breathed a solemn vow to each other, that, if they were not permitted to marry together, they would not live. Only think what chivalric affection that was, for this "common-place age." I do not know how long their period of trial was to last; but the hapless Mary "pined in thought." Her lover had marched "over the hills and far away;" her father was silent and stern, and she had no companion but her own sad thoughts. Her father lived in a wild, lonely place. He had no household, save his daughter. He had no books. Novels may be decried, and charged with the sin of occupying precious time, and corrupting the imaginations of the young; but still they have often the "spell of power" to charm the desolate-hearted from the contemplation of their sorrows. I am not the champion of novels; yet I think it far better a silly, love-sick girl should read novels, than continually think of her absent swain, or talk of her friend's cruelty and her own disappointment. But poor Mary had no novels to read, and she thought of her drummer from morning till night, and then from night till morning—except just when she happened to be asleep—even then he was not absent from her fancy. She dreamed of him, and dreamed he was dead; and she became impressed with the duty of committing suicide. She had promised; and her love and integrity alike demanded the sacrifice. She wrote a farewell letter to her lover, detailing all her agonies and the cruelty of her father; took the letter in her hand, and sought the sea shore. She probably never heard of Sappho, but similar feelings will inspire similar sentiments. No doubt but the tumult in the heart of that lowly lass was as tender, as terrible, as melting and melancholy, as that which inspired the immortal strains of the Lesbian's love-harp. The

catastrophe of the Plymouth maiden was as tragical as hers of Mitylene. When the tide ebbed, within a little cove was discovered the lifeless body of Mary. She was sitting, supported by a projecting rock, upright; her hair, nearly dried by the wind, floated over her shoulders; and in her hands, pressed closely together on her bosom, was the letter to her lover. Was she not constant?

What became of her drummer? Did he too, in despair—to use the lover's vein—snatch the fatal shears from the hand of the Fates, and cut short the thread of his own existence? Man, it is said, never loves like woman, with his whole heart. The statesman must devote his thoughts to the nation or his party—the merchant is engaged by the details of commerce and the desire of wealth—the sailor has a sweet-heart in every port, and the soldier “changes mistresses as he changes garrisons.” Never should a young woman flatter herself, that if she commits suicide, her swain will die also. Phaon did not. The drummer did not. Before the treaty of Ghent was known in the United States, he had negotiated a treaty for himself—he was married. Was he not false?

Yet where is the person of sense and good principles, but will commend the falsehood rather than the constancy? Let every romantic young lady who reads this story, grave it on her mind, that absurdities and sins can never be atoned for, by pleading wounded sensibility, disappointed affection, or even that devoted, exalted, yet sometimes dangerously indulged feeling—the pride of constancy!

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#### FANCY SKETCHES.

“ Man superior, walks  
Amid the glad Creation, musing praise,  
And looking lively gratitude.”

Thomson.

Oh! come, ye viewless spirits, who inhabit  
Earth's shady groves, or caverns of the deep;

And ye light forms who wing in upper space  
 Your joyous flights upon the moon's pale beam,  
 Or on your native smiling star-rays sport  
 In dancings fairy-like—come breathe o'er me  
 Your inspirations sweet ! Ye come, ye come,  
 I feel the rapt, the kindled spirit glow,  
 Fann'd into flame by your bright rainbow wings ;  
 I feel the charm of beauty on my soul,  
 As softest music, from Æolian harps,  
 On the delighted ear—I feel entranced  
 Mid the bright things and beautiful which deck  
 The shrine where nature shows "diviner skill"—  
 The radiant garniture of earth and Heaven !  
 I love to stray, fair Cuba, o'er thy hills,  
 Regaling on the fragrant breathing Lime,  
 And from the Orange, and the Citron tree,  
 Drinking deliciousness at every step ;—  
 Or in the by-paths of thy glorious groves  
 To linger, listening, while from every bough,  
 Nature, thy happiest, brightest choristers,  
 Tune their sweet voices to the hymns of love—  
 Or saunter by thy soft entrancing streams,  
 And pass unheeded the dull hours away  
 In intellectual and delicious dreams.  
 Then the high, pure and nobler qualities  
 Of nature, free, unfettered, soar from things  
 Of time and sense, revelling proud and high  
 Through the bright, airy palaces of fancy !  
 I love to wander at the thoughtful hour  
 When night puts on her brightest diadem ;  
 When the clear moon is pouring over earth  
 A flood of glory ; then I love to gaze  
 Upon her pensive face, and think she stoops  
 And listens to my soul-breathed orisons  
 At nature's shrine. There is a language, mute  
 Tho' eloquent, in her mild beaming look,  
 Lauding the goodness of creation's God !  
 Then round the deep, blue vault of heaven I turn  
 My wandering eye and scan those sparkling gems,  
 And think they send out brighter gleams for me,  
 And fancy snatches, at sweet intervals,  
 Of silvery flowing melody, as soft  
 As gently falling founts in Paradise !

Or as the thrilling of a love-touched harp,  
 Whose music flows from out a flowery dell  
 Across the bosom of some breezy lake;  
 While rippings catch the sound, and, mingling in,  
 Kiss the chained ear and charm the willing soul.  
 Such is the song of gladness round the throne  
 Of Him, who brought from chaos at a word,  
 This bright, this beautiful creation, Earth!—  
 And then I've marked some falling star drop down  
 The opal vault and lose itself in darkness,  
 And felt my spirit leaping from its bounds  
 To catch the sinking ray ere quenched forever;—  
 And mused how like it was to erring spirit,  
 From realms of glory banished, blighted, lost!  
 Fancy, how lofty thy imaginings!  
 The mind, untrammelled by companionship,  
 Soars high and wide as space illimitable!  
 And seeks and drinks, from every fount of thought,  
 Sweet draughts and deep of intellectual joy.

HENRY.

*Matanzas, Aug. 1828.**To the Editor of the Ladies' Magazine.*

Madam—I am a maiden lady, somewhat advanced in years; and have so prudently demeaned myself, during my lonely pilgrimage, that I am not unfrequently the chosen confidant of my married acquaintance. I enclose you a letter, recently received from a distant relative, whose wife, I know, sometimes looks into the Ladies' Magazine. It is evidently written under the influence of strong feeling: and in this age of confessions, may properly be termed,—

## CONFESSIONS OF A HUSBAND.

Dear Madam—Do you recollect an interesting conversation in your little parlor, a few weeks previous to my

marriage? Circumstances have deeply impressed it upon my memory—and believe me, nothing but imperious necessity, could now wring from me the humiliating confession, that your predictions have all proved true. It is with shame and regret I own, that I have no companion in my wife—that my children have no instructress in their mother. Yet I will not blame her. Her education, which I thought good, was faulty, and superficial in the extreme. There must have been radical defects in my own too; or I could not have been so indifferent to the real value of her acquirements. For the ten years of our marriage, I have kept pace with the world:—*she* has remained stationary, absorbed in domestic concerns, in dressing and visiting, and I now feel, and deplore the difference. Yet she has amiable, and estimable qualities, and I often think how well I could love her; if———but no more of myself.

With the best intentions, and the warmest wishes for the welfare of her children, she has adopted a code of government for them; so coercive and restrictive in its operation, that if they have but a common share of intelligence, and animal spirits, they cannot fail of daily incurring its penalties. You know how instinctively I recoil from sights and sounds of animal suffering. I could as soon *pinch* or *burn*, or inflict any other animal torture upon a child, as to lacerate its little body with *stripes*.

It is in vain that I ask her, by what process it is she expects that the application of brute force will improve the moral qualities of her child? In vain I assure her, that stripes, and blows, engender ten bad passions, where they expel one. Equally in vain, that I tell her, that children early emancipate themselves from the control of a mother, whose influence is not a moral influence; and like that of angels, rather felt than seen. To all this, her invariable answer is, “spare the *rod*, and spoil the child.”

We are the slaves of association, and of prejudice. I suppose that in early life, my wife as closely associated the idea of *Solomon's rod* with that of a real *birch*, or *maple stick*, as I did, the idea of a learned woman, with that of a masculine virago.

“If I marry a *Bleu*, where will be my security, that she will not turn out an *Authoress*?” said I in the conversation to which I alluded. Dear Madam, I renounce all my former prejudices—disavow all that I once said on the subject of female learning. Were I to choose, I would have the mother of my children, learned indeed, in the philosophy of the human mind. Our only system then would be, that of systematically watching indications of nature as they arise, and managing accordingly. It is impossible for a father to interfere to advantage, in the management of young children. Nature seems to have thrown them solely into the arms of their mother, for protection and instruction.

My wife is extremely solicitous for the mental improvement of her children; but unhappily, knows no way of bringing it about, but by chaining them a given time to their books. On my return home, when the business of the day is done—instead of finding my children, with intelligent and happy faces, talking *with* their mother, and receiving the elements of knowledge from her lips, I find them poring over their lessons with wearied and harrassed looks; their memories beyond all measure burdened at the expense of their understandings. It really pains my feelings, to see them all brighten up at my entrance, and fly to me for assistance. My wife too looks pleased when I can devote an hour to their instruction, and really seems to feel a degree of pride, that she has kept her womanly station, and knows so much less than I do.

The other day, my little boy threw the horse on which he had been riding, before the fire. It was of green wood—and he stood watching, with great apparent interest, the pretty canal of sap that flowed from it upon the polished hearth. His mother ordered him to take it up. He resolutely refused—persisted in refusing—and of course, was whipped till he obeyed.

“Why my dear,” said I, “did you not interest yourself about the sap too? You never could have a better opportunity of explaining to him the effect of heat, and cold, upon the sap of trees, and on fluids in general His



curiosity would have been soon gratified ; and he would have taken the stick up willingly when you desired him. Had you done so," continued I, "you would have given him no chance of disobeying you ;—you would have taken up less time than you did in whipping him—and you would have given him something to think of, that would, perhaps, have kept him out of fresh mischief." But—my wife is no philosopher—and the first duty of a child is implicit obedience.

You see by what I have written, that Justice is the household virtue most valued here. But she is unhappily armed only with her sword. Do you, Madam, come among us, and endeavor to restore her balance."

The rest of the letter principally concerned myself. Should you think proper to insert it in your Magazine, the Lady in question might, perhaps, find a reason for the *silence* in her husband, of which she has often complained.

E. W. B.

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#### TO ROSABELLE.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,  
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve !  
She loves me best when e'er I sing  
The songs that make her grieve !

Coleridge.

Pure-hearted as a buried pearl  
Within a crimson shell,  
A dark eyed and a radiant girl  
Art thou, my Rosabelle—  
Sweet beauty sleeps upon thy brow  
And floats before thine eyes ;  
As meek and pure as doves art thou,  
Or creatures of the skies.

Thy mild looks are all eloquent,  
 Thy bright ones free and glad,  
 Like glances from a pleiad sent—  
 Thy sad ones sweetly sad—  
 And when a tear is in thine eye,  
 To witch with sorrow's spell;  
 Oh none may idly pass thee by,  
 My own sweet Rosabelle.

I think of thee when daylight pours  
 Her glances thro' the sky,  
 And then with thee my spirit soars  
 Among the things on high.  
 Thou art an angel by my side,  
 To earth I bid farewell,  
 And every dream of pomp and pride—  
 To all, but Rosabelle.

Bright dreams attend thee, gentle one,  
 The brightest and the best;  
 For sorrow scarce can fall upon  
 A maid so purely blest.  
 And when death's shadows round thee swell  
 And dim thy starry eyes,  
 Oh may'st thou be, my Rosabelle,  
 A spirit of the skies.

R. M.

*Philadelphia.*


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 REFLECTIONS.

In perusing the pages of your valuable work, I have met with nothing which interested me more than the laconic productions of your friend A. Mist. He is evidently a man of wisdom; and so far from wishing you to discontinue his "scraps," as you have threatened to do in favor of some "six paged" rival, I entreat, as a faithful reader of the Ladies' Magazine, that you will continue your researches from the Port-Folio. I have pictured it in my mind's eye,

as a large, bulky, old-fashioned article, secured at each end by substantial buck-skin, and exhibiting an exterior like the Port-Folio of Solon the wise; which, who could behold, and not feel an irresistible desire to explore the interior! Millions of fragments—"odds and ends"—"shreds and patches," or *scraps*, as you think proper to call them—bits of paper, at all events. Some carefully folded in the centre—some transversely—some at the corners—and others compressed into numberless zigzag folds, to suit the exigences of time and place,—others again, grievously blotted and defaced, the natural effects of "midnight oil" and bad pens,—but *all* teeming with wholesome precepts, the better for being conveyed in short, concise sentences, and through, the medium too, of the Ladies' Magazine.

I have, all my life, been a warm admirer of Eastern literature, and of those "good old times," when sages wrote with the view only to instruct; and when men read only to be instructed—when it was praise enough, that wisdom graced each period, and books were prized not so much for *quantity* as *quality*.

The didactic writings of the ancient Hebrews, Grecians and Romans, were the delight of my childhood. They

"Charm'd me young, no longer young, I find  
Of power to charm me still."

The proverbs of Solomon are a happy specimen of sententious precepts. The basest mind in existence, if it could be elevated to read and comprehend them, would be in love with virtue. There is something so forcible in a concise, well turned period, especially if it belong to the didactic, that it seldom fails to carry its own conviction along with it. "Proverbs," says an ingenious writer, "are short sentences founded on truth, and extracted from the experience and speculation of ancient sages." I sincerely wish it was fashionable in this book-making age to write proverbs.

Your worthy friend Mr. Mist, I rejoice to say, has approached as near to it as the present *refined* state of letters will allow. I rejoice too, that he has made you the almoner of his *store-house*. How much you may benefit the world! No doubt it contains some of his finest touches,—perhaps his whole stock of wisdom is condensed within the narrow

compass of its walls. His poetry is short, like his prose; yet nevertheless, it wears nature's richest livery, and affords ample testimony that, though a philosopher, he is no *stoic*. And if he never could spin out a story to the prescribed length of six hundred pages, there lives at least *one* passionate admirer of his modest, unassuming worth,—one, who could at any time prefer swallowing half a dozen spoonfulls of his superfine flour, to as many hundred bushels of fashionable *unsifted*—“husks and all.”

P. S. If any of my remarks appear too cynical, or my praises of your laconic friend too enthusiastic, you will please impute it to my late exhaustion of patience, from having toiled through forty pages of a modern “two volumed” work, without being able to form the least surmise of the author's *drift*—if he had any,—or whether he was not writing, merely to add another senseless tone to the countless numbers already in circulation.

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### CHILDREN AT THEIR MOTHER'S GRAVE.

THEY stand within the village ground,  
 Where their mother's ashes sleep;  
 Nor wakes she from her dream profound,  
 To listen while her children weep.

In their loveliness alone,  
 They, beneath the cypress' shade,  
 Stand and gaze upon the stone,  
 Below which all their world is laid.

Throbs each little heart, as tells  
 Memory of the moments fled,  
 And the tide of sorrow swells  
 As they call upon the dead.

They think in what sweet words of prayer,  
 She look'd up for ONE to bless :  
 "Take them, Saviour ! to thy care—  
 Shielder of the motherless."

They remember how her cheek  
 Wax'd colder still as death stole on ;  
 And when they thought she soon would speak  
 And found her spirit gone—

How beautifully on that brow  
 Sat the quiet of the Bless'd !  
 They knew she was an angel now,  
 Soaring to her holy rest.

On her monument they gaze,  
 And weep—then look to heaven away,  
 And their clasped hands they raise ;  
 Oh God ! thou hears't when orphans pray.

TAPPAN.

## SONNET.

*On a Sleeping Cupid.*

Ah ! would that *I* had ever thus have found  
 The little roguish, rosy boy, *asleep* ;  
 I would have broken each shaft—and left him bound  
 Safe, with his bow-string—on some rugged steep ;  
 That waking from his mischievous dreams, he might  
 Have met the fate he merits—died from fright.  
 Mark how the little sleeping urchin smiles,  
 Dimpling his pretty cheeks—mark how his lips  
 Move, pouting playfully—new toils and wiles  
 He's dreaming of—perchance in fancy sips  
 The dewy freshness now—as oftentime,  
 From beauty's blossomed lip ;—his ringlets shine  
 With golden lustre ;—soft—I'll bind him now—  
 But—if I do—*will Mary keep her vow?*

HENRY.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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"ATLANTIC SOUVENIR—1829." The character of this work, which has now reached its fourth volume, is well known to the reading public; nothing need be said on that subject, excepting that this volume fully sustains the credit of its predecessors. "Comparisons are odious"—so we shall not indulge them in reference to the annual lately published in this city, and the Souvenir; but we will say that it is to be regretted, the publishers of the latter do not adopt a different style of binding. The manner is beautiful to be sure, but looks so frail in its beauty, that we fear to turn over the leaves lest some injury should ensue to the fine cover.

The engravings are splendid—yet we felt something like a disappointment that scenes in our own country and from our own history, should not more frequently be introduced and portrayed. Our American Annuals derive much of their interest, from the belief that they are fostering and elevating the literary taste of our people, drawing forth, and displaying the talents of our artists, and the genius of our writers. Why not add the crowning grace, that they shall also diffuse the knowledge of our history, of the curiosities of our country, of the peculiarities of our character, arising from the republican simplicity of our government, as contrasted with the corrupt institutions of the old world—and thus foster the love of country, the patriotism that in a free land, is so necessary to be diffused and cherished? To be respected as Americans, we must be proud of being Americans. But to return to the engravings,—"Love Asleep"—"The Unwelcome Guest,"—and "The Contented Captive," are all of them, finely executed. We did wish however, that in contrast with the picture of the Turkish Slave, chanting the joys of her sensual bondage to her lord, had been introduced the christian wife, *free* in her constancy and affection to her husband, nurturing and teaching her children, in the high hope that they will prove blessings and ornaments to their country, and true worshippers of the true God. There is the perfection of the female character:—and it cannot be found among slaves.

We think highly of the literary portion of the work. "The Methodists' Story" is an excellent production, written with the power and pathos of exalted genius, of deep observation, and of rational piety.

"Naratausk" embraces a similarity of scene and very nearly of plot, with "The Church in the Wilderness," which appeared in the "Legendary." Father Ralle seems in a fair way of obtaining that fame for piety and disinterested benevolence, which he undoubtedly deserved: and we are glad to see American writers doing justice to the Indian character, though at the expense of our own ancestors. The story is very well told: the better, as there are but few attempts to introduce the peculiar eloquence of the red men, which so rarely proves successful. "The Glove"

displays some knowledge of Italian literature, and relates an old story in a very clever manner.

"Un Faineant" and "Benhadar,"—very dissimilar productions, yet both by the same hand or head. J. H. Paulding has certainly exerted his variety of talent, and succeeded well both in the humorous and the horrible. But we think the first story will have the most admirers.

"A Tale of Poitiers."—Chivalric enough. Knight and squire, helmet, spear and battle axe, are marshalled forth in the array; and then there is described the "lady love," so stately, so tender, so indispensable in those days of mailed warriors. Ah! well may the author exclaim, that "we are in this age, poor indeed in those incidents which grace the page of romance." But to confess the truth, we do not regret this poverty of romantic incident. And would not the writer of the stirring tale of Poitiers, prefer studying Froissart to the storming of Meaux?

"The Catholic"—This is a well told story, and strikingly delineates some of the peculiar features of our early history.

"The Lady of Ruthven"—So good we should like to extract it, because of the "meaning and the moral." It will teach us to reflect that—

"There's not that work  
Of careful nature or of cunning art,  
How strong, how beautiful, or how rich it be,  
But falls in time to ruin."

"The Emigrant's Daughter"—Pretty good, but Wm. Penn Smith would have done better had he not attempted so much. *One wooing* is quite sufficient for a story of forty pages.

"Esmeralda"—Very gay and very good. The name of Godfrey Wallace as a writer, we never met before, but hope we shall meet it again.

"The Islands of the Pacific"—A tender and touching story. The melancholy catastrophe is however anticipated by the manner of the writer; the death of the lovers at the precise period, seems one of those events which we are sensible must occur, which is for the best, and to which it is our duty to be reconciled. The story is probably fiction, yet are the characters of truth so stamped upon its features, that it is difficult to doubt of its veracity. This, we think, is a very decided proof of the talents of the writer.

We have now looked over all the prose, and commend it all. Not that we think it faultless,—but as we do not profess to write *criticisms* in the *critical* acceptation of that learned word, but merely *notices* of books, we may be permitted to name the beauties, and leave to others, better skilled in the science of carping, to note the faults of authors;—except the sins should be in *morals*. Female writers ought peculiarly to be guardians of morals in literature, but to criticise on style, or cut up books with the keen dissecting knife of ridicule, or triumph in the superior wit or argument, which enables the reviewer to render so copiously absurd and foolish the efforts of the poor author—or to "deal damnation" on the dull, does not accord with the province of woman. There is no sex in talents, in genius—but there is a propriety in character; and the female who violates that, forgets the respect due to the

dignity of the woman, (which the men are usually very willing to pay,) without acquiring the courage, the hardihood of mind, which enables the male critic to depend on himself, and command the acquiescence of the world in his sentiments, more perhaps by his own boldness, than the real justness of his opinions. These being our principles, we shall adhere to them so strictly while commenting on the poetic articles which occupy quite a large share of the volume, [our soil is truly prolific of poetry this season,] that we shall name only those on which we can bestow unhesitating praise. The *mediocre*, in the muses' service, is a very thankless and profitless labor. No comparative degree is permitted. To do *well* is not accepted. Those who would gain the laurels of song must do *better* than well. It is for that reason, we regret so large a share of poetry is admitted into our annuals.

"Forget Me Not"—F. G. Halleck, is pretty, though not equal to some productions we have seen from the pen of the same fine poet.

"Love Asleep"—J. N. Barker, is really witty, and that is what but few poems, pretending to humor, are. It is well done, and is his best poem—in the Souvenir.

"Seneca Lake"—J. G. Percival—a noble poem, full of thought and beauty—the sublimity of description.

"April"—By Willis—pretty, very pretty.

Then there is "Twilight Thoughts"—James McHenry—pretty good Souvenir poetry, as is also "The Unwelcome Guest," by the same.

"Sonnet to Ambition"—Pickering. This gentleman must be an admirer of the sonnet manner of writing, which we are not; and therefore, though we think highly of his genius, we cannot sufficiently appreciate his efforts to judge impartially, when he confines himself to that species of writing,—no one must judge what they do not read.

"The Philosophy of Whist"—C. W. Thompson—though not very poetic is very true, and ingenious,—and "Funeral Rites," by the same, is very beautiful.

"The Last Days of Youth"—J. C. Nicholas, possesses the charm of nature and feeling.

"The Egyptian Maiden"—S. S. Boyd. "Stanzas"—J. P. Brace,—and "The Snow Flake"—H. F. Gould, are, though different in character, all very pleasing, and we hope their respective authors will be satisfied with that praise. They did not attempt the sublime, but they doubtless might, and succeed.

"To the Mocking Bird"—Francis Crosby, Jr.—a very beautiful poem.

"Music at Midnight"—George R. Ingersoll, is excellent.

"Woman"—T. Sliddell—we ought to mention, if only for the title,—but it deserves it also for its simplicity and truth.

"The Decline of the Year"—I. Mc'Lellan—Though a threadbare subject, is very good poetry.

We have purposely passed over the articles furnished by female writers, because we intend to extract from those, that our readers, who may not have the good luck to see the Souvenir, may see a few of its beauties. We shall insert an article from the pen of Mrs. Hemans—the queen of European song—and then venture a specimen or too from our own lady writers.



## SONG OF A GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE.

WHERE is the sea?—I languish here—  
 Where is my own blue sea ?  
 With all its barks of fleet career,  
 And flags and breezes free ?

I miss that voice of waves—the first  
 Which woke my childhood's glee ;  
 The measured chime—the thundering burst—  
 Where is my own blue sea ?

Oh ! rich your myrtles' breath may rise,  
 Soft, soft your winds may be ;  
 Yet my sick heart within me dies—  
 Where is my own blue sea ?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,  
 I hear the whispering tree—  
 The echoes of my soul are mute—  
 Where is my own blue sea ?

FELICIA HEMANS.

## STANZAS.

*Occasioned by hearing a little boy just let loose from school, mocking the bell  
 as it struck the hour of twelve.*

AYE, ring thy shout to the merry hours !  
 Well may you part in glee—  
 From their sunny wings they scatter flowers,  
 And laughing look on thee.

Thy thrilling voice has started tears,—  
 It brings to mind the day,  
 When I chased butterflies and years,  
 And both flew fast away.

Then my glad thoughts were few and free,  
 They came but to depart,  
 And did not ask where heaven could be—  
 'Twas in my little heart.

I since have sought the meteor crown,  
 Which fame bestows on men—  
 How gladly would I throw it down,  
 To be so gay again ?

But careless joy has gone away,  
 In vain 'tis now pursued;

Such rainbow glories only stay  
Around the simply good.

I know too much to be as blest  
As when I was like thee ;  
My spirit, reasoned into rest,  
Has lost its buoyancy.

Yet still I love the winged hours !  
We often met in glee ;  
And sometimes, too, are fragrant flowers,  
Their farewell gifts to me.

L. M. FRANCIS.

### THE DEAF AND DUMB AT PRAYER.

It sweet it is to see the babe kneel by its mother's side,  
And lip its brief and holy prayer at hush of eventide ;  
And sweet to mark the blooming youth, at morning's purple ray,  
Breathe incense of the heart to Him who ruleth night and day ;

How doth the bosom's secret pulse, with strong emotion swell,  
And tender, pitying thoughts awake, which language may not tell,  
When yon mute train, who meekly bow beneath affliction's rod,  
Whose lip may never speak to man, pour forth the soul to God.

They have no garment for the thought that springs to meet its sire,  
No tone to flush the glowing cheek, or fan devotion's fire ;  
Yet surely to the Eternal Throne the spirit's sigh may soar,  
As free as if the wing of speech its hallowed burden bore.

Were language theirs, perchance their tale of treasured grief and fear,  
Might cold or unresponsive fall, even on a brother's ear,  
So they may grave upon their minds in youth's unfolding day,  
'Tis better to commune with heaven, than with their fellow—clay.

The pomp of words doth sometimes clog the spirit's upward flight,  
But in the silence of their souls is one long Sabbath-light.  
If God doth in that temple dwell, their fancied loss is gain,  
Ye perfect listeners to His voice ! say, is our pity vain ?

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

“ The future ”—By Mrs. Wells, is quite pretty, though not equal to many productions of the same gifted woman. We have not space to extract it. One poem more however, we will give. The author is unknown, but his genius is sufficiently apparent without the aid of a popular name. The poem is, to our taste and heart, the very best in the book.

## DEATH.

Lift high the curtain's drooping fold,  
 And let the evening sunlight in !  
 I would not that my heart grew cold  
 Before its better years begin.  
 'Tis well that such a holy hour,  
 So calm and pure, a sinking ray  
 Should shine into the heart, with power  
 To charm its darker thoughts away.

The bright young thoughts of early days,  
 Shall gather in my memory now ;  
 And not the later cares, whose trace  
 Is stamped so deeply on my brow ;  
 What though those days return no more,  
 The sweet remembrance is not vain,  
 For heaven is waiting to restore  
*The childhood of my soul again.*

Let no impatient mourners stand  
 In hollow sadness near my bed ;  
 But let me rest upon the hand,  
 And let me hear the gentle tread  
 Of *her* whose kindness long ago,  
 And still unworn away by years,  
 Hath made my weary eyelids flow  
 With grateful and admiring tears.

I go—but let no plaintive tone  
 The moment's grief of friendship tell,  
 And let no proud and graven stone  
 Say where the weary slumbers well.  
 A few short hours—and then for heaven !  
 Let sorrow all its tears dismiss ;  
 For who can mourn the warning given  
 To call us from a world like this ?

"FANSHAWE"—Marsh and Capen. We intended giving a rather long notice of the above work, which has just been published in this city, and prove the correctness of our favorable opinion respecting it, by several extracts. But "time and space," those things, which if they may be annihilated, cannot always be commanded, are denied at present. We must therefore briefly recommend the book to all those who wish to encourage the talents of our own writers. But do not depend on obtaining it for perusal from a circulating library, or from a friend. Purchase it, reader. There is but one volume, and trust me that is worth placing in your library.

The time has arrived when our American authors should have something besides empty praise from their countrymen. Not that we wish to see a race of mere book-worm authors fostered among us. Our institutions and character, demand activity in business ; the useful should be preferred before the ornamental ;

practical industry before speculative philosophy; reality before romance. But still the emanations of genius may be appreciated, and a refined taste cultivated among us, if our people would be as liberal in encouraging the merits of our own writers, if they would purchase the really excellent productions which depict our own country, scenes and character, as they do the vapid and worn-out descriptions of European manners, fashions and vices.

To display somewhat of our author's style and habits of thought, we add one extract from the work, but shall give no analysis, nor any hint, except that it is worth buying and reading.

"Fanshawe returned to his chamber that night, and lit his lamp as he had been wont to do. The books were around him, which had hitherto been to him like those fabled volumes of magic, from which the reader could not turn away his eye, till death were the consequence of his studies. But there were unaccustomed thoughts in his bosom now; and to these, leaning his head on one of the unopened volumes, he resigned himself.

"He called up in review the years, that, even at his early age, he had spent in solitary study,—in conversation with the dead,—while he had scorned to mingle with the living world, or to be actuated by any of its motives. He asked himself to what purpose was all this destructive labor, and where was the happiness of superior knowledge. He had climbed but a few steps of a ladder that reached to infinity,—he had thrown away his life in discovering, that, after a thousand such lives, till death should still know comparatively nothing. He even looked forward with dread—though once the thought had been dear to him—to the eternity of improvement that lay before him. It seemed now a weary way, without a resting place, and without a termination; and, at that moment, he would have preferred the dreamless sleep of the brutes that perish, to man's proudest attribute of immortality.

"Fanshawe had hitherto deemed himself unconnected with the world, unconcerned in its feelings, and uninfluenced by it in any of his pursuits. In this respect he probably deceived himself. If his inmost heart could have been laid open, there would have been discovered that dream of undying fame, which, dream as it is, is more powerful than a thousand realities. But at any rate, he had seemed, to others and to himself, a solitary being, upon whom the hopes and fears of ordinary men are not effectual.

"But now he felt the first thrilling of one of the many ties, that, so long as we breathe the common air [and who shall say how much longer!] unite us to our kind. The sound of a soft, sweet voice—the glance of a gentle eye,—had wrought a change upon him, and, in his ardent mind, a few hours had done the work of many. Almost in spite of himself, the new sensation was inexpressibly delightful. The recollection of his ruined health,—of his habits, so much at variance with those of the world,—all the difficulties which reason suggested, were inadequate to check the exulting tide of hope and joy."

"HISTORY OF ROME" and "HISTORY OF ENGLAND"—S. G. Goodrich. Two books with the above titles, have lately been published. They are designed for the use of schools, and have been prepared, as we understand, by an approved teacher. From a hasty perusal we should think the plan pursued, a judicious one, and that they were well calculated for imparting such a knowledge of the history of the countries described, as children should acquire,—that is, a knowledge which will be worth retaining in the memory. Much that children learn, is not only forgotten, but ought to be forgotten, as they advance in years. Those books deserve to meet with patronage, which are useful to men, as well as interesting to children; and such seems to be the character of those volumes named above.

“A VISIT TO MY BIRTH PLACE.” *By the author of the “Pastor’s Tales, &c.”*  
—James Loring. Mr. Loring is entitled to the thanks of the religious community, for his numerous republications of small, interesting works, calculated to lead the juvenile mind from a contemplation of those works, too popular indeed, in which a tempest of passion is aroused, and the feelings wrought up to intensity, without leaving a savour of piety behind the storm to calm and sanctify the heart. The works published by this gentleman, generally have all the attraction of good novel writing, while at the same time, they show in bold relief some christian virtue, and hold it up for youthful imitation. The prominent character in the little book above named, is an accomplished English lady, the wife of an officer in the continental war. She follows her husband to the vicinity of the deadly strife—she becomes deeply pious—she fades away under the weight of her anxieties and troubles; and finally sinks away to be at rest.

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#### TO OUR PATRONS.

The “Sketches of American Character” have been more favorably received than the writer anticipated; and to that cause, must be attributed the circumstance, that they have been continued. But the writer is sensible, that more variety, more novelty, will soon be demanded. She therefore assures her patrons that, with the commencement of the second volume, some new arrangement in the Magazine will, at least, be attempted. The “Sketches” will appear but *once* more, and the indulgence of the public will doubtless be extended to the last representation,—as the players would say,—in which it will be the endeavor of the writer to portray that most interesting of domestic scenes—the fireside of an independent and happy family.

# LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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## FEMALE EDUCATION IN SPAIN.

MRS HALE,—The following, translated from the Spanish, exhibits the ideas entertained in Spain, of the importance of bestowing a more perfect education upon females; and it affords some insight moreover, into the manners and modes of thinking, prevalent in that country. It purports to be addressed by one lady to another, by donna Domitilia to donna Eudoxia.

“ It is the general opinion, my dear friend, that the care and education of children, and attention to household concerns, are sufficient employment for our sex; and that we have no time to spare for the study of the sciences. That all young ladies are not in a condition to devote themselves to study, cannot be doubted; but there are many to whom, from the circumstances of their birth, a literary and scientific education would not only be useful, but highly fitting and proper.

The charms of the most beautiful woman retain their empire scarcely beyond the middle of her life. The estimation in which she is held, begins then insensibly to decline, unless it be sustained by an enlightened understanding, or by the knowledge she has acquired by education, or by reading and study; for though nature has bestowed a different, and peculiar organization upon our bodies, she has made no difference in our minds; our souls she has not made an inferior species, nor has she impressed the stamp of degradation upon our talents. On the contrary, I am

persuaded that, if women had, in all times and ages, enjoyed, equally with men, the advantages of instruction, we should have excelled them in the productions of genius, in spite of the greater opportunities they possess of exercising and improving their talents. This aggravates the injustice done us, in withholding from us the benefits of instruction; and proves the absurdity of the excuse generally rendered, by the other sex, for the course they have adopted. For the origin of this course I refer to barbarous times, and to the continual exercise of arms, to which vocation men always feel a preference over all other arts and sciences which are so difficult to be acquired. The civilization and improvement of nations has always been the work of ages. The stronger sex, and in strength alone superior to the other, as they sought to bend and humble, by the power of force, all that opposed them, sought also to conquer our weakness, and imposed upon us such laws as their fancy or caprice dictated.

Thus our sex was humbled; thus were we compelled to devote ourselves to the care of our families, and to household occupations; thus were we chained to the hearth; while men, swayed by the blind passion of governing the earth, went forth in arms to subdue neighboring and remote provinces, in order to extend their empire, or hazard their lives for the defence of their country, their firesides, wives and children. Such have always been the objects and aspirations of ambitious men; and it has been for robbery and conquest, that men have been ennobled. Hence has proceeded our subjection and dependence; for, in comparison with them, we are feeble, and cannot, in armor of steel, go forth to fight, slay and conquer like them. But when the time shall arrive—should that happy period ever arrive—when men shall hold humanity in just estimation; when the chief happiness and glory of a nation shall be acknowledged to consist in peace, in the improvement of the mind, and the cultivation of the arts, then their beneficent influence will be felt by our sex; our education will be considered of high importance; and surely, though slowly, will be dissipated those prejudices, which now prevent our instruction in literature and the sciences. Then also, will change the slight opinion now entertained of our talents; and less re-

gard will be paid to strength and courage, in which tigers and lions have the advantage of men.

It is alleged that study will divert us from our peculiar duties; that it will render us proud, conceited and loquacious; that books are not written for our use, at least no books but those of devotion; that we easily imbibe new opinions, and should be likely to find such as would be hurtful in those books, which our curiosity would impel us to read; that the desire to appear learned, and be distinguished, would lead us to mix too much with the world, and to engage in intrigues; and many other consequences injurious to our sex are predicted, should they, in their youth, receive a literary and scientific education.

But it should be the chief object of such an education, to dispel from their understandings the clouds of ignorance and error, and not to render them eloquent and learned. It is difficult even for men who spend their whole lives in study, to become truly so; and grant that now and then a woman, devoting herself entirely to study, and neglecting her household concerns, should acquire that reputation; I am not disposed to say that the object gained, is worth the price that is paid for it; but it would certainly be better than if she should neglect her duties, as many do, either from natural and unconquerable indolence, or to pursue the pleasures of gallantry, or to spend her time in vain amusements, or to consume whole days in dressing her head, or adorning her person, in order to appear what she is not.

Nor do I perceive why it should render women proud and conceited, to be instructed in the first rudiments of the sciences, especially if such an education were common among them, and if care were first taken to instil into their minds, the precepts of virtue. But if, notwithstanding, it should happen that a few should be vain of having learned to solve a problem in geometry, of having acquired some knowledge of geography and of the solar system, of certain natural causes, and their effects, and of the events of history, such vanity would in truth be ridiculous. But are not men also vain; and vain too, sometimes, of trifling and ridiculous acquirements which degrade, rather than exalt them?

I do not intend, by what I have said, to justify the vanity



of our sex in this particular; but I do not see why this species of vanity should be hurtful only to us, nor why we alone, should be accused of this fault. Is it not more excusable in us to be vain of knowledge, than of beauty, or riches, or high birth? These are accidental advantages; *that* is of our own acquisition. And if any should become loquacious, the harm would fall upon themselves; instead of enjoying the reputation of learning, they would meet the contempt of others.

As little do I see why we should be permitted to read only books of devotion. This watchfulness over us, does not spring from the desire which men feel to contribute to our happiness and respectability, but for the degraded opinion they entertain of our intellects. Works of science rarely contain false or pernicious sentiments, and it is not true that we are more ready to imbibe them than men. This opinion springs also from the presumption which is produced and fostered, by their having constituted themselves judges of the modes of thinking; and usurped the right of deciding all questions, while they deny this right to us, fearing that, in the train of other fancied evils arising from its exercise, would follow, that of associating more with the other sex, and the consequent dissoluteness of manners. But beauty and frailty, not knowledge and learning, are the objects of illicit passion in men, and they triumph more easily over the heedlessness of the ignorant, than over the sobriety and discretion of the well informed.

How many women there are, who engage, even without inclination and against their will, in love intrigues, which, without being criminal, furnish nevertheless, occasion of scandal; and which they would cheerfully renounce, had they been attached from their youth to reading and study; for this, in their retirement, would relieve the tedium of solitude. Household occupations, various and laborious as they are, make relaxation necessary, and some intervals of repose are generally afforded; but nothing can be so hurtful as intervals of leisure, when we know not what to do, and have no relish for innocent amusements.

Relaxation ought to bring relief to the mind, diverting it from all thought of labor and burdensome duties; but instead of relief, it brings disquiet and torment, when the

mind cannot flee from inaction, which is worse than fatigue. Hence arises the love of play, of intrigue, and of other pernicious amusements. How much more innocent and useful, as recreations, would be the study of the sciences, than gaming, balls, and other insipid diversions. How much better it would qualify women to instruct their sons and daughters, and to dispel from their own minds many vulgar errors and ridiculous caprices.

They would not then confine their whole attention to dress, and the ornaments of their person; nor would they evince such a passionate attachment to extravagant fashion, more expensive than their fortunes allow, or conditions require; and luxury, finding less aliment, would decline. They would study a modest elegance and neatness of appearance, which, saving many a misspent hour, and many useless cares, would render them more esteemed. And even should not this effect follow, they would improve their understanding, which would secure them higher respect in their intercourse with society; would induce many of the other sex to cultivate their minds, and abate a little, that pride of superior knowledge, which they are prone to cherish.

I would, by no means be understood to say, that young ladies ought not to be instructed how to perform their appropriate labors; on the contrary, that should be the principal object in every system of female education. They should be accustomed to employment from their earliest youth; the love of it should be inculcated in preference to that of literature and the sciences; for it is of more real utility to their families, and has a most happy influence upon their habits and manners. Attachment to labor I consider the most excellent characteristic of our sex. By means of it they avoid the torments and temptations of indolence; it prevents their thoughts from dwelling on forbidden amusements and insipid trifles, whence often flow the grief and ruin of families.

Should Heaven grant me daughters, I would endeavor to moderate their passions and desires, and would thus address them. Daughters, true it is, you are born noble and rich, and necessity does not compel you to labor; but labor

will be useful to you, for you know not what may be the events of futurity. Misfortunes are frequent in this world, and from them, neither nobility nor riches can protect us. That which has happened to others may happen also to you. This will not appear impossible nor unlikely, when you bring to mind the numerous examples of powerful and illustrious lords, who, from the hatred of the government, failure in law suits, the disasters of war, their own misconduct or vices, behold their families reduced to poverty or altogether ruined. And if, by the misfortunes of your husbands, such should be your fate, you would then reap the reward of those habits of improvement acquired in youth. Even the lords of highest rank and greatest riches, consider this an excellent quality in a lady, although she be noble. The most opulent and illustrious families have limits beyond which they cannot rise. Great riches lead to great expenses; the greatest may be exhausted, and demand the constant care of the mistress of the family, and increased attention and industry, when her children are numerous."

E. H.

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**THE DEAD MOTHER.**

I mark'd at morn a blissful scene,  
 Arrayed in colors bright—  
 Where lovely woman's brow serene  
 Diffus'd a pure delight.

She caroll'd to her sleeping son  
 Who on her bosom lay,  
 While at her feet a lisping one  
 Indulged in gambols gay.

And he, the partner of those joys,  
 Bent o'er her brow the while,  
 To gaze upon his cherub boys,  
 And share their mother's smiles.

At eve I came,—but floods of grief  
 O'erwhelm'd that manly eye;—  
 Those moaning infants ask'd relief,—  
*Where was the fond reply?*

Go, join the thronging tides that roll  
 On toward the house of prayer,—  
 Such harrowing question to the soul  
 Is better answered there.

That coffin'd form, that lip of stone,  
 Those eyes which darkness seal,  
 Where every mild affection shone,  
 The fearful truth reveal.

Breathes forth the dirge its strain of wo,  
 The orizon upward tends,  
 And truths in hallow'd accents flow,  
 To which the mourner bends.

'Tis o'er!—'Tis o'er!—Come child of dust,  
 And lift yon sable pall,—  
 If earthly charms e'er won thy trust,  
 See here the end of all.

Weep too,—if thou hast learn'd to prize  
 What heaven itself holds dear;—  
 Meek Hope that builds above the skies,  
 And Faith, and Love sincere.

Go,—lay her in the earth's cold breast  
 With cheek so pure and fair,—  
 That silent cell hath many a guest,  
 Though none salute her there.

Returning spring, with violets sweet  
 Shall deck the humid clay,—  
 And when a few more seasons fleet  
 On noiseless wing away,—

Perchance those beauteous forms may come  
 In careless childhood blest,  
 To pluck a rosebud from her tomb,  
 And bind it on their breast.

Lightly their little feet will tread  
 Where Love its vigil keeps:  
 "Child!—Child!—within that lowly bed  
 Your angel-mother sleeps."

Oh! tell how oft her cradle hymn  
 Has sooth'd their hour of pain,—  
 And how her eye when glaz'd and dim  
 Return'd for them again,—

Then while their filial sorrows flow,  
 Point to a mansion fair,  
 And warn them by a Saviour's wo  
 To meet their mother there.

H.

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## SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

### NO. XII.

#### A WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

DID you ever live in the country? I dont mean a residence of some six or seven weeks, just to escape the burning, boiling, stifling atmosphere of the crowded city, when the thermometer stands at 93° in the shade, and clouds of dust render promenading through Washington Street almost as dangerous as would be a march through the desert, to explore the ruins of Palmyra. But there is the Mall. Oh! the Mall is unfashionable;—and what lady, having a proper sense of her own dignity and delicacy, but would prefer suffocating at home, to the horror of a refreshing walk in an unfashionable place? They must resort to the country. But never should those ladies imagine their experience of pastoral life, makes them competent to decide on rural pleasures and rural characters; or gives them the right to bestow those convenient epithets, dull, ignorant, plodding,

on our country farmers, or uneducated, unfashionable, dowdyish, on their wives and daughters.

Summer and autumn are the seasons, during which our city people visit the country. In summer, all who feel a sensibility for the beautiful, are charmed. The green woods, the flowery fields, the soft lulling waters and calm bright skies, are successively admired and eulogized. The sweet scenery is extolled, be-rhymed, sketched—left and forgotten. Autumn scenery makes a far deeper impression on the feelings. There is something in the decay of nature that awakens thought, even in the most trifling mind. The person who can regard the changes in the forest foliage,—that can watch the slow circles of the dead leaf, as it falls from the bough of some lofty tree, till it mingles with the thousands already covering the ground beneath, and not moralize is—not a person that I would advise to retire to the country, in search of happiness. He or she had better stay in the city and be amused. Those who cannot *think* have, in my opinion, a necessity (which goes very far towards creating a right) for amusement.

But the season when the scenery of the country makes the most delightful impression on the traveller's senses, or awakens his mind to reflection, is not the time to form a correct estimate of the social pleasures and mental advantages, which the inhabitants in our interior towns enjoy. Labor, unceasing labor is, during summer and autumn, the lot of the farmer, and usually of all his family. The city lady or gentleman, who visits in the country, regards this industry as oppressive, almost slavish. And truly it is sometimes so ;—but still there is a satisfaction to those industrious people, in seeing how much their hands have accomplished ; and there is a positive pleasure in the rest that night allows, and above all, which the Sabbath brings, that persons ever occupied in amusements or busy about trifles, cannot comprehend, any better than a blind man could the effect of colors on the eye. I may be told, that such happiness only refers to animal sensations, that mind has no part in the bliss which mere respite from the plough allows the farmer, any more than to the repose it brings the cattle that assisted his labors. If mind had no influence

to prompt his industry, this might be true; but our American yeomanry are lords of the soil, they till,—they “call no man master on earth,”—they are in fact, the acknowledged sovereigns of this vast country,—they are, in our republic, entitled to respect, from their station; and those who affect to look down upon the farmer and his family, to despise and ridicule the country people, exhibit a spirit which, if it be refined and delicate, is neither enlightened, liberal or patriotic. The truth is, such fastidious persons know little, if anything, about the country; not much more than did Owen Ashley, when he first entered as a partner in the store of Mr. Silsby, merchant in the village of \_\_\_\_\_, situated about thirty miles west of the Green Mountains. Owen Ashley was Boston born and educated; and was in truth, as fine a gentleman as could be found in the city. He was also endowed with very good abilities, and had he not indulged an overweening conceit of the privilege he enjoyed, in being a native of the metropolis of New England, he would have been a very sensible young man.

His father had been reputed very rich, and his failure in 1813, was wholly ascribed to the pressure of the times. A time of calamity it undoubtedly was, to many of our citizens, but none seemed more conspicuously marked by misfortune, than the elder Mr. Ashley. His real losses were not so great as was reported. He had for many years lived beyond his income, and it therefore required but a slight shock of his mercantile credit to embarrass him; and when the downward course was once begun, he had no means of retarding the catastrophe. But I am not intending to sketch the old gentleman; only as his failure was the cause of inducing his son Owen, to emigrate to that “unknown bourne” to most of the native Bostonians, the land of the Green Mountains, it was necessary to mention it. Such an unprecedented adventure required a reasonable motive for its justification, or I might be accused of giving the creations of fancy, rather than sketches of real characters.

“Is it true, Ashley, that you are intending to leave the city?” inquired Edward Paine, as he took the arm of the former on quitting the theatre.

"Yes, such is my intention," replied Owen, in a low tone.

"When do you go?"

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow," ejaculated Edward in astonishment. "Why, Ashley, you cannot be serious. Have you forgotten the party at Mrs. Drayton's to-morrow evening? Maria said she was particularly anxious to see you, and she has been arranging to have some delightful music; those songs and airs you so much admire, to charm you if possible, from this preposterous plan of self-banishment."

"My dear friend, what else can I do?" sighed the discontented Owen. "I have no funds to support me in the city. My father is a bankrupt by thousands. At his age, it will not be expected, he should enter into new speculations, and his friends are prepared to assist him. He must, for the present, accept their aid. But what is excusable for him, would be a disgrace to me. I must engage in business; but I can do nothing here. Neither is the encouragement for honest adventurers in any of our cities, at all more flattering. The Vermont merchant, has made me a very generous offer, and I must either accept it, or enlist for a soldier, I see no other alternative."

"I think, to shoulder the musket would be to me the least horrible of the two," replied Paine, as they entered his lodgings together. "I declare," continued the little beau, as he arranged his hair at the mirror, with a very self-satisfied expression of face. "I declare it is abominable, Ashley, that such a fine fellow as you are, should be driven from all good society, and sent among the bears of Vermont. If I only thought the war was a just one, I would urge you to enlist as a soldier."

"I have similar feelings of disgust, when thinking of my destination," said Owen. "And yet I fear it is wrong, even absurd to indulge in them. This Mr. Silsby, is a noble-minded fellow, and a noble looking one too. Indeed, quite the gentleman in his manners; and it cannot be, that he lives among savages. Have I ever told you the reason of his kindness towards me?"

"Not as I recollect."



“There is an air of romance about the business,” replied Owen, smiling, that promises well for me; because I never read any similar preface, without a fortunate denouement. You must know, that some twenty years since, this same Mr. Silsby, who had been in trade but a short time, came here to sell a drove of cattle, and purchase a stock of goods. He had traded with my father from the first, and was then considerably in his debt. The day after he arrived in the city with his cattle, there came a sheriff with demands from people in Vermont, and attached the whole drove. Mr. Silsby applied to my father, and stated, that the proceeding was the work of an enemy who was seeking to ruin him and supplant him in his business. This man, Silsby said, had been circulating false reports against him, affecting his credit, and by that means had frightened those men from whom he had purchased cattle, and who were to wait his return and had induced them to send on their demands after him. He said, if his property was thus attached, and sold at auction it would ruin him, but that if he had the money to satisfy those demands, the market was good, and he should be able to pay the loan before he left the city. My father was a generous spirited man, and he had moreover, a most thorough detestation of all mean, paltry, villainous tricks; and he advanced the money without hesitation. I have since heard him remark, that had Silsby shown the agitation when he came to borrow the money, which he did when he came to pay it, he should have thought him a weak, timid man, and though he might not have doubted his honesty, he should most probably have refused to assist him. When he appeared to solicit the favor, he was to be sure very pale; but his air was perfectly collected and his countenance firm. But when, after a very successful speculation in the sale of his cattle, he entered, and taking out his pocket-book filled with bank notes, he asked my father to pay himself, and added, ‘you sir, have saved me from a failure, from disgrace, perhaps from a goal;’ he burst into tears. He appeared so overcome by his feelings, that my father in a lively tone attempted to reassure him, by saying, that what he had done had been no inconvenience, that it did not deserve even a single thank ye—‘but’ added

he, 'if you think it has been of so much benefit to you, why I am the person who should feel obliged, because, through your means I have performed a good action so very cheaply.' This reasoning however, did not seem to soothe the feelings of the Vermont merchant,—he appeared distressed with his gratitude, till at last, my father said,—'Mr. Silsby, we will think no more of this matter now,—I may hereafter want your assistance, or my boy may. It is to me a sufficient reward, that I have obliged an honest man, and gained a good friend.' Mr. Silsby looked up at these words and called me to him. I was then but four years old, but I remember it as though it were but yesterday. He called me to him, took me on his knee, and bent his face down to mine. I remember hearing him whisper, but what he said I did not understand. He then kissed my cheek—and so ended the tragi-comedy."

"You think," said Edward Paine, attempting to smile, while something like moisture conglobed in his eye, "you think that this good-hearted Yankee then, made a vow to assist you if ever his kindness was necessary?"

"I have no doubt of it. And though he has never mentioned the circumstance of the loan, he never forgot while my mother lived, to make her an annual present. One year he would bring a fat turkey so large, that we were sometime inclined to call it a different species from those to be found in the market—then would come a firkin of most excellent butter, the balls all made up in a particular form, with a very curious stamp on each ball, and sometimes he would send a cheese, which I used to believe when a child, was precisely the size of the moon; and so indelibly has that idea fixed itself in my mind, that I now never see the full-orbed luminary of night, without thinking of a Vermont cheese."

"What does he propose to do for you?" inquired Edward. "I should say, from what you have related, that he was a very good sort of a man, but whether you would like a residence with him, is another affair. I suppose he has a wife, and at least a dozen children of his own?"

"No, he is so singular as still to be a single man. He met with a disappointment of the heart, I have heard my mother say, soon after she became acquainted with him.

The young lady to whom he was engaged, died of a consumption. He brought her to Boston, during her illness, and she spent several weeks with my mother. I remember seeing the young lady; and I remember well how my mother wept, when Mr. Silsby came and carried her away; and that she told my father she wept for the sorrow the young man would soon endure, because, though he flattered himself with hopes, the young lady would never live to reach home. And she did not. Mr. Silsby has never married, and so we have reason to think he still remembers his first love,—and I am so romantic, that I confess I respect him for his constancy.”

“He probably intends to make you his heir, if he has no family. Is he rich?” asked Edward with an expression of interest in the inquiry, his face had not before exhibited.

“Yes, he is rich for the country; but I am not intending to play the part of heir expectant. The fawning smile, the equivocal speech of such a parasite, is to me, most contemptible. Mr. Silsby merits my gratitude much more, than if he had promised to give me his fortune, because he seems anxious to encourage, and enable me to earn a fortune for myself. He offers to take me as a partner, and allow me one half the profits of his business simply for my assistance. And he seems eager too, to save me from all mortification of wanting a capital, by repeating how much he needs my help as an accountant,—that he is tired of being always harassed, &c.; and that is what I call perfect charity. 'Tis a virtue rarely practised. Most people seem to think that if they aid you in an enterprise, your feelings are of no consequence. But I esteem that delicate kindness which spares me the consciousness of my present dependence as the greatest favor I can receive. Yes, Silsby is a noble-hearted man, and I only wish he lived among civilized beings.”

“O! 'tis abominable to think you must go to Vermont,” said Edward Paine, buttoning his coat up closely as though the blast from the Green Mountain even in thought, had power to freeze his spirit. “Why, my dear fellow, do you not postpone your travels till next spring?”

“Because I am impatient to know the worst. I hate

this procrastination of fate. It is to my feelings more insupportable than actual misery. I shall go to-morrow."

"O! not to-morrow—Allow one more evening to your friends—to pleasure—to life. Consider that you will not soon have another opportunity of listening to the 'concord of sweet sounds.' You will hear no music beyond those rude hills, except the piping of the wintry winds, or a serenade of wild cats."

Owen shook his head, and attempted to speak gaily while he replied—"Thank you, Edward, for your solicitude. It speaks well for your heart; but my judgment must not yield, even to your affection. If I have any merit, entitling me to the confidence of my friends, it is, that when I have taken a resolution on conviction of its fitness, I will adhere to it. So farewell. And when you and my young companions meet, pray remember, that in spirit I am with you."

"Letters, we shall expect,—letters containing all your adventures and discoveries in that terra incognita," said Edward, pressing his friend's hand as they parted, "or we shall conclude you have positively given up the ghost, actually died of the *maladie de pays*."

"Yes, you shall have letters," was the reply; and how well the promise was fulfilled, the extracts with which I shall conclude the sketch, will prove. The whole correspondence ought to be given, but—that may be done hereafter, if this sample proves acceptable to public taste. At present, I shall only select such letters and passages as will mark most distinctly, the effect which country scenes and characters, had upon the mind and feelings of my hero.

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Vermont, Dec. 23.—"I am here you see my dear Edward,—and alive and well, and in no danger of dying from disgust, or ennui, or even the *maladie de pays*. To account for such a phenomenon, I will just tell you truly of my tour, and describe my present residence.

I started, as you well know in company with Mr. Silsby, in his sleigh. Well, we travelled silently on, he immersed in his mercantile speculations I suppose, and I deeply en-

gaged in planning letters, in which I intended to exert all my fancy, to portray the savage and wild scenes I should traverse, and the uncouth beings I should meet, in a style of elegant pleasantry, that would divert my friends. I remember now nothing of those fancies, except that I intended to introduce the witticism, that the farther I travelled *west*, the more I became convinced the wise men must have come from the *east*,—and another one, in which I was to represent the immense benefit my journey would be to science, as the elevation of the country where I resided, had actually permitted me to discover five new stars, one of which, I was convinced must be the lost Pleiad.

During these thoughts, if such reveries deserve the name of thought, I examined *coolly*—you must allow, for I was half frozen, the country through which I was travelling. I was never before in the interior of the country. Never before at a greater distance than thirty miles from Boston, except when I went by water to visit our Atlantic cities. I expected that the farther I receded from the sea shore, the more rude and uncultivated the land and the people would be. Edward, I was never so disappointed in my life. And I would with pleasure describe some of the beautiful villages, beautiful even in winter, and country seats I passed on my route hither,—but your city prejudices would discredit me. Come and see the country for yourself. Come in the summer, if to *see* is all you are anxious about; but Mr. Silsby says, that if you wish to partake the social enjoyments of the country in their perfection, winter is the season. But come. Do not permit even the terror of journeying over the Green Mountains to deter you. I had pictured the passage as an exploit similar to that of Hannibal's famous march over the Alps,—with this trifling difference, that the destiny of nations was involved in his experiment of forming his array of men and elephants over those frozen heights, while I, riding at my ease, wrapped in a trio of buffalo skins, had nothing but the vulgar business of studying my own comfort, and preserving my own life and limbs to attend to. Still I thought the adventure must be of some consequence. There must be, said I to myself, rugged precipices and narrow defiles, and yawning chasms,

and perhaps a *glacier* or two. I had never heard the latter particularly named as being among the terrors of the Green Mountain; the epithet *Green*, did not seem applicable to a mountain of ice,—but yet I might discover a glacier. Edward, I was never so disappointed in my life, indeed I was really angry, when, after reaching that stupendous scene of “mountains piled on mountains,” a few hours driving, up hill and down to be sure, and through a cold, dismal looking fir region, but on a good turnpike road, and without a single accident of any kind, Mr. Silsby announced, that we had crossed the Green Mountains. Here was a finale to all my hopes of being immortalized by escaping an avalanche. ‘All’s well,’ thought I, what an ignoble catastrophe, that I should pass that barrier of civilization and have no report to make but that ‘all’s well!’

I might mention some peculiarities of the scenery, that would interest you by contrast, at least, for it is very different in character to that by which you are surrounded. But the impression it has made on my mind, is favorable to the country through which I have passed,—very favorable in comparison with the images of savageness, desolation, rudeness and poverty, which I had always drawn of this part of New England; and which I know your fancy will still conjure up when ever Vermont is named. So we will let the country pass, and turn to the people.

My Mentor was not at all communicative on our journey. He seemed, as I thought, to be rather averse to answering my inquiries respecting the inhabitants of the good town, where I was to make my debut. I imputed this reserve, to his admiration of my knowledge and accomplishments. He has, thought I, already discovered that the society of his villagers, will be to my refined taste, ‘flat and unprofitable,’—he is ashamed of the people to whom he is about to introduce me;—for his sake, for he is really a good-hearted man, I will try and be civil to his friends; but I will not permit those bumpkins to treat me with familiarity. Such were my reflections when, just as the sun was setting, on the fourth day of our journey, Mr. Silsby

aroused me from my self-complacent mood, by saying we were within six miles of his home.

"Have you a good hotel or boarding-house in your town?" said I.

"We have a tavern," he replied,—“but I have engaged your board in a private family, where I lodge myself—with Colonel Gage. He is one of our best men—a real Yankee farmer.”

"Good heavens!" thought I,—“am I to board in a farmer's family?”

I believe the nervousness of my mind, was apparent in my countenance, for Mr. Silsby after regarding me a minute or two, said very calmly—“If you should not be satisfied with your lodgings, Mr. Ashley, you can easily change. But I wish you to spend a week with me.”

The day had been cold and gloomy, and soon after sunset, the whole horizon was overcast, and a thick darkness coming on, it became necessary to drive slowly, and the miles seemed to me as long as they say Scotch ones are. We occasionally passed very comfortable looking houses, the bright windows, promising warmth and gladness within,—but I had no interest in their joys—I felt chilled even to the heart, I felt like a stranger—where were my friends, my home, my own bustling city? Could I, at that time, have had the power, which I have often coveted, of transporting myself by a wish, to whatever place I desired, very certain I am, that I should have been in Boston with the speed of Clavileno and with a resolution never again to venture beyond the Green Mountains. When the sleigh stopped at the door of Colonel Gage, I was just in that peevish mood engendered by hunger, cold, fatigue and discontent, which makes a man the most unreasonable creature on earth. I determined to hate my host and all his family, and find fault with every thing. There was a secret pleasure in thinking I should have cause to find fault,—and that was all I expected to enjoy.

We were met at the door by the Colonel himself. He gave Mr. Silsby a very brotherly greeting, and when I was named, grasped my hand with such warmth, such kindness, that the pressure actually sent a glow through my shiver-

ing frame,—Edward, it reached my soul in spite of my prejudices, I do believe our spirits know their friends. He never relinquished my hand till we had entered the room, where he introduced me to his wife, his daughter and five sons, of all ages from sixteen down to six.

Well, Edward, you expect a description of the family. Wait a month, and then I can judge more accurately. I have been here now but four days; perhaps I shall reverse my present opinion. I do not care to be called an enthusiast—or a lover. I never will be convinced of an error by my feelings only. I must have a reason to render for every change in my judgment of men and things. But thus much I will say, and it is what I should once have thought impossible,—I am in a country village in Vermont, living in a farmer's family, and yet—I am very happy.

January 23d.—

“ Convince a man against his will,  
He's of the same opinion still.”

There is truth in that couplet, my dear Edward,—more than is always contained in wise proverbs. It is a very difficult affair to convince a person who has not only made up his mind on a subject, but defended his position with all the strength of his logic; that he has mistaken the causes or consequences of his system. Were it not for this tenaciousness of the human mind to maintain and uphold what it has received as truth, and defended as truth, even after convinced that it is not true, there might be reasonable grounds to hope that men would, in time, reach that perfection which is now considered possible, only by the visionary philosopher, or the credulous philanthropist. But I mean to prove, that it is practicable to overcome the prejudices of education, or situation rather. I will cite my own change of opinion, as proof that we may, if we will be open to conviction, correct our errors of sentiment. The person who believes he has no errors of opinion, must be a fool,—and he who will not correct them, when discovered, will never be wise.

When I was a tiny boy I thought, as our city children

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do, that the country was a place of woods, filled with bears and other wild animals; and I regarded the country people as objects of compassion, because they were obliged to live in such a place. This, you will say, was a childish notion, but I always retained the idea, that the advantages of a polite education were, in New England, confined to Boston and its vicinity. A few week's residence here has convinced me, and therefore I acknowledge it, that a young lady may possess a refined taste, and cultivated mind and manners, may be *accomplished* in your sense of that fashionable word, without even having been beyond the atmosphere of Vermont; and that country farmers may be men of intelligence and literature, may be well-bred and agreeable, in short, *gentlemen* in manners and conversation. You recollect saying that I should hear no music in this region, save the piping of the winds, or the shrieks of wild cats. Why, Edward,—I listen to the notes of a piano every day; and the sweet girl who plays it with a taste and skill I scarce ever heard exceeded, never was out of Vermont in her life! You may stare, you must not disbelieve. When I first saw the instrument, the evening of my arrival, I thought Mr. Silsby must have purchased it at some auction in Boston, and removed it to the country to astonish the natives. I have since been told, and am convinced, that there are but very few villages in this state or in New Hampshire, but what have at least one family, often several, whose daughters are instructed to play the piano. I do not mention this as redounding vastly to their praise, because I think the accomplishment, delightful as it is, is often too dearly purchased; but I wish you to know, that the city belles do not monopolize all the *advantages* of such accomplishments. And I wish also to correct your ideas respecting the wealth and intelligence, the manners and refinement of this portion of our Union.

In the dwelling of Colonel Gage, large, thoroughly finished, and furnished, even filled *full* from garret to cellar, I see nothing that would shock your taste save the large fire-places, and an old-fashioned, arm chair in the sitting room. The latter, Colonel Gage would tell you he prized, because it was his father's before him, and the former he

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would say, were necessary for the climate. But I confess they alarmed me a little, especially the first time I saw the kitchen fire. I was passing the door, when hearing a roaring like that of flame, I stepped in—and such a blaze I never saw on any hearth before. I hastily demanded of the housemaid, if there was an engine at hand. She understood me to say *Indian*—and replied, that there had never been an Indian in town since she could remember. After I made her comprehend my meaning, the matter was no better, for neither had she even seen an engine. In the theory of extinguishing fires, therefore, I found I was vastly superior to the Vermonters, but in the skill of kindling, (or *building* as they term it, and truly, the pile of maple wood looks like a building,) one I was quite as inferior—so on the whole I had nothing to boast. But now I have become accustomed to these bright, blazing hearths, I do admire them. There is a generous hospitality in their light, and they inspire a cheerfulness of feeling, which is, as I think, the chief reason why the country people are never troubled with ennui or dispepsia. “Sin and sea-coal” you know, are proverbially united; and according to the poet, Melancholy dwells only

“Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings.”

Which never happens, I assure you, in a Yankee farmer’s house, except when the inmates are asleep.

I am convinced that winter is the season to visit the country, if you wish to become acquainted with the true character of the inhabitants. They are then freed in a great measure, from that hurry and care which, often in the seasons of flowers, clouds their faces with anxiety, and amid the profusion of the harvest, which they must toil and sweat to gather, makes them look sad and weary. These labors are closed when the winter commences,—their garners are filled—it is a season of leisure, especially the winter evenings, and then is the time for their balls, parties, sleigh-rides and social visits. Never did I see more unaffected hospitality displayed, more real pleasure enjoyed than at these merry parties. They have earned the right to be happy, and right well do they improve it. But though I enjoy exceedingly these frank, social visits, yet I

own it pleases me best to pass my evenings at home, in our domestic circle. Edward, I see the contemptuous curl on your lip while you ask, what charm there can possibly be in the hum-drum circle of a farmer's family that so enchants me? You must not think of Colonel Gage as a farmer and nothing else. It is the boast of our free institutions, that talents, and worth, and energy, may claim their reward, let the station of their possession be what it may. Colonel Gage was an officer in the revolutionary war, and he has held civil offices of all grades from that of town clerk to senator in the State Legislature. But all these honors have never tempted him to relinquish the plough. A man he is, representing the New England character of industry, enterprise, intelligence and perseverance in its best light, because his course has always been marked by that high-minded integrity, which will command respect. (How I wish *all* our Yankees deserved such a report.) Then he is so generous, so truly hospitable—and so uniformly pious—Edward. I would take his chance of gaining heaven before that of any person I know. But our domestic circle. Allow me to describe one evening. I have passed many such, and instead of finding them grow dull by repetition, "like a third representation" of a barren play, I look forward to each succeeding evening, with that expectation of entertainment we cherish, when a favorite actor is announced, from whose versatile powers we always expect new delight. But perhaps I ought first to mention our daily fare, which, by the way, is daily feasting. Such breakfasts and suppers! The profusion of good things then set forth, would absolutely astound you, and be called quite vulgar in your city, where all the dainties are displayed at dinner. But I have the authority of Dr. Johnson for liking a good breakfast; and for their suppers—why, on my own authority, I pronounce them in *good taste*. It is the "land of cakes" here—that's certain. To describe all the different kinds I have eaten, would require half a volume at least.

But the evening—You must know Mr. Silsby always dispenses with my presence in the store after eight o'clock. He stays till nine. When I enter the sitting room the family are arranged in the following order. Colonel Gage in

his arm-chair, occupies the right hand corner beyond the fire-place, his dignified countenance looking peculiarly benign and holy as the brightening or falling blaze, alternately reveals or shades his gray hairs and his calm, thoughtful features. Nestling in his bosom, or playing at his knees, may be seen his youngest boy, the loved Benjamin of his old age, and close beside him sits his wife with her knitting work. She is many years younger than her husband, and still a beautiful woman; but her greatest charm is, that constancy, that devotedness of affection, that charity, with which she seems to be always waiting to promote her husband's comfort, the improvement of her children, and the happiness of all around her. In the centre of the room, stands an old-fashioned, round table, covered with books, newspapers, a board exhibiting the royal game of "fox and geese," and all the feminine apparatus of needle-work. On the side of the table, (if *side* can be predicated of a round form,) next his mother, is the place of Master Robert Gage, the "eldest hope," a scholar, fitting for college, already ambitious of being a great man. Near to him usually stand or sit his two brothers, frolicksome fellows, whose glee over their game or their books, frequently awakens their mother's reproofs. The rogues, however, pay little attention to her soft-spoken remonstrances; but if they meet, their father's eye "frowning disprovingly," or hear the slight tap of his foot on the floor, they are hushed as sleep. Opposite master Robert, sits the only daughter of my host, the sweet Catharine—positively Edward, the loveliest girl I ever beheld. There she sits, looking so meek and innocent as she bends her head closer to her work, whenever I too earnestly regard her,—but sometimes—usually when I enter the room, she looks up in my face with such a smile! O! when I can flatter myself—as I try to do, that it welcomes me to the family circle, you cannot know how happy I feel. I am prevented from taking a seat beside her, because that is always occupied by her brother John, the youngest child but one. He loves Catharine so well that I cannot help loving the little urchin on her account, or otherwise, I fear I should really hate him. For there he will sit a full hour after I am at home, and he will engross

all the attention Catharine can spare from her work. He it is, that helps her wind her thread, and he holds her work-basket, and picks up her scissors, or handkerchief—and often, claims a kiss for his reward. I have really wanted to strike that boy! There are always two vacant chairs, left for Mr. Silsby and your humble servant, and as I have my first choice, I take the one nearest to Catharine, but that is of little consequence while John remains. Colonel Gage converses with the ease of one accustomed to society, and he has moreover, all the fund of anecdote, which a revolutionary soldier and a pioneer in our new settlements, might be expected to possess. I have learned more from him of the early history of my country, more of the peculiar spirit of the early settlers, of their character, their labors and resources, than I ever learned before in my whole life. At nine o'clock, or a little before, Mr. Silsby makes his appearance, and then the four younger boys are dismissed to bed. I always rejoice when John goes, but the manner in which their father takes leave of them for the night, has a solemnity that awes, and prevents me from taking any advantage of my proximity to address Catharine. The boys in leaving the room, pass directly by their father. They pause before him, while he, in a tone of tender and touching pathos, dispenses a few sentences of reproof, advice, or commendation, to each individual. I never witnessed such a scene. I should think it would have a powerful effect on their tender hearts; for when, as he receives their bow or kiss, he adds, "God bless you my children!" I often find it difficult to breathe freely. After a short pause, however, we begin to converse, and all join in the discourse more cheerfully, if possible, than before. News, politics, literature and anecdote, with an occasional tune on the piano. The Colonel is quite an enthusiast in his love of music; and the hour of ten comes ere we are aware. I should remark, that we always have apples and cider, and frequently nuts of some kind, during the evening, and further more, I confess, that during the last hour, as the fire is gradually suffered to decay, we as gradually draw nearer to the hearth, and our circle contracting, I am at last usually quite near Catharine. I say usually, because whenever Catharine

leaves her chair to play a tune, she seldom returns to it—she contrives to steal round to her father's side, and seats herself on a low chair close by his knee; a seat claimed by the little boy when he is there. I wish from my soul he would take that small chair with him when he goes to bed.

I expect you will smile at what I am now going to confess—you will wish you were here to quiz me. So do not I. Though conscious I am acting rightly, I have hardly sufficient courage yet to stand the test of ridicule but as one conquest over my own weakness, I confess that I attend the family devotions from choice; that I kneel at prayers; that Colonel Gage is a Methodist, and that Catharine says "amen!" in a tone so soft, sweet and angelic, that it causes me to feel my own unworthiness more poignantly than would the severest reproofs. I never before comprehended what the distress of Macbeth was, when he could not say "amen." Yes, Edward—when I can kneel beside that innocent girl, and catch her soft whispered "amen,"—as her saint-like father pauses in the aspirations he has been pouring forth, perhaps for my salvation—I fancy she always responds the sweetest then, though in the lowest tone,—my heart throbs and swells till—I believe—tears have relieved me from the agitation of my feelings. But this agitation is not care, or pain, or discontent. No—I lay my head on my pillow in peace, every thing around me is peaceful,—my reflections are all tinged with the Eden-like love and happiness that pervade this good family. "O, evenings worthy of the Gods!" you may exclaim, while revelling in your round of amusements; my apostrophe to evening would be—

"I crown thee king of intimate delights,  
Fire-side enjoyments—heartfelt happiness,—  
And all the comforts of this dear, dear home."

\* \* \* \* \*

March 30.—You say I am in *love*, and that it is the deluding passion which imparts the "Eden-like tinge," I rave about. True, Edward, I confess you are right—I am in love; but it is a patriotic, not a personal passion that engrosses me. I am in love with my country. I was always proud of being a Bostonian—Boston was the cradle of liber-

ty, the literary emporium, the seat of arts, eloquence and fashion. Europeans were pleased with Boston, and allowed that we there possessed the advantages of good society. But still they ridicule America and Americans, and I—fool that I was—have acknowledged while conversing with them, that the interior of our country was yet rude—rude in its appearance, and rude in the character of its inhabitants. Vermont, especially, I considered, and reported as the Thule of our population, where civilization ought not to be expected. Edward, I am ashamed of my ignorance, and I declare to you, that those dwellers in your proud city, who have seen little beyond it, are hardly better qualified to judge of the benefits of our free institutions and the peculiar character of our country people, than are those who have always lived beneath a royal government. All large cities must of necessity be similar in one striking feature—the disparity in the condition of the citizens. Riches, in the city, give the possessor a distinction, as surely as the privilege of wearing a star and garter, and poverty is there degraded, and submits to a servile dependency, perhaps even to beggary; though begging in our cities is usually practised by few but foreign mendicants, yet still it looks exceedingly preposterous to see such misery among a people boasting so much of their liberty, and equality, and prosperity, and happiness. But the country, the country has none of this. Here is no ignorance, or want, or poverty, such as you have seen exhibited. Plenty of work there is to be sure, and the people work hard, but then it is *fashionable* to work, they do not feel degraded, and they are *not degraded* by it. They labor for themselves; there is no landlord or tenant; no hired dwellings; no rent to press like an incubus, and destroy the sleep of the weary. They reside in their own houses, on their own farms; they have enough, and to spare; they are lords of the soil and the laws; yet living in simplicity, and submitting quietly to all the necessary civil restrictions; but well acquainted with their own rights, and watching the conduct of their rulers with a strict and scrutinizing eye—providing liberally for public education, and eager to give their children its advantages—and you will find well-educated, even

highly cultivated and refined people; those who would do credit to your "good society;" in every little town or village scattered through this—as you think, wild and rude State. "Give me neither poverty nor riches," said the wise man; and I now see the wisdom of his wish. The country is the strength of our Republic. Luxury may enervate our cities, but through our wide spread country, the healthful tide of liberty will still flow uncorrupted. There is no other land where the people are so free, so virtuous, so intelligent, so happy. I no longer connect the idea of American greatness, with the greatness of our cities. Should a foreigner ask me to show him the great blessings of our boasted freedom, I would send him on a six months' tour among the independent yeomanry of our land,—the *peasantry*, as he would call them. Edward, I am a patriot; I love my country, and—why should I deny to you?—*I love Catharine.*"

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SONG.

SWEET warbler of the summer day,  
Perched lightsofely on dancing spray,  
Do not so blithely trill thy lay;  
Dear bird depart :

I cannot bear thy note of glee;  
It charmed me once, but wo is me!  
It soothes not now to list to thee;  
It grieves my heart.

With none thy little sports to share;  
How canst thou sing so free from care?  
Had I thy pinions, they should bear  
Me through the sky,

To make my warm and tender nest  
Within my soldier's faithful breast:  
How truly, then, were William blest—  
How blest were I!



But what are all my plaints to thee ?  
'Tis clear no joy on earth can be  
Like tilting on a blossomed tree.  
Go, wanton fine !

And I have not a word to say ;  
For, by my side did William stray,—  
I should as little heed thy lay  
As thou dost mine.

A. M. W.

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### THE POET'S STAR.

LAST evening, while contemplating the starry host, I fell into a slumber amid my meditation,—I dreamed that Fancy by the magic of her power, was transporting me beyond this dark and cheerless earth, on one of those beautiful white clouds, which sometimes skirt the horizon, in a summer sky. In my progress through the wide expanse of ethereal beauty, I often paused to listen to the "music of the Spheres." The calm breath of the zephyrs urged my progress, and whispered that all was love and peace among those bright and happy worlds. I felt myself borne by a resistless power, which I knew to be that of Fancy, until I arrived at the confines of a world, far exceeding in brightness, the lightning of Heaven. Behold, my daughter, said the Goddess, this glittering orb. It is the same bright light that sunk in beauty behind your lonely dwelling, and which has so often attracted your admiration, and been the theme of your song. Enter—every thing is designed to make those happy, whom Fancy shall attract to this star. So saying, she vanished. I soon became acquainted with the inhabitants of this fair world, and among them, a class of beings whom we call Poets. Their minds were fitted for the reception and retention of sublime and moral ideas. I observed that they generally dwelt alone—some on dis-

tant hills, glittering in the sunbeams of noon,—some on the breath of morn, and others, on the dark and solemn silence of midnight—while a few contented themselves with sipping the dew from the flowers, which grow luxuriantly in this genial climate, without any permanent habitation. I was told by one of my acquaintances, that although these persons preferred solitude, yet they sometimes met in a general council, over which the Goddess Fancy presides. I immediately went in quest of her, and was admitted into a spacious hall, where she sat enthroned amid the beauties of intellectual spring. She was weaving a wreath, for the brow of one of her votaries. I gazed on the scene with rapture; and if mortal was ever happy in the bright vision of enchantment, surely I was. I had no desire to leave this region of thought and refinement, to mingle again with those dark and cheerless spirits which dwell on earth. I intimated to her my desire to witness the ceremony, which was about to be performed. She readily consented, on condition that I would answer to certain questions which she should propose. These questions I shall not reveal, because none, save the initiated could understand them, and the curiosity they might awaken, would divert common men too much from common pursuits. The ceremony of admission being over, I was permitted to enter the secret apartment, and take my seat among the poetical fraternity. The hall was soon filled; and the light tread of the crowd seemed like the echo of music upon its walls. The time for the presentation of the gifts at length arrived, and I had sufficient opportunity to observe the deep and agitated feelings it created. There was one among the number with whom I was particularly pleased. His manner was graceful and unassuming. His only gift was a rose-bud, which he was ordered to throw into the vase provided for that purpose. This being no sooner done, than the bud bloomed into a rose, surrounded by leaves of ever living green. “Emblem of love and of future greatness!” the Goddess cried—“as long as the bloom of summer is upon the rose, and the breath of spring upon the leaves, so long shall the spirit of thy genius last in the splendor of eternal day”—he modestly bowed his head and retired. The next that advanced was

of middle stature; his hair was raven, and his eye dark and hollow, but extremely penetrating. The impress of genius was upon his brow. He threw his offering into the vase with an air of indifference. It was a sprig of evergreen. "Thine is a glorious offering!" exclaimed the Goddess. 'Live forever, thou "son of genius."' I looked and the scene was changed—the deep "gush of waters" was heard from afar, and a soft and beautiful light played on the objects around me. Another was called to present his gift,—he too came with indifference, even reluctance. Before him, went the echo of a thousand hills. Deep waterfalls and cascades, rose into existence, and the same soft and mellow light before displayed, danced upon the ocean's wave. He also went to the vase to throw in his gift, but ere it fell, the Goddess caught it, and changed it for the wreath. I heard murmured by the assembled crowd, the names of Willis, Prentice, and *Percival*. I awoke, and it was but a dream.

AUGUSTINA.

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### THE NATIVITY.

JUDEA'S plains in silence sleep  
 Beneath the cloudless midnight sky;  
 And o'er their flocks the shepherds keep  
 Kind watch, to David's city nigh:  
 That royal city! nobler Guest  
 Is she awhile to entertain,  
 Than proudest monarch, whose behest  
 It is o'er earthly realms to reign:  
 By Him, salvation is to mortals given,  
 On earth is shed the peerless noon of heaven.

For see! along the deep blue arch  
 A glory breaks, and now a throng,  
 From where the sparkling planets march,  
 Come trooping down with shout and song;

And o'er those pastures bath'd in light,  
 The heavenly cordon stay their wing,  
 While softly on the ear of night,  
 Steals the rich hymn that seraphs sing :  
 And sweetly thus the murmuring accents ran,  
 "Glory to God—Good Will and Peace to Man!"

W. B. TAPPAN.

### THE MAN WITH A SHADOW.

How soft affection's accents fall  
 On babe, on friend, on wife, on all :  
 Like breeze that sweeps the violet's breast,  
 Or lulls the frighted dove to rest.

My parentage is a matter of no consequence, and my early condition in life equally unimportant to the reader. But at twelve years old, my history might be considered somewhat interesting to mankind: and so far as a man's own medley of consciousness, reflection, and vague, or distinct remembrances may be entitled his history, my reminiscences are welcome to the public. Reading was my earliest pleasure, and I met by chance, with a book called "the History of Peter Schenler," the man without a shadow—I read it again, and again, but I could never make out clearly the author's meaning. Was Peter Schenler, the man without a shadow, destitute of conscience, that subtle portion of "Divinity within us," which teaches us more strongly than the dogmas in the world, the nature of truth? I never could determine the probability of this, or any other being the right interpretation of the allegory. But my imagination grew restless under the speculation, and I lived away years of apparent boyish idleness, but in reality, they were years spell bound by the history of Peter Schenler, the man without a shadow. My mind lost its balance, and I began to conjecture wildly. Was it possible for a man to live without a shadow, and might not I lose my own? Then

I burthened my fancy, by curious inquiries of what those shadows were which men followed so eagerly. Pleasure, Fame, Avarice,—and I asked myself in my reveries, which shall I pursue, Pleasure? My mind broke through her silken nets as from a dream. It had less identity, than almost any other of my visions, and insensibly, I lost the purpose and the idea: or, it might have been merged into other of the shadows which beckoned me onward. Then I thought of Fame, the glorious banner of the warrior, the philosopher's stone, the judicial pomp of the statesman, the historian with his scroll, the philanthropist—and all the life and renown of these flitted before me in various lineaments, breathing pure and healthful invigoration. Should I try either of these paths to glory, and how should I begin?—In my native land I was nothing, but I could make a name in another land, and with my motto at my back, “a prophet hath no honor in his own country,” and my scheme in my head, I would travel, and Ireland was the fancy of my heart. I took a fancy to go to Ireland, to see if the wretchedness of the people, could be ameliorated by my philanthropic hand, and to find where was the source of this wretchedness. Was it in the state of the soil and property, or the character of the people, or the nature of the laws, which governed them? I wrought myself up into a most frantic enthusiasm, to redress Irish wrongs, and assist Irish genius, till in a cool moment of my diseased mind, I found myself laughing over my scheme, and felt that it was little better than Daniel O'Rourke's journey to the moon—for as Daniel said, “who ever heard of a man's riding a horse-back, on the back of an eagle, before.” So I let alone travelling and philanthropy, and began thinking of philosophy. But, sublime and sedate genius of philosophy! thy Newtons, and Bacons, and Franklins, awed from thy shrine the vanity and ignorance of the schoolboy, and I turned with reassured steps, back to my starting point. Avarice, dull god, corrupter of hearts, and despiser of all true faith, thy theme, brightly as it shone, was seated amid troubled waters, casting forth mire and dirt: and I sprung from it, loathing and angry, at the horrid pile. My mind, however, kept feverish and excited by its own cogitations. I dosed away years

of vanity and restlessness, till, gentle reader, I fell in love, and was married. On the morning of my wedding day, when the ceremony was over, and I was returning home with my wife, all at once I fell into a rumination on the change in my condition. Had I indeed lost myself, bound me to the side of one person forever; had I not even the shadow of free agency? Shadow! the word rose quick upon me, and all the visions of my youth returned. Peter Schenler, the man without a shadow! A strange, new shape glided before me, wherever I went. It crowned me with flowers when I was gay, and sung to me sweet hymns when I was silent. We went over seas, and into countries with rich sceneries of cottages, farms and tracts of noble wood. We went into mountain lands, amid torrents, lakes, rocks—we went where there stood palaces of exquisite beauty and proportions, in which emperors once reigned—amongst people of strange aspect, magnificent barbarians, Muscovites, and Turks. But I heeded little beyond the soil we trod, and the races we saw; one only fear possessed me—I had lost my shadow! I was miserable, alarmed, and sick with terrors—save when sometimes a creature of aerial make hovered before and around me. I seemed to love it, but I could never detain it; when it stood by me, its soft voice often stole upon my ear, till I sunk in slumber; and when I awoke, a gentle hand wiped my brows with patient fondness, or presented to my lips the cooling draught. It had no name, and I never could describe it. No image was distinct upon my mind, till at last, one day I remember hearing a clear, low voice, repeating to itself, in tones of supplication, these words—

“ Silent the voice that once could tell  
 High thought, and generous feeling well.  
 Would I could pierce the spirit's throne,  
 Till it should melt to nature's tone—  
 Awake the might of one whose name  
 Might thunder in his country's fame,  
 Steal those sad mysteries that reign  
 Within the dark and lonely brain,  
 And pour new health, and peace, and power,—  
 Be this my hope, my pride, my dower!”

My soul drank in each word. How calm, how <sup>lovely,</sup> looked the world. Without my window a beneficent sun

poured over the brilliant landscape, spotted with flowers, and trees, and waves sparkling and flowing in gold. Over my pillow hung the shadow I had watched so long, a being lovely and beloved. Her fair hair spread over her youthful brow, so pale with melancholy care, and her white lips were stealing forth those words. Gentle reader, the shadow was my wife ! She had watched me in my illness, waited upon me, and tended me as if her soul had no other purpose. When I looked upon her, I loved her almost with the confidence of a dying man, who felt as if his life was in her hands. Truly, a man's faithful wife is his faithful shadow.

R. I.

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### THE INDIAN'S DEPARTURE.

*On the commencement of the late war between England and the United States, some of the friendly Indians who lived on the north-eastern boundary of New England, emigrated to the westward.*

THE wigwam of Parmie is desolate now,  
 His hearth-stone is covered with snow—  
 Through his far-shaded casement the bleak wind is howling,  
 Around his rough corn-field the panther is prowling,  
 And on his low rush-bed the fierce wolf lies growling—  
 The sheltering pine is low.

Not as a recreant did Parmie flee,  
 When the step of the foeman was near—  
 When on came the host with loud drums beating  
 While the hill and rock the din was repeating,  
 Away from his path was the Indian retreating  
 Fleeing, but not in fear.

For the perishing hunter had sought his hut  
 His generous bounty to share;  
 The rifle and horn on his bench he laid,  
 He spake him in kindness, he ate of his bread,  
 And he flung him down on his rushy bed,  
 Confiding the red man's care.

And the Indian in bold and unshrinking faith,  
Had come to the white man's board;  
When winter came down on the flowerless earth,  
He spread him a couch by his blazing hearth,  
And they raised the song and the tale of mirth,  
While the guest attentively heard.

And he told to the hunter's adventurous boy  
How he fought with the grim catamount;  
The fierce creature struggled, of blows all unheeding,  
Till one dying shriek, his wild fury succeeding,  
He sunk on the matted grass, lifeless and bleeding—  
Oh proud was the guest to recount.

And he talked to the white man's silent girls  
Of the sweet singing-birds of the wild:  
How when evening came over the woody plain,  
And the red man had gone to his rest again,  
The sad Muckawiss with her silvery strain,  
Would lull him to slumbers mild.

And now could he strike with a treacherous hand,  
The gentle, the faithful hearted?  
No—the warrior repelled the persuasion dire;  
Rejected the bride, and suppressed the fire,  
Which the shout and the whoop of his tribe would inspire—  
And away toward the west he departed.

He fled with the tear in his eagle eye,  
As he gazed on the blue gliding water,  
And the home of his childhood, forsaken for aye,—  
But he turned again to his sorrowful way—  
Be thou happy, brave Indian, wherever you stray,—  
'Tis the prayer of the white man's daughter.

EVERALLIN.



## CHARITY.

It is well there should always be a necessity for exertion. The mind, without constant excitement to activity, would soon sink into a listless indifference, or become the prey of ennui. We must keep alive the warmth of charity in our hearts, by a vigilance as untiring as that with which the vestals watched their sacred fire. It is not a single good action that makes a good man, nor a generous gift that constitutes a benevolent character. There must always be within us the spirit to do good, the charity that faileth not, if we would claim that most exalted of all earthly titles—a christian. Under these impressions, we again call the attention of our readers, to the beneficiaries of that society which a number of our ladies have, so honorably to themselves, and to the female character, established in this city—we allude to the “Fatherless and Widow’s Society.”

If this reiteration of the subject needed any apology, it might easily be found in the approaching season. “Cold winter is coming,” and with what terrors it comes to those poor widows and their helpless little ones, God only knows. Our climate is a terrible aggravation of the sorrows and cares of poverty. The Lazzaroni of Naples has a beneficent sky above him—if he is naked and hungry, he is not also shivering with cold. He can lie down to sleep without the fear of being frozen, and awake without that cheerless, hopeless depression, which falls like an iceberg on the hearts of our poor, penniless sufferers, who look without on a world of sorrow, and within, on a dim, desolate, freezing and fireless room. But the sorrows to which we allude, have seldom been more feelingly displayed and described, than in the discourse of Rev. E. S. Gannett, a part of which has been already published in the Ladies’ Magazine. We think some further extracts from the same excellent sermon, will be acceptable to our readers; and certainly more appropriate to our subject than any thing we could offer. But before introducing them we would remark, that there is also another charity in our city which deserves notice and encouragement. The “Infant Schools” lately established here, are such an evidence of female philantro-

py as we are proud to record. We intended to have given an account of them in this number of the Magazine, but have not yet collected all the information necessary to a particular description and history, such as we think the subject demands. We hope to be able to do this in January—at any rate, as soon as the materials are furnished us. And further, we would state, that our publication is open to any communications on the great and interesting subjects of that truly christian charity, which is striving to elevate the human character by moral and intellectual improvement. In this work, women may zealously engage, with propriety, advantage and honor. Maternal Societies and Infant Schools are their peculiar province. The good they do will be truly appreciated, by all who consider how important it is, that a right direction be given to the young mind. A direction that is seldom wholly perverted or lost.

“ Believe me, the affections of the poor are as warm, and their sensibilities as acute, as those of the rich or the refined. It is not refinement of taste nor delicacy of manners, which designates the anguished heart. As true sorrow is felt by her who follows her husband’s corpse to the grave in borrowed vestments, and comes back to labor for her famished children, as by her, who can shelter herself from observation behind the deep veil, and in her own splendid mansion. But suppose the widow of the poor man is callous to bereavement, she is not insensible to physical wants; and when the arm on which she depended is withdrawn, what shall she do? to whom shall she look? She must have friends, or she must suffer. But suppose once more, that her invention and her industry, furnish her the means of support. The days of sickness and old age will come; and then, in the name of mercy I ask, what shall she do? She cannot work. She has no husband, who may mitigate her sufferings. Shall she linger in the arms of disease and famine, till death comes, where no other friend has entered, and kindly closes her eyes on the scenes of earth? Shall this be permitted in a christian land; when an apostle of Christ has declared, that pure religion is to visit the widow in her affliction, and when even one who lived centuries before Jesus taught, enumerated as chief among his virtues; that he caused the widow’s heart to sing for joy.

There is yet a class of sufferers, whose distress is heightened by contrast with former and happier days. They have known

and felt the comforts of an affectionate home; they have been nursed in the lap of care; their youth was passed amid circumstances of joy; and want was as strange to them as it now is to any of us. But reverse came. Disappointment and misfortune followed each other in alternate rapid succession. The friends of their youth disappeared; clouds gathered over their prospects, and in the decline of life, they find themselves destitute of those blessings which, in earlier years, were so uniform, that they scarce gave them a thought. Here present distress is increased by recollections of past happiness. How precious to all those children of misfortune is the voice of sympathy; how necessary to their comfort is the bounty, which must be delicately bestowed, or it will inflict pain greater than that which it is meant to assuage. Oh, we do not know the value of a kind look, a gentle word. We do not consider, that the attentions we scatter so profusely around the circle in which we move, would warm a heart that has long been cold; and brighten moments that are spent in despondency. We do not remember, I fear, how many there are within the compass of our walls, who need assistance, yet shrink from imploring it; who have been accustomed to give, but who know not how to ask. It was such a one who wrote these lines, that came from an almost distracted soul. "I feel at times so bowed down with affliction, that I have not a hope on earth, nor even beyond the grave. My sufferings are of such a nature, that they will admit of no mitigation, but from the consoling voice of sympathy, or in a perfect submission to the will of my Creator. Heartbroken and comfortless, my feelings are sinking a prey to despondency; and this earthly tabernacle will, I think, not be long in changing, could I but hope for a happy immortality." This was the language of a widow, who had been obliged to give to the care of strangers eight fatherless children. Necessity had broken the ties which held the mother to her offspring. What an invaluable friend would she be who should carry to this aching heart the consolations of religion, and pour the balm of holy trust into the mourner's spirit—who should enable her to see her Father in her God, and to receive meekly the trials which he may appoint."

THE name of N. H Carter, is well known and respected in the world of letters. The following hymn from his pen, written many years since to a friend in this city, it is believed has never been published. The approaching season must render the sentiments it contains, appropriate to the feelings of all christians, and we think our readers will be highly gratified, as we have been, with the perusal of the

### HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

In hymns of praise, eternal God!  
 When thy creating hand  
 Stretch'd the blue arch of heaven abroad,  
 And meted sea and land,  
 The morning stars together sung,  
 And shouts of joy from angels rung.

Than Earth's prime hour, more joyous far  
 Was the eventful morn,  
 When the bright beam of Bethlehem's star  
 Announc'd a *Saviour* born!  
 Then sweeter strains from heaven began—  
 "Glory to God—good will to man."

Babe of the manger! can it be?—  
 Art *thou* the Son of God?  
 Shall subject nations bow the knee,  
 And kings obey thy nod?  
 Shall thrones and monarchs prostrate fall  
 Before the tenant of a stall?

'Tis He! the hymning seraphs cry,  
 While hov'ring, drawn to earth;  
 'Tis He! the shepherds' songs reply,  
 Hail! hail Emmanuel's birth!  
 The rod of peace those hands shall bear,  
 That brow a crown of glory wear!

'Tis He! the eastern sages sing,  
 And spread their golden hoard;  
 'Tis He! the hills of Sion ring,  
 Hosanna to the Lord!  
 The Prince of long prophetic years  
 To day in Bethlehem appears!

He comes!—the Conqueror's march begins,  
 No blood his banner stains;

He comes to save the world from sins,  
 And break the captive's chains!  
 The poor, the sick, and blind shall bless  
 The Prince of Peace and Righteousness.

Though now in swaddling-clothes He lies,  
 All hearts his power shall own,  
 When he, with legions of the skies,  
 The clouds of heaven his throne,  
 Shall come to judge the quick and dead,  
 And strike a trembling world with dread.

### THOU DYING YEAR, FAREWELL!

FAREWELL, thy destiny is done,  
 Thy ebbing sands we tell,  
 Blended and set with centuries gone—  
 Thou dying year, farewell!

Gifts from thy hand—spring's joyous leaves,  
 And summer's breathing flowers,  
 Autumn's bright fruit and bursting sheaves,  
 These blessings have been ours.

They pass with thee, and now they seem  
 Like gifts from fairy spell,  
 Or like some sweet remembered dream—  
 We bid those gifts farewell!

Though frail the fair, rich things of earth,  
 Must *mind's* bright hopes be frail?  
 And those pure thoughts that owed their birth  
 To thee—thus with thee fail?

Not if the soul but gird her might,  
 Her treasures guard with care,—  
 The storm-swell'd stream that sweeps the height,  
 But lays the rich mine bare,

The high resolve, the holy fear,  
 Waked by thy passing knell,  
 O, take not these, thou dying year!  
 We bid not *these* farewell!

CORNELIA.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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"THE LEGENDARY"—VOL. 2.—S. G. Goodrich. The appearance of this book, so quaker-like, so devoid of all ornament to attract attention from external show, when contrasted with the purple and scarlet, green and gold, pictures of goddesses, and what is more grand, of godlike men, which our thousand and one annuals display, forcibly reminded us of the republican simplicity of Dr. Franklin amid the gorgeousness of the French court. Certainly, thought we, the publisher must be confident in the merits of his work, or he would not send it forth at this time, when it must encounter so fearful a comparison in point of decorations—by the way, a comparison that often decides the fate of ladies, if it does not of literature. Perhaps the decision is as wrong in the one case, as it certainly would have been in the other, had we, disgusted with the plain dress of the *Legendary*, pronounced it unworthy our acquaintance, and thrown it aside for the *Token* or *Souvenir*. But we have more patience, if not penetration. In the latter quality, we do indeed exceedingly doubt, whether we shall ever excel; especially in that critical acumen which can decide on a book by merely glancing at the cover. We read the book before deciding. And when the perusal gives us as much pleasure as the one before us has done, we pronounce it *good*.

The *Legendary*, in point of literary excellence, need not fear a comparison with its predecessor or our annuals. The prose, as a whole, is exceedingly well executed. We cannot speak in so unqualified a manner of the poetry. There are some beautiful poems, and beautiful passages in poems not so excellent, but still there is nothing that would insure an immortality for the authors.

We have not space to make a single poetic extract, though many fine passages might be selected, and will be by those who have *time* to spare, as well as a *taste* to discriminate. The prose we will mention more particularly.

"The Stepmother,"—The first, and the longest article in the book, possesses all the requisites of a connected and finished piece. The development of the character of Lucius Lloyd is finely executed; the character of Mrs. Lloyd, so womanly in her virtues, so feeling yet self-denying, is a picture which none but a misanthrope can contemplate with indifference. The denouement of the story did not exactly agree with our—prejudices, shall we say? No—we do not think that exactly a proper definition of the disgust which arises in the civilized christian's mind, at the thought of a union between persons who appeared in every thing, but a tinge of blood,

to be fitted for each other. We intended to have given the reason of our objections, but cannot at this time—however, if the public generally, approve the catastrophe, we may perhaps be convinced, and acknowledge hereafter, that our objections were prejudices.

“The Murderer’s Grave”—is merely a plain narrative, of a horrible revenge and execution. A pretty good newspaper extract it will form for those editors, who are compelled to treat their readers with such appalling articles.

“Leaves from a Colleger’s Album”—confirms us in our opinion, that neither wit nor wisdom can be infused into an Album. Never should the ladies be censured for the trifling character of their Albums, since that of a “Colleger’s” is quite as trifling. It is unworthy the book, and the genius of N. P. Willis.

The five following stories, entitled—“The Camp Meeting,”—“The Schoolmaster,”—“Extracts from a Sea Book,”—“The Witch”—and “The Siege of Soleure,” are all excellent. We do not praise them in gross. They have each their separate, particular and characteristic beauties. And though we may not pause to discriminate, the reader will. They do honor to their authors, and we regret they are all anonymous, except the third named. Samuel Hazzard has an entertaining “Sea Book;” if it contains more “extracts” like that he has transcribed, we wish he would furnish one for the Ladies’ Magazine.

Of the three remaining stories Mr. Willis acknowledges “Unwritten Philosophy,” and he also wrote “The Painter’s Revelation.” If the former bears his name, the latter has his characteristic impressions. Unwritten Philosophy is much the best, indeed, considered only as a description of the Utopia of mind it is one of the most beautiful things we ever read. The author is a poet; not one made by study, not a versifier, a mere measurer of rhymes, but the poet of nature and feeling.—He has written many beautiful things, and he will yet write more excellently if he will only aim at something besides mere prettiness. The hand that strews flowers so abundantly should sometimes distribute fruits. The first is only the amusements of intellect; the other, nourishment. The fault then, with “Unwritten Philosophy” is, that as a picture or sketch of human life it is all ideal. What young student would retire to his chamber and spend years over his books, with no object in view beyond mere abstract speculation, or the teaching a girl of twelve, who “was not beautiful,” “Unwritten Philosophy!” And then after they are married, think of their domestic life, with only one chamber, where with the “window half closed” “they pass their time, he reading, or looking at her, and she “sitting hour after hour in the same chair.” Ah! it is all ideal—such a picture of life as might have been realized, had the fruit of the tree of knowledge been only good. Yet the article is charming, and we recommend the closing remarks to the attention of all young ladies.

There is yet one more story, “Elizabeth Latimer.” The author has chosen to be anonymous—delighting no doubt to do good in secret. It can hardly be possible that such a story, so powerfully and pathetically told, can fail of doing good. We would rather have written that article than any one in the *Legendary*. There is so much truth in the painting, the character of Elizabeth so finely conceived, so faithfully executed! Genius and intelligence when struggling with misfortune, have much to

endure which the world knows not of; which the cold and ignorant never can understand, and which the prosperous, even when warm-hearted and refined, never will comprehend, unless brought vividly before them by such sketches as Elizabeth Latimer.

On the whole, we think, that if merit can secure patronage, the *Legendary* will not be abandoned.

"SEVENTY FIVE RECEIPTS."—Munroe & Francis.—So appears the label of the book, and we think it a great fault for such a small work. Who can guess by reading the title on the cover, what are the subjects treated of within? Whether those receipts are for making pills or pies—preparing plasters or preserving plums? We think this ambiguity a fault, and as it happens to be the only one we have discovered in the book, we have made the most of it. Indulging too much in our natural propensity, which is that of always looking on the bright side of every object, character and performance, may, we fear, be construed into that weakness of mind which would yield indiscriminate praise, rather than take the trouble of analyzing, comparing and reflecting, in order to form a just estimate of the degree of commendation merited. Well, the criticism is over, and nothing now but the easy and congenial task of puffing. Besides, ladies, the book is intended for your benefit, and the "Seventy five Receipts," (be particular in the number,) are for making "Pastry, cakes and sweetmeats." It is but justice to the author, who is an American woman, to say, that the book is not only well written, meaning a clear, concise, readable style, which will not disgust the intelligent, and may be understood by the ignorant, but that it also displays good taste; real poetic feeling. Who but an admirer of sentiments would have thought of arranging the directions for making a pudding in such a particular and pleasing order, that the receipt should appear like a motto to some charming tale or exquisite poem. Take the following for making a

#### COACA-NUT PUDDING.

A quarter of a pound of coaca-nut, grated.  
 A quarter of a pound of powdered white sugar.  
 Three ounces and a half of fresh butter.  
 The whites of six eggs only.  
 Half a glass of wine and brandy mixed.  
 Half a tea-spoonful of rose water.

There,—the arrangement of the receipt is really harmonious, (and we have only made one alteration) nearly as much so as the style of Southey's *Thalaba*. The book is well executed, and forms a volume of one hundred pages of useful information to young married ladies especially, and we think all housekeepers would find it of advantage.

"REMARKS ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THE TEETH,"—By Samuel S. Fitch, Dentist. We have received a sensible, well-written pamphlet with the above title; and really think it an excellent opportunity to introduce it here, just after the notice of the cookery book. Good teeth are essentially requisite to the relishing of good cakes, and with this truth thus staring them as it were, in the face, the full importance of the "Remarks" of Dr. Fitch, will be obvious to some, on whom his reasonings and



persuasion might have failed to operate. But the author is not in need of our assistance. He writes like one not only well acquainted with his subject, but also with the human mind; on which, by the way, he must operate before he will be permitted to operate on human teeth. People generally, have a dislike to undergoing unnecessary pain, and they are not always willing to take even necessary trouble, to obviate a distant and uncertain danger. But Dr. Fitch shows the "importance of the teeth" in so many particulars, that whosoever reads his observations, must feel their importance; and then he points out the manner of preservation so clearly and practically, that people must be unwise who do not, at least, try to preserve them. The following extract, mentioning some of the formidable diseases to which the human frame is exposed by diseased teeth, may be useful in frightening those who are not to be flattered into a performance of their duty—namely, to attend to their own, and the teeth of those over whom they exercise control.

"Defective teeth often occasion most distressing and fatal diseases, of which I will merely mention Phthisis. Pulmonalis. Consumption. Dispepsia. Indigestion. Pain in the Ear, and formation of matter in that organ. Inflammation and painful affections of the eyes, in some cases producing almost total blindness. Nervous affections. Epilepsy. Hysteria. Hypochondriasis. Rheumatic affections. Tic Douloureux. Sympathetic head-ache. Palsy, &c.

I can only mention the names of these diseases in this place; those who wish to see the subject fully detailed, can be gratified by a reference to my large work upon Dental Surgery.

An alarming case of consumption, produced by a diseased state of the mouth and teeth, came under my notice the last summer. The subject of it, was a gentleman of a most amiable and estimable character. He was cut off in the prime and vigour of his days. His grief and sorrow can hardly be conceived, when he learned that his disease was the consequence of bad teeth. The tears and sympathies of his friends could afford no relief, and the utmost exertion and skill of his physicians were of no avail. In the bitterness of grief, he regretted having neglected a timely application to a judicious dentist, who, by curing his teeth, might have saved him from a premature death. The other diseases I have mentioned as produced by bad teeth, have so long been a subject of remark and record, as not to be doubted by the intelligent physician, almost every form of which, I have seen in my own practice and that of my friends. I might also mention gum biles discharge of purulent matter through the cheek, and a cancerous state of the jaws and adjacent parts: of the latter, the annals of medicine record many terrible cases."

"THE MIRROR—OR JUVENILE TALES"—Munroe & Francis. This little book, though not professedly designed as a "New Years Present," may be considered as belonging to the class of "Annuals." A numerous class certainly, which might with propriety be divided into several distinct *orders*; that is, if these beautiful books may be considered as the flowers of literature, and thus be described in botanical language. The Mirror, though not a showy or splendid flower, to continue the metaphor, well deserves a place in our literary bouquet; its modest beauty and useful properties are hardly exceeded by any specimen we have seen. This book is the production of a lady of Philadelphia; the stories are designed for American children, adapted to our public institutions, habits and modes of thinking. It is not sufficient praise to say the design is well executed—we think, with few exceptions, it is worthy of much commendation. The author evidently enters, as a writer should do, with enthusiasm on her subject—she feels, and writes like an American,—and

her efforts will undoubtedly do good. Not merely possess the negative virtue of keeping children from idleness—they will make them better, wiser, happier. We quote a few sentences, which many *parents* as well as children, would do well to remember.

“I think it the duty of all parents, and especially of American parents particularly, to discourage in their children, every thing like an undue reverence for family, fashion, fortune or extravagance; and to teach them, that all persons are proper associates for them, who are amiable, intelligent, and of good manners. After all, the only *real* distinction is that of *superiority of mind*; and by that, men have raised themselves from the very lowest, to the very highest stations. Dr. Franklin’s father was a soap boiler, and Franklin himself, was for many years, a poor journeyman printer. Benjamin West, one of the best painters of his time, and long President of the Royal Academy, was the son of a farmer, and worked on the farm with his own hands.”

“GODFREY HALL”—Munroe & Francis. This also is a “Tribute of Regard,” and intended as a Juvenile Souvenir. Well, we have no reason to find fault with the publishers of these works, unless it be that they offer such a variety as to distract our choice. There is some danger of that. And then, as we cannot have all, we may possibly determine to buy none, and then they must suffer from the generous attempt to please us. But to return to “Godfrey Hall, or Prudence and Principle.” Why was it necessary to add the explanatory part of the title? We do not like this attempt of moralising in a title. It does no good. If there is a moral in the story, those very persons on whom it was designed to operate, will rarely purchase or read the book, with the whole design thus staring them in the face. And but few will read the work with as much interest, as though the denoument was not thus anticipated. Thus much for the title. The book is very prettily got up, bound in silk, gilt-edged, and has one really pretty plate. But then the story, though tolerably well written, is very common-place writing, nothing that will reach the heart and feelings of an American child—we do not mean morally—for the rule of christian morals is, in all christian countries, the same, but we do think a child’s feelings must be interested by such references to customs and society, as he or she has connected with the world, as it is exhibited to them, in order to have the instruction duly prized. Lords and ladies, halls and courjurs, are not the material of American history.

“THE MUSEUM OF FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE,”—E. Littell, Philadelphia. This work, which has now reached its thirteenth volume, is, as its title imports, entirely a selection from British periodicals. It is, however, a judicious selection, displaying a propriety of taste in the American publisher, which should, and undoubtedly does secure him a generous patronage. The high character of the English Reviews and Magazines, which receive contributions from the most gifted writers of that country, is well known here; still there is much admitted which can neither interest nor instruct our plain and practical republicans. Mr. Littell acts the part of literary *taster* to our Foreign Periodical-loving people, with singular skill and good sense. The articles selected for his Museum, besides the knowledge they convey of the particular modes of thought and conduct in the old world, usually possess some information or reflections, that may be particularly useful to the inhabitants of the new. We select a few paragraphs from the article entitled “History,”

which appears to have been the preface of a criticism on "The Romance of History," by Henry Neele. The whole article is beautifully written, replete with information, and displaying that union of talents, which certainly approaches very near our model of perfection for a writer—the union of sound and of severe judgment, with a vivid, even playful fancy, good sense, good taste and good principles.

"The effect of historical reading is analogous, in many respects, to that produced by foreign travel. The student, like the tourist, is transported into a new state of society. He sees new fashions. He hears new modes of expressions. His mind is enlarged by contemplating the wide diversities of laws, of morals, and of manners. But men may travel far, and return with minds as contracted as if they had never stirred from their own market-town. In the same manner, men may know the dates of many battles, and the genealogies of many royal houses, and yet be no wiser. Most people look at past times, as princes look at foreign countries. More than one illustrious stranger has landed on our island amidst the shouts of a mob, has dined with the King, has hunted with the master of the stag-hounds, has seen the guards reviewed, and a knight of the garter installed; has cantered along Regent Street; has visited St. Paul's, and noted down its dimensions, and has then departed, thinking that he has seen England. He has, in fact, seen a few public buildings, public men, and public ceremonies. But of the vast and complex system of society, of the fine shades of national character, of the practical operation of government and laws, he knows nothing. He who would understand these things rightly, must not confine his observations to palaces and solemn days. He must see ordinary men as they appear in business and in their ordinary pleasures. He must mingle in the crowds of the exchange and the coffee house. He must obtain admittance to the convivial table and the domestic hearth. He must bear with vulgar expressions. He must not shrink from exploring even the retreats of misery. He who wishes to understand the condition of mankind in former ages, must proceed on the same principle. If he attends only to public transactions, to wars, congresses, and debates, his studies will be as unprofitable as the travels of those imperial, royal, and serene sovereigns, who form their judgment of our island from having gone in state to a few fine sights, and from having held formal conferences with a few great officers.

The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative a due subordination is observed; some transactions are prominent, others retire. But the scale on which he represents them is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them; but according to the degree in which they elucidate the condition of society and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate. But he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice, which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to us. The changes of manners will be indicated, not merely by a few general phrases, or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line."

"THE PEARL"—Thomas T. Ash. This neat little book appears to deserve its title, and that we think quite a compliment. To select or invent for an annual, an appropriate, and at the same time, an unappropriated name, is now a matter of serious difficulty, indeed of dismay to some authors who seem deterred from publishing their Souvenir lucubrations, solely because they cannot find a suitable name for their volume.

Pearl!—what young reader but in a moment comprehends that such a book must be pretty; pure and polished—and so it is—with the exception of a few blemishes. We do not allude to the pictures—they are not faultless, but they are quite pleasing, especially those illustrating the “Wentworth Family” and the “Pass of the Green Mountain.” Such pictures tell a tale children can understand and appreciate. They will be often gazed upon, and never with indifference. The blemishes of the book are grammatical inaccuracies, and sometimes an ambiguity in the sentences which, had not the work been intended for young readers, we should not have mentioned. Persons preparing books for youth should be scrupulously attentive in the choice of proper words, and the arrangement of sentences. The following from “Popular Superstitions,” will prove that we are not unnecessarily critical.

“The weather was *getting* cold and chill; the leaves had yielded to the influence of hard frost, and were swept rudely from the trees, dyed of thousand tints.”

Which were *dyed*? the leaves or the trees?

But the stories are amusing, and the biographical sketches very well done; and we have no doubt it will prove a very acceptable present to those it was intended to interest.

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#### TO PATRONS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE present number of the Ladies' Magazine closes the volume for 1829. The work was not undertaken with a very sanguine hope of success on the part of the Editor. The many periodicals now offered to the public, prevents any one of the candidates for favor from engrossing a monopoly of patronage, while an equal division hardly furnishes the means of support to any. The fate of several publications similar in character to that which the Editor of the present work proposed, was not such as would have flattered her to have undertaken the task, from vanity, or ambition, or the spirit of rivalry. She was actuated by purer motives; and if success has, in some measure, crowned her efforts, it is to be ascribed more to the energy which peculiar circumstances have called forth, than to her ability for conducting a periodical. The mother, and not the author has been successful.

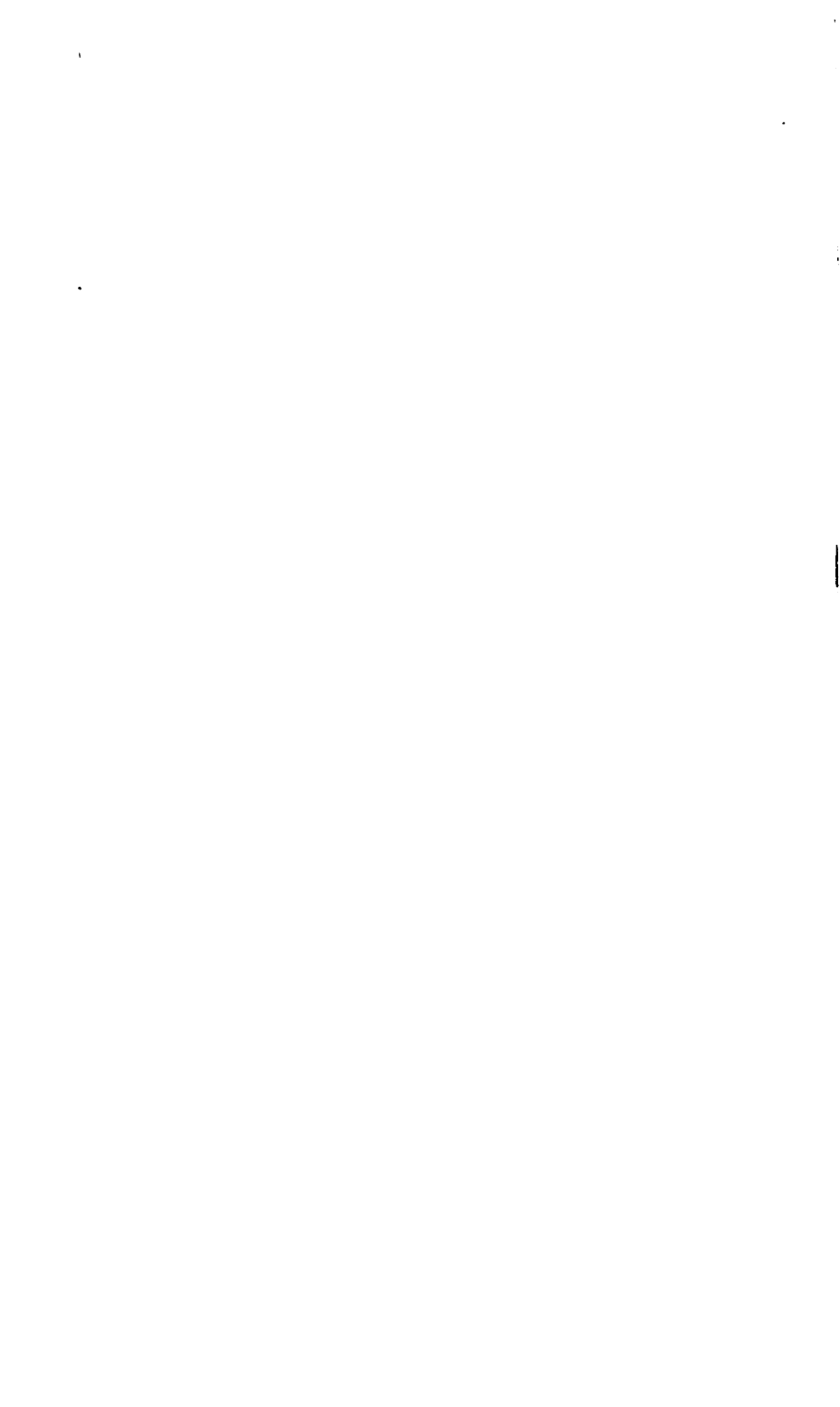
Much credit is also due to her correspondents. She has received voluntary contributions from some of our most gifted writers, whose aid was not given to gain fame or profit for themselves, but to assist her. They have her gratitude; and they may likewise enjoy the satisfaction of reflecting, that their kindness has not been in vain. Many young writers have also offered their poetic effusions, and if they have not always been received, they have never been rejected without a conviction, that

the insertion would not only injure the credit of the work, but also disappoint their own expectations. They were hoping for a favorable notice, and would have shrunk from the censures which our critics could not, in justice, have forborne. Perhaps it may be well to acknowledge, that the Editor has assumed, in some cases, where the pieces offered were worthy of the labor, the responsibility of correcting, altering, abridging, &c. She has reason to think that this course has been well received by some of her young correspondents,—others may not have been quite so submissive to her judgement. She requests that in future, those who would prefer rather to have their pieces omitted than altered, would so express their wishes.

The contributions of her friends, and those writers whose genius can so easily impart a charm to whatever publication they are pleased to lend their signatures, are still requested, still needed, and—may not the Editor add—still confidently expected. Some who in the beginning patronised the work, doubtless gave their names merely as an encouragement in the undertaking, without intending to become permanent subscribers. Should such now feel disposed to withdraw, we cannot complain; and though loath to say “farewell,” to a single reader of ours, yet we are not so selfish, as to wish to retain those who, after a twelvemonth’s trial, find our publication unprofitable or unnecessary. To such, [few we trust,] we return our thanks for the support they have given, and express our hopes that, should we continue in our literary pathway, we may meet them again as friends and patrons.

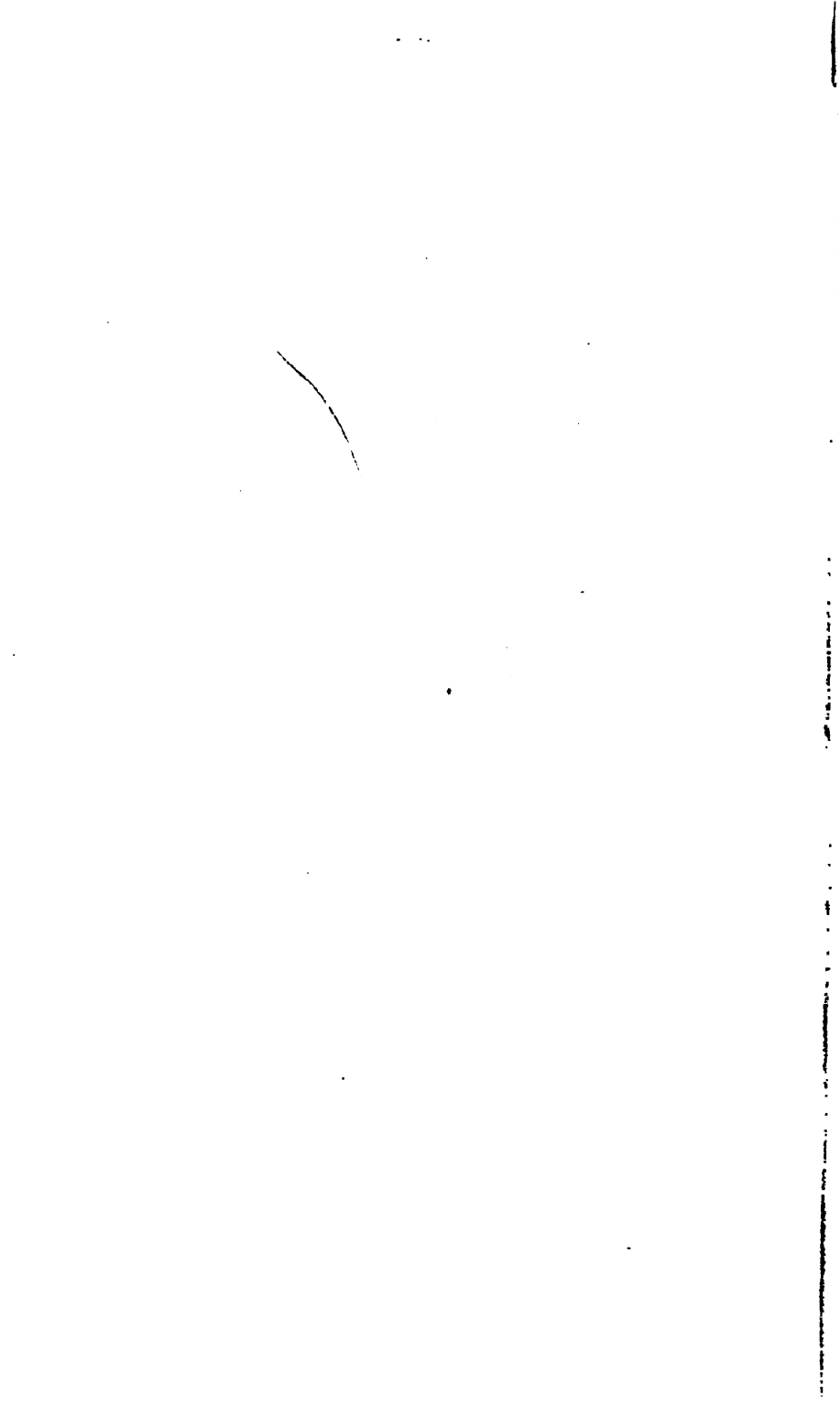
Those who are intending to go along with us through the desultory journey of another year, may perhaps wish to know something of the intended course to be pursued. This it is impossible in the limited space of a paragraph, [all that our page permits] to describe. The January number will contain some further explanations; but after all, much must be left to contingencies, to circumstances which are not within our capacity to foresee, or skill to mould to our plans and promises. But thus much we will venture to say, that all which we can do, to render the Ladies’ Magazine worthy of the character and taste of its patrons, and deserving of the praise which a generous public, and especially the conductors of the public presses have thought proper to bestow, shall be done.











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